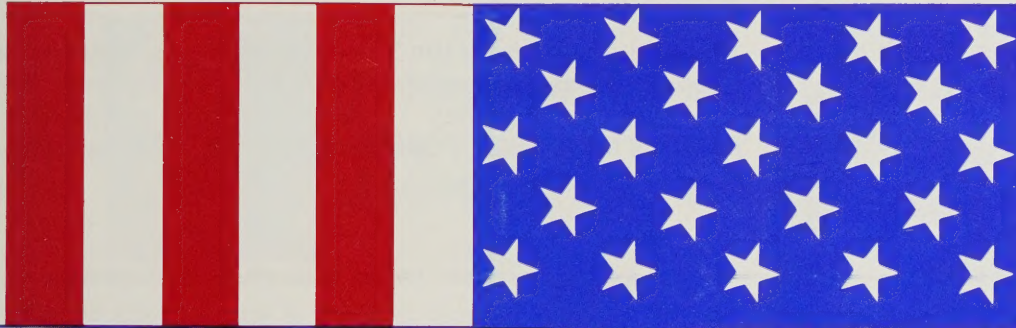


Spring 1985

# FESTIVAL

## *Quarterly*



Can Mennonite Christians Govern?





**Herald Press:**  
Resources for informed decisions on crucial questions

## 1985 Christopher Award Winner

### ***In Search of Refuge***

by Yvonne Dilling  
with Ingrid Rogers

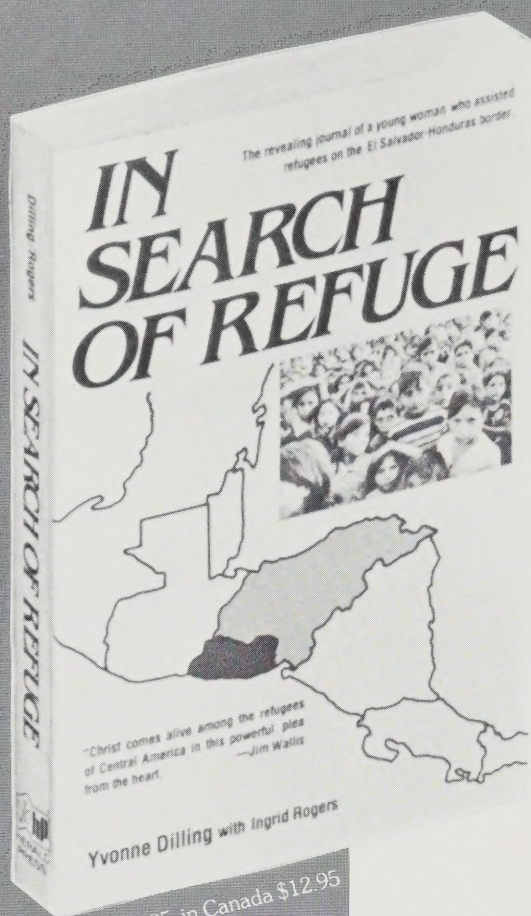
**“This book is about the Salvadoran people, their hopes and fears, their past and present. The refugees are usually the poorest sector of society. . . . To feed, clothe, and shelter these people is not enough. Protecting the refugees from violence becomes a major concern.”**

—Marie K. Wiens,  
*Mennonite Weekly Review*

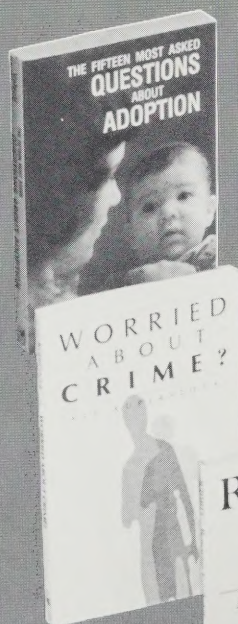
The Christophers selected ***In Search of Refuge*** as one of four top books of the year. The purpose of the Christopher organization is to “encourage each individual to change the world we live in for the better.” Their motto, based on the Judeo-Christian concept of service to God and all humanity, is: “Better to light one candle than to curse the darkness.”

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—Jim Wallis,  
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#### ***Renewing Family Life***

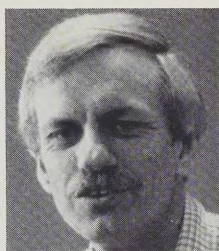
*In Search of a Silver Lining*

Abraham & Dorothy Schmitt



# FESTIVAL

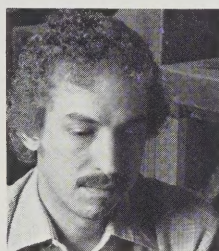
## Quarterly



*On the Cover...*

A Mennonite President (or Prime Minister)? Read what one Mennonite and former provincial civil servant might say to that possibility.

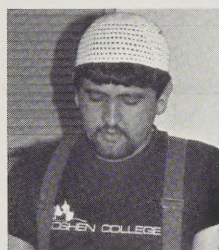
(AP Laser Photo, Bob Daugherty, 1985)



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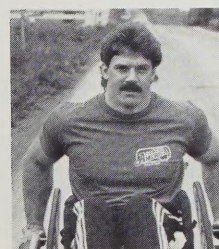
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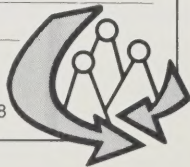
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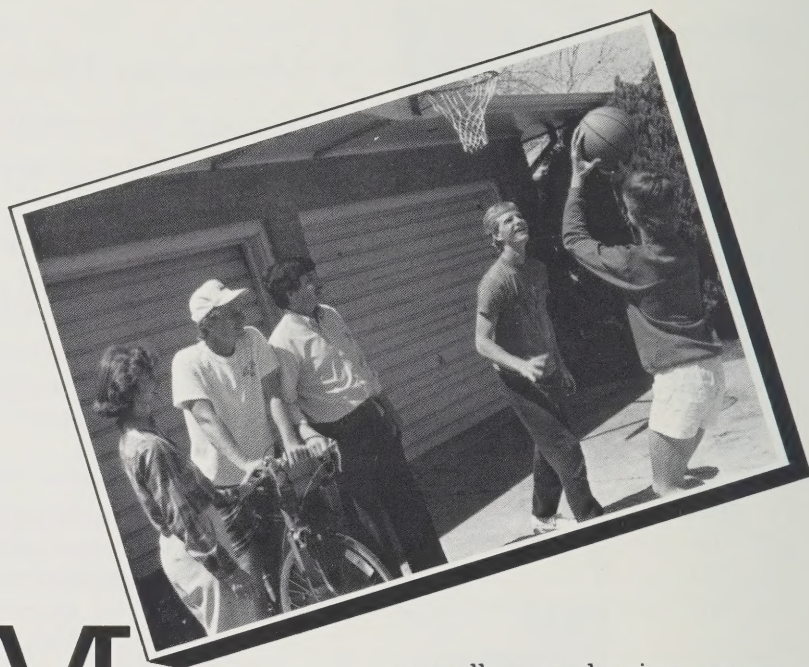
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# FESTIVAL Quarterly

**Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090, ISSN 8750-3530) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith and arts of various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and arts are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

## On Being — And Staying — Mennonite

Two years ago, as a new graduate, my deepest plunge into Mennoniteness was my four years at Goshen College. Bethlehem 83 was an invigorating dip, mostly because afterward I began to look more carefully and critically at my role as a Mennonite, particularly a young, single, female one.

Now, I ponder graduate school and back away, thinking, "I'm not ready to be tied down to afternoons in the library and thesis essays again!" Instead, I tie myself down with car payments and church committees. I live in a row house (as a renter) in downtown Lancaster. I see more movies than I ever did before in my life. I attend a newly "planted" city church where nearly all of us are college-educated "professionals" — a church where, we say laughingly, the women preach and the men make the coffee.

As a "baby boomer" — one of those born during the U.S. population surge between 1946 and 1964 — and the college-trained child of white, middle class parents, I might also be classed as a yuppie (young urban professional). *Newsweek* tags yuppies by where they live (cities), their careers (business and management, law, advertising), their salaries (higher than ever before), their cars (BMW's, Hondas, Saabs, Volvos), and how they spend their money and free time (seeing movies — often at home on the VCR — going to restaurants, bars and health clubs, taking Mexican vacations and building "dress for success" wardrobes).

Some say I'm a Muppet — a Mennonite yuppie. Not only do I not own either a condominium or a VCR, my television is black-and-white, diminutive and used, as is

my Honda (used, that is). I planted peas and lettuce in a small patch in the back yard, and I hardly ever go out to eat, though I've admitted to the movies. I also admit to regular church attendance. I ride the bus to work. I recently walked 10 kilometers to raise money for the Nuclear Freeze. When I think about the future, options include Witness for Peace and MCC.

I'm not necessarily typical of Mennonites my age, but am I radically different? Some enthusiastically pursue that yuppie dream, true, but even they are likely afflicted in some way with some degree of guilt, the Mennonite malady that assails the assimilating.

But it's more than guilt which makes me juggle multiple expectations — most notably, society's and the church's. It's the fact that being Mennonite is, for better or worse, part of who I am. The burden I bear for helping create a just and peaceful world can't be completely discarded. It's what drives so many young Mennonites to grimace and squirm, question and balk, reject and rail, and yet *stay Mennonite*.

Further, that which once set Mennonites apart in the world's eyes — German language, plain dress, a simpler, more stable, agrarian lifestyle, refusing to go to war — doesn't apply to me. I have to define "Mennonite" in terms of values and beliefs, because those are the only distinctives left.

Ironically, the world accepts us, on those terms — intangibles are much less disturbing than visible witness. Are we satisfied with that? I'm Mennonite enough to hope not.

—MAZ

## About Our Movie Ratings...

Many times readers write or call, asking whether such and such a movie is suitable for their teenager or younger child. We never know how to answer.

We review movies in the same manner we teach literature. We assume our readers are adults. The movie industry itself rates movies (G, PG, PG-13, R and X) to give the public a measurement on violence, nudity and objectionable language. We have chosen not to use our limited space to repeat these ratings, which should accompany every ad for every film.

Our ratings (9 is excellent, 1 is awful) are based on the artistic quality of the movie. Within the sensibilities of Christian Mennonite understanding of art, and within space

requirements, we share our view of the film (brevity also eliminates a lot of the films with very low ratings, in case you thought our ratings seem high!).

Parents have such varied standards for their children. Our own youngsters (ages five and eight) do not attend films at this point. Some of their peers do. There are numerous resources available to help parents decide. Our ratings alone may not be enough of a gauge.

We print a paragraph at the end of our ratings each time which tells the reader that we rate movies "from an adult **FQ** perspective," emphasizing that this is "based on their sensitivity, integrity and technique."

We hope this is helpful.

—MG



Seldom do I find myself agreeing more with the advertising blurb for a new book than with a review of the same book by a critical expert.

Last evening I read Sara Stambaugh's *I Hear the Reaper's Song*, despite Omar Eby's review (*FQ* Fall, 1984) which led me to expect a "bloated" story of sentimental "blatherings." Instead I discovered a novel which is, as the *FQ* back-page ad claimed it to be, "intimate, faithful and captivating." When I put the book down I felt deeply moved and greatly enriched.

As a Mennonite historian, I have puzzled over the upheavals in Lancaster Conference in the 1890s. None of the existing documents or historical accounts do a better job of recreating the texture of those troubled times than does Stambaugh. This is an excellent book, both as history and as literature.

—Jim Juhnke  
North Newton, Kansas

If I read Carol Ann Weaver's article "And What Songs Shall We Sing" (Fall, 1984) correctly, the author is calling us Christians to involvement in a world which shows little caring because of complacency and selfish detachment from human needs around the globe. This involvement must enter our thinking even as we worship, in fact, especially as we worship. "Our wealth, our comfort, our intellectual prowess," she writes, may not displace "our compassion." Christian caring calls us to action on behalf of the innocent and defenseless even if it means personal inconvenience. I share Weaver's concern, even though I must hold a reservation about her suggestion in the closing paragraph that we extend our worship to include deities other than Jehovah who named Himself.

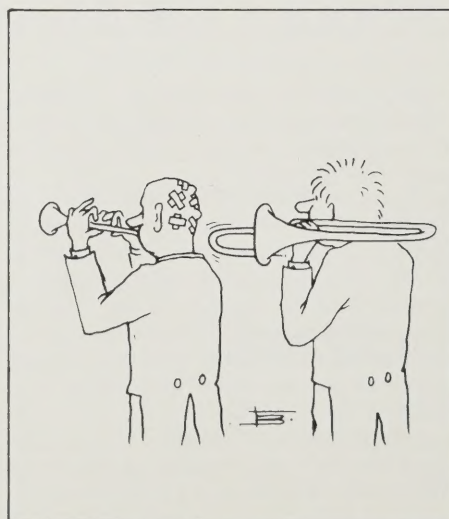
What I am unable to reconcile is the spirit of this article and the spirit of a letter in the same issue which is also signed by Carol Ann Weaver. The article addresses injustice and suffering around the globe. The letter, a defense of women's right to make an independent decision about abortion, ignores the injustice and suffering to the defenseless unborn, focusing instead on the inconvenience caused the mother. To justify this focus with the assumption that an unborn baby is non-human and insensitive to pain violates both moral ethics and recent scientific research. If the prophetess wishes to be heard when she cries "Stop!" to the unjust exploitation done for the convenience of the powerful in Cambodia, Guatemala, and Africa, she must also decry the violence justified by convenience in her own land.

Weaver, as author of the letter, has sug-

gested that I as a male should not speak to this issue because I am not directly involved. Her arguments in the article, however, make it clear that non-involvement is no excuse for failing to take a stand on moral issues. To argue that men are to remain silent on abortion echoes the logic behind the silence of the uninvolved church in Nazi Germany. I by no means condone the Menno boyfriend turned deserter or the pastor who cares "more for an unborn fetus than for a victimized woman," and fortunately, many Christians are responding to the need for constructive, supportive alternatives for women with unplanned pregnancies. Even with such supportive measures, I must admit that the injustice of mothers alone needing to take responsibility for children continues. However, to use one injustice as excuse for an even greater one is logic not tolerated in Weaver's article. Nor should this logic be tolerated as justification for the deaths of the unborn.

In her article, Weaver warns against wealth, comfort, and intellectual prowess displacing compassion, but in her letter she suggests that time spent in schooling, pastoral care, or leadership is more valuable than time spent parenting. If she is correct in arguing that most Mennonites hold such values, that still is no justification for abortion; such warped values only underscore the need which she implies in her article — the need for large-scale repentance. My plea to Weaver is that she not forfeit this crucial opportunity to demonstrate unselfish caring by failing to take the lead in repenting of our culture's violence to the unborn. For it is repentance that forgiveness for all the injustices which we perpetrate is available from Him who metes out ultimate justice.

—Nate Yoder  
Bowling Green, Kentucky



Reprinted from *World Press Review*, April 1985; Sovetskaya Estrade 1 Tzirk Moscow.

As a member of a "peace church," I find it hard to see the consistency of your views on human life, in that you are pro-nuclear freeze, anti-war, etc., and in a recent issue on "Abortion" I failed to find a pro-life sentiment.

We were introduced to *Festival Quarterly* via friends in a gift subscription. No, we do not wish to subscribe to *Festival Quarterly* and you can remove our names from your mailing list just as soon as our current subscription expires.

Thank you for your cooperation.  
—Catherine Heisey  
Rexville, New York

*Festival Quarterly* is the only Mennonite publication we receive and is very appreciated by those who consult our library. I personally value the openness with which it deals with different subjects of this changing world.

—Cesar Rodriguez Jourdan,  
Director  
Insituto Ecumenico  
Montevideo, Uruguay

I hope you'll be able to continue *FQ* very much since it is the only American Mennonite magazine I receive and it is a good link with Mennonites across the Atlantic.

—Michel Widmer  
Bronnard, France

We truly enjoy *FQ*. We watch closely your movie listings. But we need help with our teenager going to movies. How about making your list a little more comprehensive: add why it's good or not good for teenagers, and is the rating PG and why (sex, violence, & language). Keep up the good work! God bless.

—Mary Leatherman  
Markham, Illinois

Your fall issue contained an article of special interest to me — Eugene Kraybill's piece on Mennonite journalism. I am presently employed within the Mennonite press and after a few short months can identify with some of the issues he raises. It is difficult to deal with current, and often sensitive issues in an aggressive way, as I'm sure you know. But we do need to be on the cutting edge, although I don't think I can agree with Kraybill on the contents of his list on "Overlooked Mennonite News Stories." More burning for us in Canada are issues such as political involvement, and homosexuality, which are also overlooked by the Mennonite press to some extent.

—Brenda Suderman  
Winnipeg, Manitoba



# Can Mennonite Christians Govern?

by Reg Toews

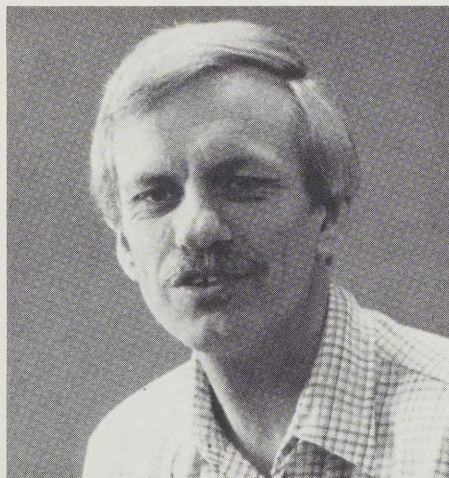
It was mid-afternoon when the phone rang in my office. On the line was Rene Toupin, Minister of Health and Social Development for the Province of Manitoba. "The premier would like to talk with you about running on the New Democratic Party ticket in the next election!" "Rene," I said, "sometimes I wish I had been born a Baptist rather than an Anabaptist."

For as long as I can remember I have been interested in politics. The political process fascinates and challenges me. Put simply, I would enjoy being a politician. That may, at least in part, explain why I became a provincial civil servant. While trained as a social worker, I moved, early in my career, into the middle and then senior management ranks, and when after 11 years I left the provincial government, I was at that level where the politicians and the professional civil servants connect.

In these years I saw and participated in the inner workings of government. Annually I defended a major portion of the Health and Social Development budget and program plans before the premier and his cabinet colleagues from across the country in the redefinition of Canadian Social Welfare policy, handled the press, and drafted position papers. It was exciting, challenging, stimulating and, on occasion, troubling.

This is the context out of which I come to my answer to the question, "Can Mennonite

Christians govern?" While in many ways the answer is not personally satisfying nor is it broadly shared in some quarters, it is nevertheless "no." For many Mennonites that is a self-evident answer as though there could be no other answer. I am frequently troubled by the position of Mennonites who share this



FQ Kenneth Pellmar

answer with me, since it is based on an attitude about government which I do not share. Nor do they usually have any experience with governing, so their response is built on theory and hypothesis and defended too adamantly as the only theologically correct position.

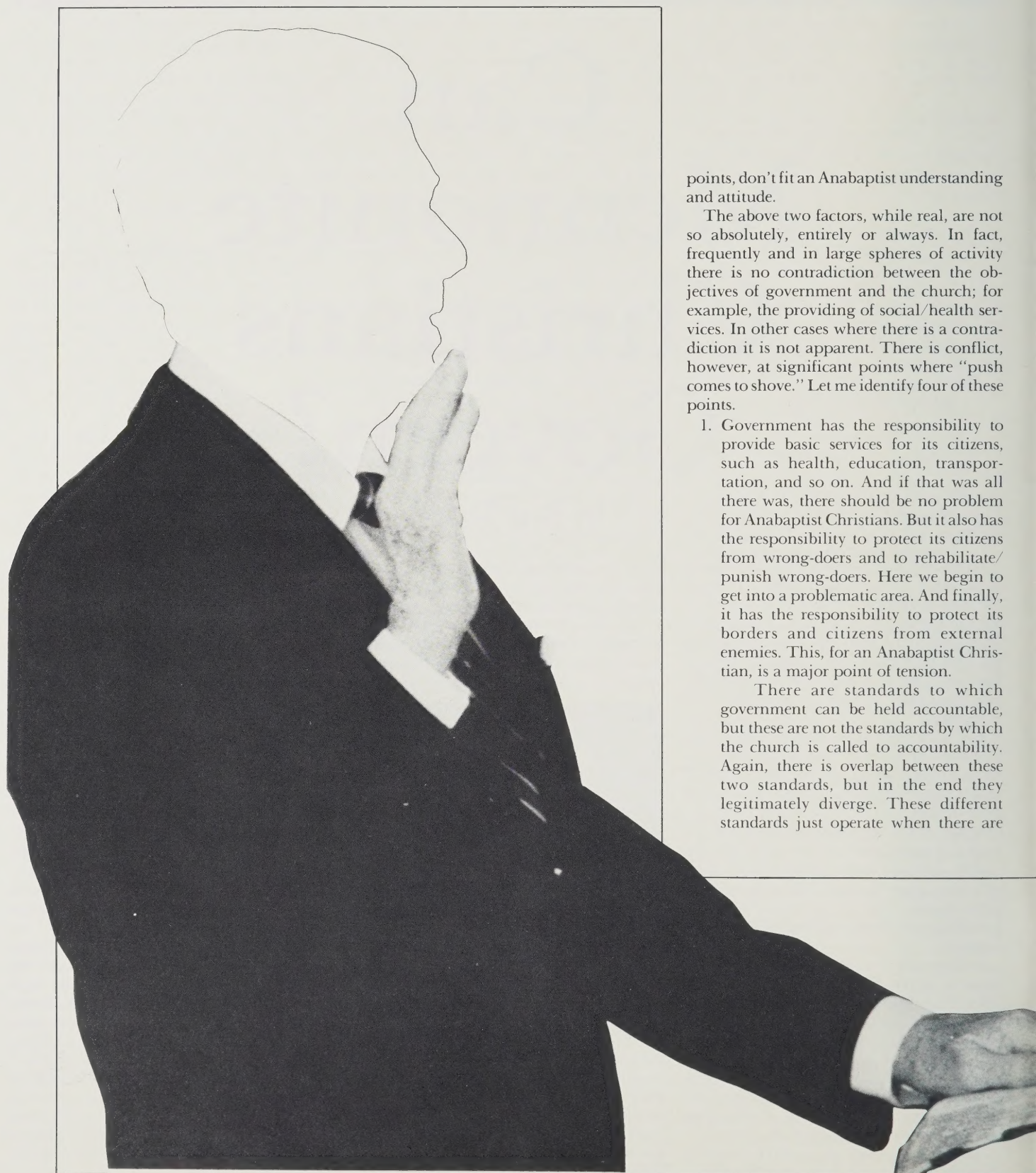
Before I go into my reasons, permit me to define the questions more precisely. I am talking about governing at the national or state/provincial level. My position moves in the direction of "yes" as we move down from those levels. We are talking about governing and not about merely running for elected office. And, lastly, we are talking about Mennonite Christians. I see little difficulty or contradiction in non-Anabaptist Christians governing.

There are a number of widely accepted reasons on which my answer is not based. My answer is "no" but, not because

- 1) the system or government is inherently evil or corrupt — it isn't; though it is far from perfect;
- 2) politicians are particularly sinful — in fact the majority are dedicated public servants;
- 3) of some narrow understanding of separation of church and state — both systems are the creation of God. Each system has specific and unique responsibilities. But on occasion and in some areas their roles and objectives overlap;
- 4) power is inherently non-Christian — it isn't. Power like air just is, and can be used for good or bad.

On what, then, is my answer based? a) The goals and objectives are at significant points in conflict with Anabaptist Christian beliefs; b) The style and methods, again at significant





points, don't fit an Anabaptist understanding and attitude.

The above two factors, while real, are not so absolutely, entirely or always. In fact, frequently and in large spheres of activity there is no contradiction between the objectives of government and the church; for example, the providing of social/health services. In other cases where there is a contradiction it is not apparent. There is conflict, however, at significant points where "push comes to shove." Let me identify four of these points.

1. Government has the responsibility to provide basic services for its citizens, such as health, education, transportation, and so on. And if that was all there was, there should be no problem for Anabaptist Christians. But it also has the responsibility to protect its citizens from wrong-doers and to rehabilitate/punish wrong-doers. Here we begin to get into a problematic area. And finally, it has the responsibility to protect its borders and citizens from external enemies. This, for an Anabaptist Christian, is a major point of tension.

There are standards to which government can be held accountable, but these are not the standards by which the church is called to accountability. Again, there is overlap between these two standards, but in the end they legitimately diverge. These different standards just operate when there are



The premier would like to talk with you about running on the New Democratic Party ticket in the next election!"

"Rene," I said, "sometimes I wish I had been born a Baptist rather than an Anabaptist."

diverging responsibilities and objectives. The church doesn't go to war (at least shouldn't) — the state does. The church doesn't administer capital punishment — the state does. The church doesn't collect taxes — the state does. And it is at the above points, as well as many others, where "push comes to shove."

2. Those that govern must govern for *all* the people. The church, however, is made up of adults who make a voluntary commitment to a common faith and cause. In governing for all, even very highly principled politicians will have to make decisions and implement programs that are in tension with their own beliefs, but do represent the wishes of their constituencies. Here again these are major points where "push comes to shove."
3. The process of governing also produces these tension points. To govern means a willingness and a commitment to carry out the full responsibilities of elected office and the direct appointments and obligations that may come from it. For an elected representative it means, at least on occasion, taking positions one may not personally hold. Being in government means wanting power and working to hold on to it. It means not wanting to be in opposition. In the U.S. and Canada it means being subject to party requirements and discipline.

4. In the matter of power and its exercise "push comes to shove." Personal power, position power, political power, media power and many other forms of power are at the beck and call of the elected representative. For Anabaptist Christians that immersion in power is certain to bring about these tension points.

These obstacles might be satisfactorily dealt with if it weren't for our particular understanding of the faith. Among our many distinctives there is one that is particularly restricting. Simply put, we allow for only one standard of conduct of right and wrong — a single ethic. This standard must apply in all facets of life, personal or social or vocational. Furthermore, this standard is set very high — as high as the Sermon on the Mount — and holds that God will hold us accountable for all our actions — not only for our personal actions.

In our theology we have no slot for choosing between greater and lesser negatives or wrongs, or for doing the best under the circumstances where sin is involved, or for doing good for the greatest possible number while the others may suffer unjustly. No, as Anabaptists we insist on one standard for all occasions or situations in life — unrealistic and frequently not achieved, but nevertheless the standard against which our Christian life is to be measured.

It is this particular belief that gives Anabaptist Christians so little latitude when it

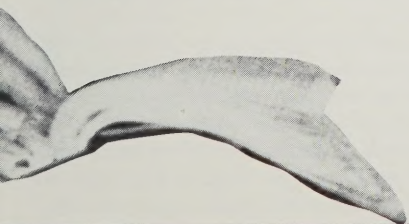
comes to making the necessary adjustments, adaptations and compromises that come with governing at the higher levels of government.

What about the future? Obviously more and more Mennonite Christians are disagreeing with my position. Who knows where I will be in 10 to 20 years? It seems to me that there are two possible avenues that will increasingly be pursued.

- a) Mennonite Christians going into national or state/provincial politics will either give up their faith, or more likely, remain Christian but drop the encumbering Anabaptist distinctives.
- b) We will reassess our Anabaptist distinctives and find that either our earlier understanding was incorrect or, more likely, find some redefinition of the unique distinctives, including the single ethic, and begin to emphasize "grace" more.

In the meantime, hopefully we will learn more about governing by entering the civil service as a Christian calling, by getting involved in school boards, town councils and other local levels of government. I will be disappointed if my "no" answer is seen as a reason to stand apart from and entirely outside the process of governing. There are selected areas in which we can and should make a contribution. □

*Reg Toews, Akron, Pennsylvania, is employed by Mennonite Central Committee.*





# An Interlude in Porcelain



by  
Andrea  
Zuercher

with photos by  
Howard Zehr

[Editor's Note: Earlier this spring, four Elkhart County, Indiana, artists gathered for a week of working together with porcelain. Dick Lehman has his own pottery studio in Goshen, Indiana. Rebekah Cox Short teaches art to grades K-6 in Shipshewana, Indiana. Norma Wysong taught art for 13 years at Fairfield High School, Goshen, and currently works part-time as an assistant in Lehman's pottery shop. David Gamber works for the Association for the Disabled in Elkhart County (ADEC) and as a photographer for Goshen College Information Services. All but Wysong are of Mennonite background and are currently involved in Mennonite congregations.]

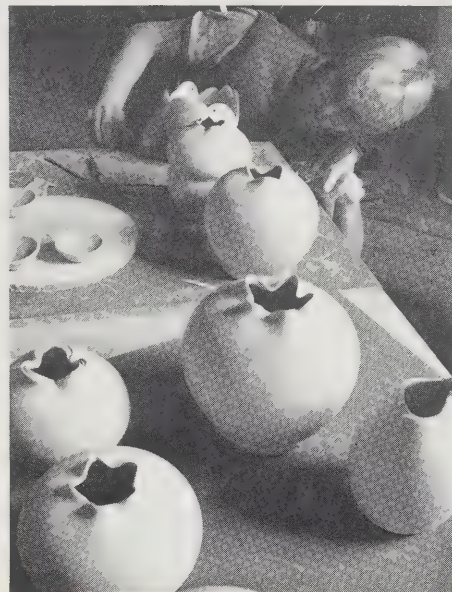
Artists are solitary folk — or so goes the popular myth. However, during a wet March week in northern Indiana, four potters departed from the ordinary and gathered for a week of collaboration in a new medium: porcelain.

With goals ranging from “getting our hands into some porcelain for a week and seeing what happens” to wishing to make concrete the idea of artists collaborating, the four — Dick Lehman, Rebekah Cox Short, David Gamber, and Norma Wysong — gathered in Lehman's studio, pulled some





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potter's wheels into a circle, and began throwing and handbuilding porcelain.

They chose Lehman's studio partly because it offered the most space to work, and partly because the setting itself illustrates collaboration. Lehman's pottery studio and shop, a woodworking shop, a watercolorist, and a graphic artist inhabit The Old Bag Factory, a Goshen, Indiana, landmark dating back to 1890.

Thus, in a studio with collaboration and creativity dripping from the eaves, the four potters set to work — taking time out from teaching, production pottery, and working with handicapped adults, their normal daily activities. What follows are some of their thoughts about the process of collaborative creation, some of their frustrations, and some of their discoveries.

### On Collaboration

**Lehman:** One thing that impressed me was the connection of this event to other parts of my heritage. My faith heritage embraces collaboration in a variety of ways, from a theological emphasis on "community" to the "garage-raising" I participated in not long ago. My 25 years as a musician have sharpened my appreciation for collaborative efforts . . . and now this week of porcelain offers yet another connection. My work was shaped

and influenced by these folks' suggestions, questions, and prodding. The pots that resulted are *mine*, but they're different, perhaps better, than they'd have been had I continued to work alone.

I realize that I never work in a vacuum, that I'm always connected to the orchestration of life going on around me. Yet I can point to these pots and say, much like the recipient of a barn-raising, "Yes, it's mine — but let me tell you what makes it special."

**Wysong:** Unlike in a classroom, we felt free to interact with each other. In a class, you dare not copy others' ideas or you're a poor student. But here we felt free to borrow, and sort of plagiarize, all we wanted . . . and yet go our own directions.

**Gamber:** Education, to me, is a sharing not a hoarding of ideas. In graduate school (at the University of Louisville), I didn't find the kind of competition you might expect in that setting. And I didn't find it here this week, either. I guess I experienced collaboration the most when Dick and I were working together, having a lot of fun. We'd try something, and then we'd look at it together. If both of us thought it would work, it was probably worth keeping, at least till the next day.

**Wysong:** Collaboration also happens when I see someone else working on an idea I've

had. When someone else carries out my idea successfully, then sometimes I don't need to do it any more; I can go on to other things.

**Short:** There's a sort of freedom in that . . . that the creative part of our mentality wants to explore every idea to its fullest. That's an impossibility, of course, because the more you explore in one direction, the more directions there are to go from that point. When we're involved together, we can have the vicarious satisfaction of seeing that idea explored by somebody else.

**Gamber:** The ultimate in collaboration happens when more than one person works on the same pot. In a sense we worked on the same pieces because we all fed ideas to each other . . . but there wasn't any actual physical sharing. I think that would be the next step.

### On Setting Goals

**Lehman:** One thing I said to each of you before we began was, "Let's sit down and talk about what we want to accomplish this week." Well, the week sort of slipped by, and it never seemed important enough to do. Instead of talking about it, we just started working.

**Gamber:** I think that's a positive way of approaching it. Nobody's saying, "We're going to get *this* done." We weren't tied to set ideas. My expectations for the week were to



"We ended less decisively than we began...  
pots unfinished, lessons half-learned, ideas barely conceived.  
A beginning, perhaps, for each of us."



come and throw pots. I haven't been throwing much lately; I just wanted to throw pots again.

*Short:* The experience was brand new for me, since I'd never worked in porcelain before. And I feel a sense of accomplishment because now I have some pieces at home made of porcelain. I also became aware of certain frustrating limitations . . . yet I can accept and deal with them. I don't think my frustrations defeated the week, in the long run.

*Lehman:* One of my goals was to pull away from the "have-to" part of my work (as a full-time production potter) and just have some fun following my whims. I put aside the urge to evaluate everything in terms of salability and productivity. That was really a luxury — a vacation week for me.

### On Discovery in Process

*Wysong:* In the arts there always seems to be a "growing edge," a development that seems very logical but is a departure from times past. After the workshop was over and I received my new *Ceramics Monthly* magazine, it was exciting to me to find so many of our ideas — ideas I had thought were new — right on those pages. I felt that at least for that week we had been on that "edge."

*Lehman:* I think there's some truth to the

idea that there's nothing new in the world. So we weren't making new discoveries, but we came to a similar result by new discovery avenues. I think that makes our experience valid — we got there together.

*Short:* I feel that in a way it was more a beginning than just an isolated experience. It's something we started together, and it will continue in ways that I don't understand now.

*Lehman:* Much of my life as a production potter is rhythmic — from the repetitious act of throwing, to the multi-week firing cycles. Perhaps this interlude of collaboration can be part of that rhythm. I wouldn't want three other potters here all the time — I also need solitude in my work. But I hope I can find ways to continue bringing together the solitary and the collaborative.

### Summing Up

Giving ideas and support to each other; finding one's own ideas carried out in another's ceramic piece and liking the result; feeling a sense of connection with each other as artists and with the rest of the artistic community; putting together a group exhibition at Goshen College; all these things grew out of a week of collaboration.

Of course, there were negative experiences, too. Short spent the first two days experimenting with a process that simply refused to

work. Lehman admits to feeling "edgy" at the prospect of three others in his shop, "working with my things" — although he's quick to agree that he "asked for it." Wysong felt the potential for an age barrier, fearing she would miss out on some of the learning experience "because they might be more hesitant to give me advice." And Gamber would have liked to have kept throwing until eight or nine every night, had it been his studio.

In spite of these and other setbacks, though, the four agree without hesitation that they'd do it again — "at the drop of a hat," says Short. Spending a week in porcelain was only the beginning; Lehman already has tentative plans for another week this fall, working with raku.

Short sums up the group's experiences in these words: "Through the firing and glazing finally, fused together by clay and heat. A celebration, at last, for the survivors, for the learning, for the growth. We ended less decisively than we began . . . pots unfinished, lessons half-learned, ideas barely conceived. A beginning, perhaps, for each of us. A beginning . . ." □

*Andrea Zuercher, Goshen, Indiana, is a writer/designer for Menmonite Mutual Aid. Howard Zehr is a photographer from Elkhart, Indiana.*



# Ethiopia From Inside

by Million Belete

It is now just a little over a week since I returned from Ethiopia, where I helped with the distribution of relief supplies. I am grateful to the many relief agencies for what they are doing to relieve the suffering of our people. Thousands would have died if it were not for the feeding programs undertaken by various organizations.

One of the relief camps I visited was Bati, operated by the Red Cross. 20,541 people were there when I was. They were living in 500 tents (20 to 30 in each) and in six big, temporary, tin-wall-and-roof, shelter halls. There were 337 staff composed of two medical doctors, seven nurses, ten health assistants, 32 cooks, 72 youth volunteers . . . and 32 gravediggers. To see 20 to 30 human beings living in a small camping tent meant for three or four, and to see so many malnourished children, was heartbreaking to say the least.

The place where I spent most of my time was Lalibela, where about 6000 were being fed daily when I arrived and the Germans have what is known as "German Doctors Service." While the administrator of the camp was showing me around, I saw a crowd of people fighting to get something. They were trying to reach a fellow who was filling cups of drinking water while another was trying to keep order. I intervened, asking them to queue in two lines. Since there were two people serving (one filling cups and the other one keeping order) and there were two lines I asked for another jug and began to fill cups of drinking water. Some did not have even a cup to drink with. I filled about a thousand cups in two hours. The gratefulness of the people was overwhelming.

The condition of the people in Lalibela was worse than that of Bati. In Bati, they were in tents and sheds. In Lalibela, they spent the night out in the open in the cold, some of

them with very little clothing on. I am afraid I have to say I shed a lot of tears as I listened to their stories of hunger, and as they came to ask me for help and I could not help. On the afternoon I arrived, while I was helping a carpenter, a man approached me and said, "I have just lost my wife out there on the field where we spent the night, leaving me with three children. Please give me a burial cloth." What do I do?

From the few interviews I conducted one day, I understood the steps to famine and displacement. The first year of no rain the farmers discover they will not have a harvest and begin to cut back on their food intake to save for bad days to come. The second year of no rain, they live on their savings. The third year of no rain, they begin to eat their animals and/or sell them to buy grain. The fourth year of no rain, they abandon their homes and migrate in search of food.

Their stories are similar:

"I am Keleb Tasew. I am with my three-year-old son. We arrived here after travelling for three days with others. My husband died on the way."

"I am Kiros Taleb. This is my wife. We had four children. One died on the way. We had plenty of farm and cattle. We left our home last June when we discovered we will not have harvest. We hope to return when it rains and if the government helps us."

"I am Gebre Hiwot. I came from Wag. It took us two days to get here. Eight of us left home. Two died on the way (my mother and one of my children)."

"I am Kebede. I came from Mehone with my eight children and wife. We left home last May. It has not rained in our place for the last three years. I had two oxen, three cows and a donkey. I sold some of them. Some died."

All of these people have hope of returning when it rains, provided they get assistance. They are all dependent, but not all are being helped. There were about 8,000 to be fed on the day I was responsible to supervise the feeding program. We gave boiled wheat to 2798 one time; milk and high protein biscuits

one time, and porridge two times, and milk two times to 560 mothers with 618 children and to 455 lactating mothers and 50 pregnant women. Then we gave milk and biscuits once and porridge twice to another 1,080 mothers with 1,250 children and 610 underweight children of school age.

On that day I was also responsible to screen 100 to 200 from among about a thousand who were waiting to get a card to get into one of the above programs. I was given 50 cards for general feeding (those who get boiled wheat) and another 50 cards for the other programs called Intensive Feeding, Supplementary Feeding, Lactating and Pregnant Women, and Underweight Children. This is the most terrible job which has to be done because of limited resources (human as well as food).

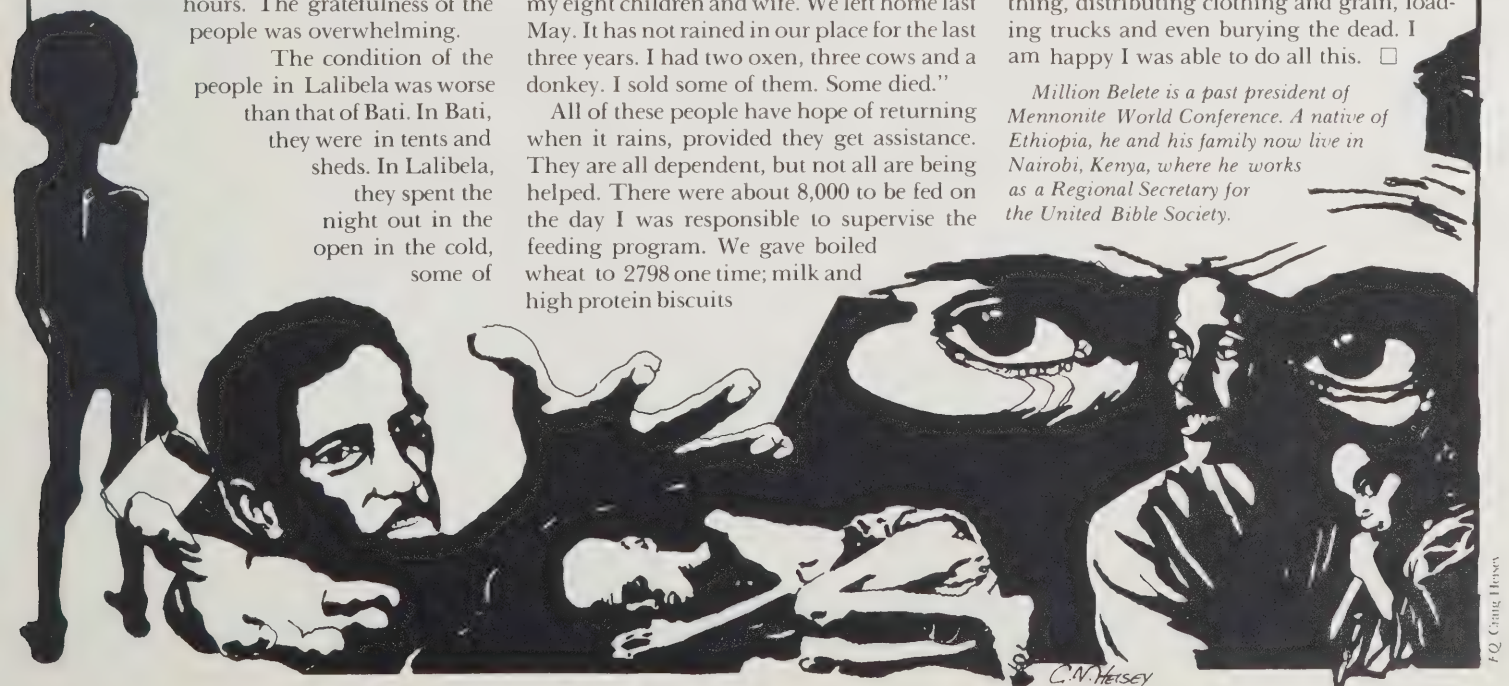
I went to where they were waiting in line and sat. I thought I should know how many I had to choose from before proceeding. My rough count showed there were 760 but more were coming. There were 55 lactating mothers who wanted to get in!

I planned to distribute the 50 cards I was giving to 20 lactating mothers, 10 underweight children, 10 for intensive feeding and 10 for supplementary. I ended by giving to 45 lactating mothers and 5 for intensive!

All day long I was confronted with desperate requests that I give them a card. Until that day I was able to get out of such requests by saying I was not an official, I was just a visitor. But not that day. It was a terrible day for me.

I have participated in doing everything: giving food and water, constructing something, distributing clothing and grain, loading trucks and even burying the dead. I am happy I was able to do all this. □

*Million Belete is a past president of Mennonite World Conference. A native of Ethiopia, he and his family now live in Nairobi, Kenya, where he works as a Regional Secretary for the United Bible Society.*





# Wince-Ability

After teaching for eight years and then spending three years as agriculture development workers in Somalia, my wife and I, along with our four children, are now a dairy farm family. We provide most of the labor needed for our fifty-cow operation. We rent from my retired father the 115-acre farm where I spent my boyhood with six brothers.

For me, the return to vigorous physical labor in a setting that combines field and animal work has been a good experience. My boyhood love of the out-of-doors and my degree in biology find constant stimulation in this setting of meadow, creek, woodland and cropland.

Several months ago I nearly forgot a dentist appointment. My wife agreed to finish the few barn chores while I dashed off to have a dental filling replaced. I dislike dental work intensely. On this particular morning I gripped the chair arms several times as pain shot through my jaw. How else can one respond with a mouth full of dental technology?

I often feel the need to respond to the

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by Leon W. Good

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tensions between faith and farming in a similar way. Many of the issues are bigger than my family farm operation, yet I can at least wince, allowing myself to feel the pain even if I can do little more than "grip the chair." Like Lot, I am repeatedly grieved by attitudes and actions that belie our faith.

The temptation to accumulate assets causes me to wince. Much that is done on the farm in the name of progress is really greed. And what is greed but the need to have more and more land, equipment or livestock?

It is true that times change. Adaptations in farming practices are made in order to be economically viable. Ten cows, 200 laying hens, twenty steers and a few pigs do not go very far on mortgage payments or even a used bulk milk tank.

But where is the line between greed and need? Certainly not at the same place for every

Mennonite farmer. I seldom hear fellow farmers talking about this tension. We talk about commodity and equipment prices, government interference and indifference, but little is said about the trap of accumulation.

Agriculture used to be labor-intensive. Today it is capital-intensive. My father worked seven years in a shoe factory and bought this 115-acre farm with his savings. Today I could work twenty years at a similar job and not have enough for one half the price of the land.

Yet established farmers with good management skills and a knowledge of investment principles are able to use assets to acquire assets. Isaiah warns of adding "field to field" and Jesus flatly states, "Be on your guard against all kinds of greed; a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions."

Presently, my milk tank is running over—literally. My farmer friends tell me that is a good problem. Not one person questioned how I planned to use the increased income to follow God more closely. We must allow our faith to intersect with our farming.



FQ Kenneth Pellman



## Like Lot, I am repeatedly grieved by attitudes and actions that belie our faith.

Assets have a way of deadening the prophetic voice and derailing the pilgrim life. Stewardship comes to mean taking good care of our assets. We do not bother challenging structural evil for fear it may jeopardize our farm programs. It pains me to hear the Mennonite farm community mimic the self-serving concerns of the larger society.

The temptation to be arrogant also causes me to wince and is most pronounced during times of prosperity. It is easy to say, "Look what my hands have accomplished." But the rain falls on the just and the unjust. In 1983 I prepared the soil, planted the seed and waited for the harvest — a disappointing forty percent of normal years. In 1984 I again prepared, planted and waited; the result was an amazing bumper crop. The difference between the two harvests was rainfall. Where is there room for arrogance?

Hard work is a way of life for people of the land. But the adequacy of the harvest is often determined by things beyond our control. Adverse weather conditions, epidemic pests, or political instability can negate a farmer's hard labor. Somali farmers plow and plant season after season and often reap the dust because of minimal rainfall. I was impressed with the fortitude of those people whose climate provides so little margin for a good crop.

Abundance ought to foster gratitude and generosity. Since we are citizens of the world, our abundance is for those with shortfall. Humility, not arrogance, ought to characterize the people of faith.

I wince at the loss of agricultural land. Fertile soil is a renewable natural resource if it is managed carefully. Cropland losses worldwide are staggering. Roads, houses and industry are necessary and need space. But must prime farmland be sacrificed?

Soil conservation must again be revived. These concerns seem out of sync at a time when crop surpluses keep prices depressed for farmers.

I still remember being greeted by hungry people each morning as I began my day in Somalia. They came to beg for food during the drought of 1971. They did not all survive. I will never forget the helplessness of that emaciated crowd at my back door. The crowds of hungry people in the world are larger this year than ever before.

Our faith gives us a long view of history — land belongs to humanity. We borrow it from our children as much as we inherit it from our parents. Yet we have become sub-dividers instead of husbands of land. Will the last harvest be asphalt?

I wince for the Mennonite farm families who are experiencing overwork and financial



Photo: Kenneth Pullman

strain in their attempts to remain solvent. The financial plight of American farmers has been highlighted in recent months by both the news media and the entertainment world. The causes are many, ranging from the high cost of farm exports to mismanagement. The community of faith must get involved before family breakdowns occur. Counselling, moral support and sometimes financial support will be necessary. We farmers need to temper our independence with an openness to advice.

The difficulty of passing land on to succeeding generations causes me to wince. The high cost of land and equipment is prohibitive for young families. Parents and siblings need to find creative, equitable ways to pass the land on to the next generation. There is little hope for the younger generation to

continue the tradition of farming, until we stop viewing land as only a commodity to be sold to the highest bidder.

All farmers need to help find answers to these problems. In fact, all people who eat need to get involved. Somehow it seems appropriate that Mennonites take the lead. We have a history of agricultural prowess around the globe. We have a faith that informs our farming methods and goals.

Accumulation, arrogance, soil loss, financial viability and passing on the land need to be addressed with creativity and resolve. It is time to wince and time to act. We are both a people of faith and a people of the land. Let us cultivate wince-ability. • □

*Leon W. Good is a teacher and dairy farmer from Lititz, Pennsylvania.*



# The Church of Your Choice

by James and Jeannette Krabill

Richard and Linda Seiko are Bible translators living in our village and they need your help. After several months spent recently in active but unsuccessful “church hunting,” they have now decided to turn to you, our readers, for advice. Allow us to explain the nature of their dilemma—and your assignment.

The Seikos have discovered—as do all translators sooner or later—that in communicating meaning across languages, some words prove more easily translatable than others. Take, for starters, a relatively simple term—the word “hand.” Little is more common to universal experience than the human hand. Most persons possess at least one and, if not, have assuredly seen thousands elsewhere. The German equivalent for the English “hand” is *die Hand*. In French, it becomes *la main*. And in Dida—the language of our village—one gets *wɛ*. So far, so good! If all translation were this simple, an entire Dida Bible could be produced in short order.

But suppose it became necessary to translate a word for which no obvious equivalent existed in the receiving language. A word like “church,” for example, which for most people (including the Dida) was an unknown quantity prior to hearing the Gospel message.

Does translation in such cases become impossible, one might ask? No, but certainly more complicated, for it requires considerable scrounging about to determine which alternative word (or combination of words) might best be employed to capture the full, biblical meaning of the term needing translation.

And so we return to the Seikos who, with their Dida colleague, Robert N’Guesan, have unearthed in recent scrounging no less than eight “church candidates”

from which only one must now be selected. Choosing won’t be easy. Thus explaining the plea for help. Here are the options:

1. *ekklesia* (“church” in Greek). One possibility, since “church” seems to be missing from the Dida vocabulary, is to introduce a foreign term which conveys the meaning desired. A good choice here would be *ekklesia* (“the assembly,” “those who have been called out”)—the word in the original New Testament text usually translated more simply, “the church.” One problem. The average Dida reader falling upon *ekklesia* in the middle of a Dida sentence won’t have a clue as to its meaning. Most Dida people understand only . . . Dida. Better investigate first which expressions—in Dida!—come closest to “the church.”

2. *laàgò pàlv* (“the house of God”). When Christianity first came to our village 70 years ago, the new believers constructed a hut in which to worship. This “house of God” is, even today, what the villagers refer to as “the church.” Using this term in translation proves unsatisfactory, however, for “the church” is not a pile of mud bricks, but a living people. Yet choosing any other term means bucking 70 years of local, sacred history—to be avoided whenever possible!

3. *wú wálá* (“the gathering”—literally, “those who put their heads together”). Here at least we are talking about people—people coming together from various places for a given purpose. When villagers assemble at the chief’s house to settle a local dispute, they constitute “a gathering.” As do a handful of men crouched around a jug of palm wine at day’s end. One problem. When the dispute is resolved and the wine jug emptied,

“the gathering” disbands and from then on ceases to exist. A bit weak for “the church,” perhaps.

4. *kànde* (“the group”). This term, in contrast to Option 3, designates persons—such as those belonging to similar age categories—who form and maintain a common identity over long periods of time whether or not the group members actually gather to hold meetings. Before selecting this term to represent “the church” in Dida, one would have to ask if the church can *be* the church without the regular gathering of her members. But apart from this issue, it would be necessary to indicate what this “group” is or does which distinguishes it from other “groups” and qualifies it for “church” status. To move us in this direction, Options 5–8 include *kànde* as part of the title.

5. *gugwà nya kànde* (“the group of those who worship”). Worshipping is an important church activity and such a name should be helpful in setting “the church” apart from “groups” engaged in other pursuits. Worshipping is not, however, the church’s *only* activity, and one might ask whether it should receive so much attention. Furthermore, Christians are not the only religious beings to worship; this same title could also apply to Muslims praying to Allah or even traditionalists worshipping various spirits or sacred objects. All this might prove confusing.

6. *kpl’əkpł’ə nya kànde* (“the group of those who are holy”—literally, “clean”). When a Dida woman washes clothes and removes the filth, they become sparkling “clean” (*kpl’əkpł’ə*). This same word is used in Dida to translate the “Holy Spirit.” If Option 5 above describes *what* the church *does* (worships), then Option 6 explains *who* the church *is* (a holy people).







# *Living ISLAM in a Christian Culture*

by Jessica Lapp

It is 5 a.m. at Goshen College. The sun is not yet above the horizon. Nabil Oudeh kneels on his prayer rug, facing east. "I am facing the Creator of heaven and earth in humility. Praise God. Praise be to you, oh God, and glory and thanks. Praise be thy name and praise be thy works and there is no God but you," he begins his morning prayer.

Oudeh is a Palestinian Muslim from Haifa, Israel. Prayer is a tenet of his faith, the Ahmedi Sunni sect of Islam, and he tries to pray five times every day: dawn, noon, mid-afternoon, sunset and later evening. Living with strict adherence to his faith can be difficult, especially when he attends a Mennonite college with a non-kosher cafeteria, an inclusively Christian atmosphere and mission-minded fellow students.

A junior majoring in biology, Oudeh finds attending college in a different culture interesting but frustrating. He follows the

Islamic rules for prayer and food but these are hard to maintain within a class schedule and a cafeteria which serves ham and beef side by side.

Muslims are not allowed to eat pork or

**"Say what you  
believe, but  
let me say  
what I believe."**

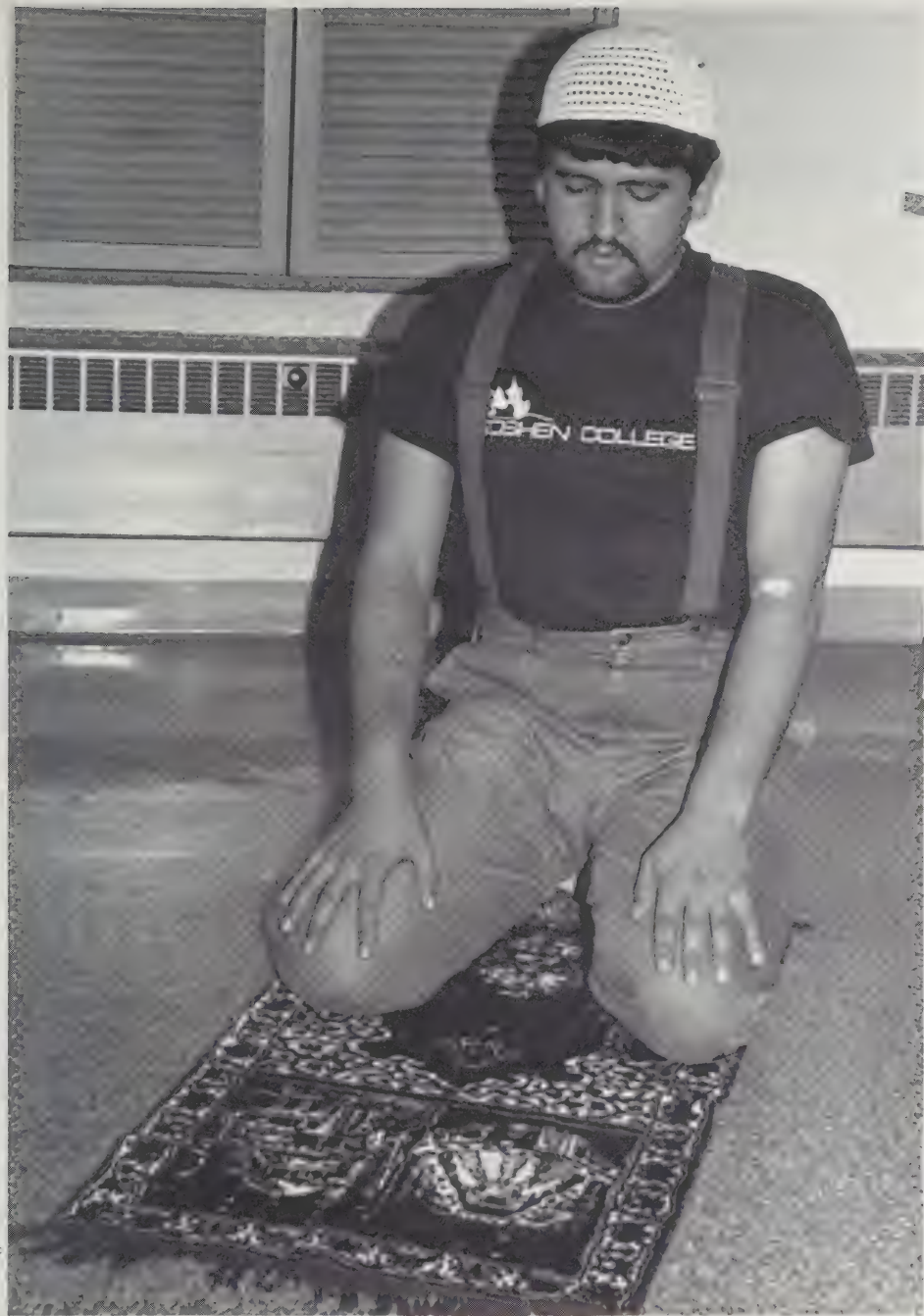
food cooked in the same place as pork. Oudeh avoided many foods his freshman year, unsure of the ingredients. Now he has special permission from the cafeteria manager to find out the ingredients of food selections so he can avoid foods containing pork or lard.

A more serious conflict occurred during the fast of Ramadahn, the ninth month in the lunar Islamic calendar. This month is sacred and its day-time fast is in remembrance of the poor and hungry. Ramadahn fell in June last year and though Oudeh was working as groundskeeper for the college, he abstained from food and drink during the day. He finished breakfast an hour and a half before sunrise and ate again only after sunset.

Ramadahn was "really hard" to preserve, says Oudeh. "Back home, nobody eats, nobody drinks. Here people make fun of it and even offer me food. Teasing out of ignorance, I call it," he says.

Despite his wish to study outside of Israel, Oudeh claims, "I don't want to stay here." He is unimpressed with American materialism and misses the element of community and hospitality of his own community. "Everything has a price here," he says.





Phil Sweigart

He misses the unselfish sharing that is so evident in Arab societies. "People at home are insulted if you thank them by giving material possessions. We use hospitality and other unexpected ways to show appreciation." He recalled his anger at receiving a \$10 check from a church for a talk he gave during his freshman year. "I was insulted," he says. Now he is afraid of becoming too westernized. "Now when someone sends me money in thanks, I accept it."

Oudeh sees western family structure weakening and dissolving in this race for materialism. He sees people being cold and passive to each other in their responses. While on a trip to Germany, he noticed how children depended less and less on their parents, except for money.

Oudeh found the same tendencies towards coolness in Mennonites. He came with a feeling of optimism about the Mennonite

community but was disappointed by the lack of interest of other students. "I had to start getting to know others by making sure *they* knew *me*," he says.

Students are also too passive in the learning process, Oudeh says. "College is a period of time when people ought to question," he declares, critical of the lack of understanding of what it means to be Mennonite. "The element of identity in being Mennonite is fading," he believes, because some students concentrate on one particular point, such as nonresistance, instead of the wider Anabaptist tradition. "They have only a narrow idea of what it is to be Mennonite."

Though he is the first to admit he isn't perfect, Oudeh's dedication to his own Muslim faith is obvious, especially when students attempt to convert him to Christianity. The main difference between Islam and Mennonites is the belief in Jesus as Christ. Muslims

consider it a sin to place any human on the same level as God. Jesus is considered a prophet but Muhammed, who became a messenger of God after a vision in 610 A.D., is the greatest of these.

"It's very easy to get defensive," Oudeh notes, and admits he doesn't try to change his ways just to pacify others. "Say what you believe," he encourages, "but let me say what I believe."

Oudeh sees the tendency to "help" others towards the Christian tradition as a failing in the Christian faith. He doesn't like the attitude that one faith is true and all other faiths and cultures are false. "Work on yourself, not on me," he says. "If Christians live their lives as they really believe, they will get others interested in their faith. Christians should work *with* other people, not *on* them. My idea of showing what Islam is, is to live my life and show a good example.

"Christianity and Islam are like two apple trees," he continues. "The roots are different but the outcome is the same. We have two different truths but we are all children of God."

Oudeh has found one "root" in the Mennonite faith that is similar to his own faith. The Koran, the Islamic holy book, openly rejects violence except in defense. Oudeh sees a completely pacifistic stance as impractical and idealistic. "Unless everyone around you is a pacifist, you can't be," he says. "You'll be used and mistreated."

He has a hard time convincing others that Islam is a peace-loving religion, too. He doesn't think people should associate Islam with violence, calling conflicts in the Middle East *Muslim* wars though they are wars between countries. "It would be easy for *me* to say World War I was a Christian war," he says.

Many people on campus have the same "practical" form of pacifism as he does, he says. He defends himself against aggressors but "not necessarily violently." In Islam, the first step in defense is to pray for the aggressor, the second to talk, and the third to take defensive action. "This is my way of pacifism and I live it. Faith is worth much more if you can set it up and practice it."

After Oudeh graduates from college next year, he looks forward to continuing his studies in graduate school. "I really could see myself anywhere," he says, hoping to continue in genetic engineering. He has enjoyed his time at Goshen College. "I really care about my friends here," he says and will be sorry to leave them. □

Jessica Lapp is an English major at Goshen (Indiana) College.



## One of the "Invisible Pillars"

How many stories are written about the people behind the scenes?

Martha L. Buckwalter, 87, who now lives at Landis Homes near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is such a person. She was for many years one of the "invisible pillars" of a mission church in Lancaster.

Martha Denlinger was born in 1897 in East Lampeter Township, Lancaster County, near where Mellinger's Mennonite Church stands today.

As a growing girl, she "devoured the stories from the missionaries" in the church publications her parents received. These were the early days of mission work in the Mennonite Church, and young Martha listened eagerly to the words of returned missionaries who visited Mellinger's.

She might have become a missionary herself, but instead she met John D. Buckwalter. They were married October 28, 1919, and settled down to farm and raise children.

A faithful member of Mellinger's, Martha taught Sunday school and summer Bible school, attended sewing circle, read the *Gospel Herald* and *Missionary Messenger*, and offered her prayers and other support to the missionaries she "met" on the pages.

In 1934, John Buckwalter was struck on the head with a hay fork. He developed a brain tumor and, three operations later, he died.

Martha remained on the farm with her six children, three sons and three daughters. The youngest, Rhoda, was only a few weeks old. It was "no small thing," she says simply, raising a family and running a farm without a husband and father, but she was determined to stay. "We could all keep together and work together. We raised chickens and vegetables, and we went to market. It was a lot of hard work, but it didn't hurt the children."

In 1951, the youngest son, John, graduated from Lancaster Mennonite High School (he and Rhoda were the first in the family to be able to take advantage of Mennonite schools). That May, he had developed a cough which wouldn't go away. He grew worse — "We thought it was pneumonia." The reality was lung cancer, and by September young John was dead.

Martha was 54. She had lived on a farm in East Lampeter and attended Mellinger's all her life. But her son's death marked a turning point in her life.

"I had a burden for Christian girls living in the city, to give them a Christian home," she says — poignant words from a woman who had borne many personal burdens with little

complaint! So she and Rhoda (the other four children had already married and left home) moved into Lancaster and opened a rooming house.

"A lot of people thought I should have stayed in the country," she remembers, but she heard a call and obeyed it. She had from three to five roomers at a time. More than 50 people had lived in Martha Buckwalter's house at E. Ross and N. Reservoir when she finally "closed" it early this year.

Besides seeing to the needs of her roomers, Martha had various outside jobs. She worked in the kitchen at Lancaster General Hospital



and the linen room at the Osteopathic Hospital, and she was with a babysitting agency for 12 years (and caring for children privately for 28 more). "I looked after over 1000 children," she recalls, "not counting groups."

But perhaps most important to her was "doing the Lord's work" through South Christian Street Mennonite Church. This little mission church was planted by Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions in Lancaster's lower-income 7th Ward as an outreach to the predominantly black neighborhood.

Earlier, in 1943-1948, Martha had taken several of the six-week winter Bible study courses at LMH, and had met John Wenger,

summer Bible school superintendent at S. Christian St. He asked her to teach Bible school there one summer — "I did, and I loved it." Then Joseph Lehman, the pastor, wondered if she might come and teach Sunday school, and she took on that task in turn.

So it was only natural for her to devote herself "full-time" to S. Christian St. when she moved to the city.

She started a Bible club for 10- to 12-year-old girls, later expanded to include boys. She continued to teach children's Sunday school and Bible school. As one of two women from the congregation designated "community workers," she visited the homes of her Sunday school pupils and called on new families. She supervised several community women who were taking the Home Bible Study courses put out by the Mennonite Hour. She attended and helped set up "cottage prayer meetings," and went to sewing circle. She was part of the church's decision, in 1966, to become independent, to "step out in faith and support ourselves."

She continued to be deeply interested in the overseas work of the church as well, including that of her own family. In 1968, she went to Somalia to visit Rhoda, who was a missionary nurse there. She spent ten weeks in Africa, during which time she also visited Eastern Board missionaries in Ethiopia, Kenya and Tanzania. "It makes the work of our missionaries seem more interesting and more real to me to have been able to see where they are," she says.

But she has not regretted never pursuing that early dream of serving overseas herself. "I can always pray for and support our missionaries," she says. "I had a burden for the work at S. Christian St. — I felt there was so much work to do there." She's happy to see her grandchildren and their families now going into overseas missions — there are currently five grandchildren (and seven great-grandchildren) in Africa.

The woman who "might have become an overseas missionary" instead found her mission field in her own community. She can't go to S. Christian St. very often anymore, but she is content knowing several people became Christians because of her work and her faithfulness there.

"I wish more people would do more home visits, and the home Bible study," she says, especially conscious of that because she is no longer able to do it. But she'll keep doing what she can do — read and pray — one of the "invisible pillars," behind the scenes. □



# HIGHLIGHTS OF GRANDMA'S LIFE

10/31/84 AGES	GRANDMA'S AGE	EVENT
	0	Grandma born 10/31/1909. Her mother was 37.
	1	
Gregory	2	Hid in corner and sucked thumb when visitors came.
Andre	3	Liked to hold woolly things.
	4	
Annette, Ben	5	Started school. Walked home for lunch every day.
	6	
	7	
Rachel, Hans	8	Wore her hair plaited to school.
	9	World War I ended.
Minh	10	Husked corn before school.
	11	Electricity generator installed in Sauder home.
Lara	12	One of 63 pupils in 8 grades with one teacher.
Bev, Jon, Dan Z	13	Worked for sick folks doing housework.
Billy	14	Baptized; completed 8th grade for first of two times.
Tim M, Tim Z	15	Scored 2nd highest in Lanc. Co. high school entrance exam.
	16	
Dave, Marcy	17	First date with Grandpa, 9/11/27.
Bob, Karen, Becky	18	Worked at Churchtown shirt factory, 1927-30.
Steve	19	Engaged; inspired writing of "Roses by the Wayside."
Betsy, Jim M	20	Stock market crash and beginning of Depression.
Dan M	21	Married Grandpa 11/22/30; started housekeeping 3/19/31.
	22	First child Mary born.
	23	Second child Luke born.
	24	Weighed 122 pounds.
	25	
	26	Third child Aaron born.
	27	Moved to farm at Rt. 2, Box 12.
	28	Mother died at age 66. Learned to drive.
	29	
	30	Fourth child Raymond born.
	31	Doctor stitched on finger which 5-year-old Aaron cut off.
	32	Fifth child Robert born.
	33	
	34	Sixth child Earl born.
Luann	35	World War II ended.
	36	Took piano lessons.
Grace	37	Grace born. Running water, furnace and phone installed.
	38	Grandpa started farming with tractor instead of horses.
	39	Six day stay in hospital.
Earl	40	Road in front of farmhouse was paved.
Jim D, Pat	41	First radio in house. It was assembled by Aaron.
Bob	42	Electric stove replaced coal burning range in kitchen.
Sarah	43	Had surgery.
Ray	44	2 children left home — Luke to Germany & Mary to Pottsville.
	45	Bought freezer.
Ruth	46	Indoor bathroom installed.
	47	First child to college — Aaron.
Paul, Aaron, Mary K	48	
	49	Taught Sunday School 2nd grade from age 41 to 65.
	50	
Luke	51	First marriage in family — Luke.
Mary Z	52	First ordination in family — Luke, who then left for Vietnam.
	53	
	54	Father died at age 90.
	55	
	56	Final child left home — Grace to college.
	57	Moved to 563 E. Main St., New Holland.
	58	First plane ride.
	59	Nursed drowned rabbit back to life.
	60	Hospitalized for surgery.
	61	40th wedding anniversary celebration.
	62	Solicited for Heart Fund.
	63	Delivered meals to elderly under Meals on Wheels program.
	64	Only trip overseas — to Holy Land.
	65	Grandpa's health declined sharply; required much care.
	66	Grandpa died after 46 years of marriage.
	67	Took a trip to Niagara Falls.
	68	Attended Mennonite World Conference in Kansas.
	69	
	70	
	71	Marlin Myers arrived as boarder for 3-1/2 years.
	72	Helped prepare booklet on Eaby & Ida Sauder descendants.
	73	Active in senior citizens, day care and Reuzit Shop.
	74	Year of spices from cooking of Indian boarder John.
	75	

With their interest in family memories as strong as ever, Ray and Luann Martin have put together another gift that money cannot buy.

This year, in honor of Ray's mother's 75th birthday, they prepared a chart of the "Highlights of Grandma's Life." On the right side of the numbered years they listed the major events of nearly every year of Elizabeth Martin's life. On the left side of the numbers they placed the names of each of Elizabeth's children, their spouses and children, each standing beside their age at the time of Grandma Martin's 75th birthday.



"My mother was delighted, and it gives the grandchildren a perspective on her and their lives," reflected Ray. "Furthermore, it's a gift that doesn't buy into our consumer society."

In 1979 Ray and Luann prepared calendars for each of their families at Christmas-time. Both the Martin and Habegger clans received calendars which listed, for each day of the year, an event in the history of each respective family. Although Ray and Luann spend much of their time overseas (Ghana and Cameroon in the last 5 years; Pakistan come June of this year), they have found imaginative ways to keep extended family relationships alive. □

*Prepared by Ray & Luann, 10/84  
for Elizabeth Sauder Martin*





Prouser Photographix

## King Makes Cross-Country Trek in Wheelchair

On April 29, Michael King, a 26-year-old native of Cochranville, Pennsylvania, set out to do something probably never done before.

King plans to travel from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Washington, D.C. What's unusual about his journey is that he'll make the trip in a wheelchair.

A motorcycle accident in 1978 left King's legs paralyzed. The 1976 graduate of Lancaster Mennonite High School spent the next two years "wondering what to do with my life." Then he went to Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas, graduating last December with a degree in social work and Church Ministries.

He plans to arrive in Washington about August 28. He'll be followed the whole way by a van carrying four student volunteers from Messiah College, Grantham, Pennsylvania.

King is making his wheelchair trek for

several reasons. One is that he always wanted to travel across the country.

He'll also be seeking to raise funds for non-profit organizations for the disabled. Among these are Hope for Life, Inc., an Intercourse, Pennsylvania-based organization formed to oversee King's trip, the Developmental Disabilities Services and Handicapped Concerns Program of MCC, Rainbows United in Wichita, Kansas, and Loveway of Bristol, Indiana.

In order to do this, he'll be involved along the way in "pledge-a-mile" events, testimonial dinners and other benefit functions.

And finally, as King says himself, "The main point is to help people keep going in life despite disappointments. Keeping a challenge in life is what makes life rewarding and fun for me. That's why I'm doing this trip—to meet people and give encouragement."

□

## Canadians Begin Celebration of Mennonite Bicentennial

The coming of the Mennonites to Canada—specifically Vineland, Ontario—in 1786 will be marked next summer by a 10-day program of bicentennial events.

The Mennonite Bicentennial Commission (MBC), boosted by a \$75,000 grant from the federal Department of Communications, has already begun the celebration.

Beginning in September, 1984, Kathryn and Reginald Good of Kitchener, Ontario, took to the road in MennoVan Canada, the MBC's mobile unit.

MennoVan originated in Vineland and hopes to visit every community where Mennonites and Brethren in Christ are known, as far west as Vancouver Island and as far north as Ft. Vermilion, Alberta.

The Goods, who are volunteers under MCC Canada, are prepared to tell children's stories, give sermonettes, lead discussions and promote the bicentennial. They show "People Seeking Peace, 1786-1986," a multimedia production of the MBC, and "Mennonites in Ontario," a documentary produced

by The Meeting Place, St. Jacobs.

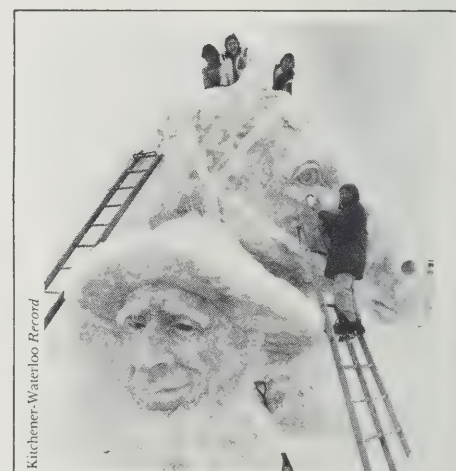
In addition to MennoVan, the MBC has commissioned two books to mark the bicentennial.

One will be a biography of Ontario Mennonite businessman Jacob Y. Shantz, who was active in the settling of Mennonite immigrants in Manitoba in the 1870s and in Alberta in the 1890s. Sam Steiner of Conrad Grebel College is the author.

The other is a "Portrait," a composite portrayal of the Mennonites, Amish and Brethren in Christ in Ontario, including central Mennonite themes of history, life, faith and culture, introduced by brief essays and followed by numerous photos. Maurice Martin, pastor of the Hanover and Chesley congregations, is editor of the project.

MBC is also sponsoring a hymn-writing contest, seeking hymns which are suitable for congregational worship, have universal and lasting appeal and are true to Anabaptist theology. The winning hymn could become the bicentennial "theme song."

□



Kitchener-Waterloo Record

Italian immigrant and sculptor Umberto Fusari, who every year creates a different ice sculpture in his front yard near Heidelberg, Ontario, this year chose a Mennonite theme. He sculpted the heads of an Old Order Mennonite farmer and his horse. People who stopped to look and to climb the foot sculpture were asked for donations to MCC's relief fund for Ethiopia.

□



## Elsewhere...

- A new song about an Anabaptist martyr was part of the recent 450th anniversary celebration of the Rotterdam (Netherlands) Mennonite Church. Anneke Jans van Den Briel was drowned January 23, 1539. Rotterdam Church organist Maxine van der Meiden discovered the old music text of the hymn by which Jans betrayed herself to authorities. Bert Pelzer composed a contemporary music version, which the church Gospel Choir then performed.

- The Center for Chilean Culture in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, recently featured an exhibit of photos by Maya Pejio entitled "Indians and Mennonites: Two Minorities are a Majority in the Chaco of Paraguay." The photos show the lifestyles of Indians and Mennonites and their inter-relationships.

- A special commemorative coin in silver or bronze, bearing the likeness of Menno Simons, can be obtained from Peter Foth of Hamburg, West Germany. The coins, or medallions, were made with old coin presses belonging to the Hamburg Mennonite congregational archives.

- A Swiss Mennonite, R. Wurgler, was sentenced to two months in prison in late November in Berne, Switzerland, because he took seriously the official recommendation of the Swiss Mennonite Conference, that their members not participate in military combat training and service. This is the first time such a recommendation has led a Conference member to take action declared illegal by the state.

Wurgler filed a request, when he was conscripted, to be assigned to non-combatant service on the basis of faith conviction, but his request was rejected. After an unsuccessful appeal, Wurgler went to basic training but consistently refused to carry weapons and was sent home. Because of his rejection of military service, he was sentenced to prison without dismissal from the army.

Both the counsel for the defense and the counsel for the government representative appealed. The decision of the appeals court is still pending.

- The staff and management of Beth Shalom, a coffeehouse with Mennonite participation in Obihiro, Japan, and the Eastern Hokkaido Bible School, run by the Japan Mennonite Church, joined in a co-operative peace witness recently. The two groups made a snow sculpture of a broken missile out of which a dove of peace is emerging. The sculpture was part of several days of witness during Obihiro's annual snow festival.

## Building Bridges, Living Peace

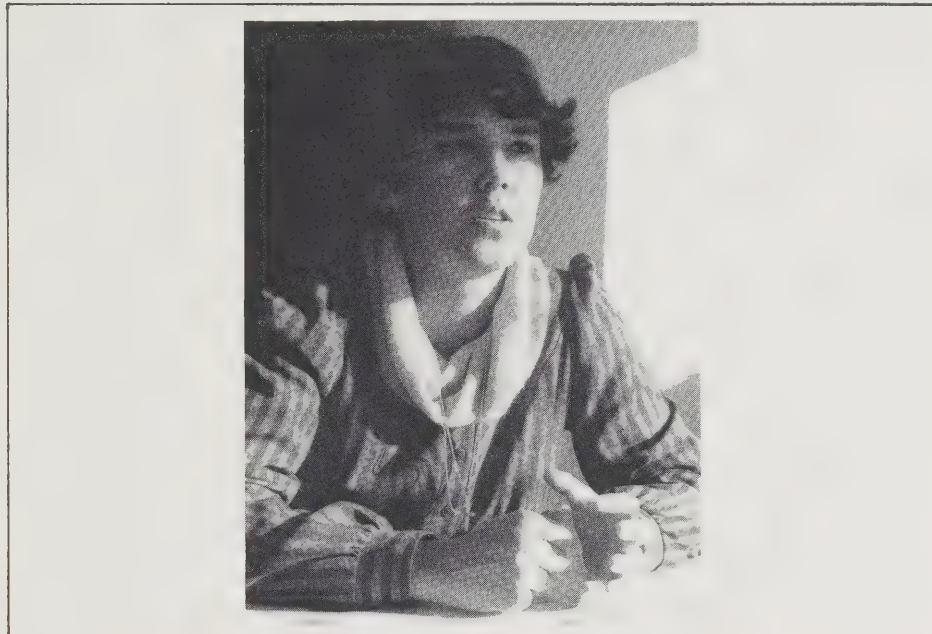
"I am trying to be aware of my own complicity in the apartheid business," says Adele Kirsten, a white South African visiting this year among North American Mennonites.

That commitment describes Kirsten's modest style but deep conviction. Brought up in South Africa in the Methodist Church, she began to take serious interest in peace as a way of living during the late 1970s. Since then,

is."

Despite her deep differences with her country, Kirsten does not plan to stay away long-term. "South Africa is my place," she reflects. "I miss not being there. In fact, I have a renewed sense that that is where I need to be."

Her current year in the United States is to be a time of training and reflection for her. In



Kirsten explains, she has worked actively in two ways: "I have needed to look at the violence within myself, and while doing that, I am trying to be a bridge between white folks and black folks."

It is that two-level effort that characterizes her life. "Christ has called me to be engaged in both a contemplative spiritual life and in meeting some of the world's needs." So in addition to faithfully reading the Bible and Thomas Merton she has become a member of a conscientious objector group that provides support for CO's and is working on an "End Conscription Campaign" in South Africa.

"We are trying to work at peacemaking through the churches, especially approaching the youth and confirmation classes. The government is beginning to act like a cornered animal. They fear losing control. But they would hesitate to go wholesale against the church so the church does afford some protection.

"The difficulty is, of course, that those against the government — and those for the government — both claim that God is on their side! Part of my personal question is whether God takes sides.

"I think God entrusts himself to people. I am a co-creator with God of the way the world

addition, she is bringing new light to North Americans about themselves, as well as her country. "I see many parallels here to South African life," she commented to **Festival Quarterly**. "Here the poor and those on death row are like the blacks there. North Americans seem to have concerns for social justice, and yet that seems so incongruous with their personal lifestyles."

Kirsten, however, does not claim to be free of the subtle oppressiveness her white skin and Dutch-Scotch-Irish heritage afford her. "This time away from home helps me gain the distance I need to see how bizarre the whole apartheid system is. I want to work harder at bucking the unwritten laws in my society, like just going into black areas without a permit. I want to be an example in my attitudes, where I live, where I work."

In a reflective moment, Adele Kirsten had a message for her North American hosts: "One thing I'd like Mennonites to understand is that people of other church backgrounds are finding peacemaking as a way of life. For us who have come to it on our own, it has probably involved a lot more questions and a lot more delivery into the Scriptures. I wish Mennonites would reclaim it for themselves."

□





## Art of the Lettuceman

by Keith Helmuth

• The General Conference Mennonite Church celebrated its 125th anniversary this summer on June 2, Anniversary Sunday. Congregations received resource packets at the end of March. These included sermon suggestion outlines by pastors **Jake Tilitzky** and **Betty Hochstetler**, a new hymn written by **Esther** and **George Wiebe**, Winnipeg, Manitoba, a readers theatre work, bulletin inserts, a children's activity and other resources.

This year also marks the centennial of the official General Conference publication, *The Mennonite*, which began in Philadelphia in 1885.

• The Act II Restaurant, Winnipeg, Manitoba, was the setting for the "missing Mennonite cabaret," April 19 and 20. The two evenings of readings and music were part of the National Book Festival and funded by the Canada Council. **Sandra Birdsell**, **Victor Garrett Enns** and **Jack Thiessen** read the first night (the latter in Low German), with music by **Clinton Toews**. **Patrick Friesen**, **Di Brandt** and **Rudy Wiebe** were joined by the **Just Plumb Hollow string band** on the second evening.

• The Council of Independent Colleges has cited **Goshen (Indiana) College's China exchange program** as one of the "exciting special programs" offered by small colleges in the U.S. The Washington, D.C.-based organization represents 650 colleges. The **Goshen program** was named along with those of five other colleges.

• The Mennonite and Amish community of Garrett County, Maryland and Somerset County, Pennsylvania, has formed the **Casselman River Area Amish and Mennonite Historians**, with the purpose of preserving, promoting and interpreting the community's history. The Casselman Area community is interstate, straddles the Mason-Dixon Line, and includes Allegheny and Conservative conferences, Beachy Amish and Old Order Amish churches.

• Hesston (Kansas) College piano instructor **Barbara Fast** has been selected as a touring artist for 1985-86 under the Kansas Arts Commission. She and North Newton flute player **Vada Snider** auditioned as a duo last fall, and will travel and perform together.

• "Settling Manitoba the Mennonite Way," with script and photography by **Gareth Neufeld**, is a new 20-minute multi-media presentation based on the **Mennonite Village Museum** at Steinbach. This educational kit comes with filmstrip, sound recording, student workbook and teacher's manual. The project was funded by the federal department of Secretary of State and has been released for schools across Canada.

• **Cathy Passmore** of Corvallis, Oregon, has created and produced a 32-minute multi-image slide-sound production on abortion and the sacredness of life. "Now Shall the Desert Bloom" was shown to college, high school, church and other groups across the U.S. during March and April.

• **Larry Wiens** and **Tim Unruh** of Wichita, Kansas, have begun trying to market peppermuts commercially by placing "Deutsch Treats" in Dillon's and AG grocery stores in the area. The

When I come to my stall at the farmer's market in the capital city on a cool morning in mid-July, and unload box after box of fresh cut Bibb lettuce, heads the size of dinner plates, I marvel that so many people will soon be coming to buy what amounts to mostly water.

Oh, those smiling heads of Buttercrunch, still wet with morning rain! People steering

ancient reputation as a tranquilizer."

Ah, ha! So it isn't just a thing of beauty. Our attraction to lettuce has a chemical component. Indeed, I have customers who, laughingly, describe themselves as addicted to my lettuce.

In further researching this remarkable plant, I find that "lettuce teas and soups are another method of concentrating lettuces'

I am not just selling nutrition.  
I am engaged in supplying an agent  
of behavior modification.

directly toward the cut flower stall are pulled off course by their magnificence. And when I tell them it is a mild, sweet-tasting lettuce, even in late season, they reach for their wallets.

Such is the art of the lettuceman. Skillful fellow. He lays out the velvet textured, crisp, dark green heads knowing full well the power they have to separate people from their wallets.

These glorious arrangements of water, sunlight and earth, spun out on the slightest filaments of design and color, have an aesthetic magnetism which you can observe at work. We put our best heads forward.

So what is going on? Why do people buy this head instead of that one? Some will left several before choosing. Others will do a visual appraisal. Some will say, "Oh, you pick one. They all look so good."

It's true. I agree with them. A dozen heads of Buttercrunch lettuce, neatly spaced, smiling up at you at 7:00 a.m. will open your eyes even if you missed your morning coffee.

Water is a world traveler. Sometimes when cutting a head of lettuce I wonder if I have seen this water before? Perhaps rippling over orange starfish on the Kenyan coast, or slapping through Oregon's sea lion caves, or crashing on the North Sea's shingle beach, or circling from a frog splash of my long ago pond hunting days. There is no way to know, but the question is a good one. It brings to mind the flow of water as a living system. It centers clearly the sacred character of the great hydrologic cycle. We know what happens on withdrawal of the rains; desertification, famine. Always have a blessing ready for the rains, even when they outlast their welcome.

There is more to lettuce than meets the eye. Few people know that all lettuces contain narcotic juices. "Not enough to make anyone drugged, of course, but enough to justify its

powers. These homemade remedies are effective in their calming action and good for over-excited minds and sleeplessness." Armed with this information I return to market feeling like an amateur pharmacist.

But here is what really warms my heart: "While lettuce is a treasured folk tranquilizer and aid for sleeplessness, it also has a sly reputation for quelling sexual ardour." "The Pythagoreans called it 'the plant of the Eunuchs' . . ." "In the Middle Ages, Knights departing for the Crusades locked their wives in chastity belts and bade them drink lettuce tea to 'quench the fires of lechery'."

Splendid! I am not just selling nutrition. I am engaged in supplying an agent of behavior modification. I have always thought that sexuality got a little overdone in the human species. Now, every head of lettuce I sell can be counted as a small blow against the *Playboy* empire.

On the other hand, if you are troubled by your lack of ardour, better check your lettuce intake. Moderation is still the good word.

When market day is done and I return at evening to the gardens, collecting lettuce trimmings for the rabbits, it all comes back again to beauty and the sense of being midwife to creation.

Looking up from the cart as I toss in the last leaves, I see Mount Katahdin floating cool and luminous on the western horizon, and I think of Emperor Diocletian who, after his abdication, told a friend who urged him to return to power, "If you could see what fine lettuces I am growing, you would not urge me so hard to take up that burden again." □

*Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."*

All quoted material from *Eat Your Way to Health* by Vicki Peterson, Penguin Books, 1983.

\*Did You Know That... (continued on page 25)



# Life's Terrors, Discomforts and Irregularities

by Jewel Showalter



As a child of 12, I remember sitting on the floor of our dormitory in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, listening to the rattle of machine guns in the distance — an attempted coup in process. During this confinement we older children coaxed the younger ones into playing games of “Hot Potato” and “I Spy” until a new sound emerged to squelch all merriment. Bombers went screeching overhead dropping their deadly cargo with deafening booms. We all hit the floor — the first and second graders screaming and sobbing.

Now what? Terrors from above! I bobbed my head up and seeing everyone still intact cheerfully admonished, “Don’t cry! Just think what interesting stories you’re going to have to tell your grandchildren!”

“If we ever live to have any,” a pessimist groaned from the corner.

Of course we survived that and many other embarrassing, uncomfortable, frightening irregularities, but thank God for the color! Is there anything more boring than a day which goes exactly as scheduled? Maybe that’s why we find parenting so exciting and exasperating. Children aren’t robots. They can’t be programmed.

This summer our family was preparing for a move from Istanbul in European Turkey to Gaziantep in Asian Turkey’s southeast, near the Syrian border, where Richard had a job teaching English at Middle East Technical University. We’ve often moved, but always with different quantities of stuff, different aged children and, of course, to novel locations. Obviously there’s no “How-to” method. This time we thought we’d rent a van to take us and our stuff, but we weren’t sure if we could get all us and our things in such a vehicle. And then since Gaziantep was so far from anywhere the van would have to be returned to Istanbul — a 700-mile trip one way.

Another possibility was to have our stuff sent by truck and we go by bus or train. Richard was trying to find a truck. The rented van needed repair. We waited. Suddenly the same Friday evening I got two calls. Avis: “The van’s ready to be picked up.” Richard: “I’ve found a 12-ton truck that’ll take our stuff.” He paused. “And us, if we want. It’s cheaper than the smaller trucks or the van. I’ll be at the house in half an hour.”

The truck looked mammoth on the narrow cobblestone street in front of our apartment. We weren’t taking big furniture and appliances. When the last box was loaded and even the bikes and plants, only a third of the 25-foot bed was full. “Is that all?” the driver asked incredulously.

“Are you really going to ride in the back?” my neighbor asked.

Ashamed to admit that I thought such an unconventional thing would be sort of fun, I shrugged lamely. “Well, we’ll at least start out and if it’s too bad the children and I can get a bus from Ankara and Richard can go on with the truck.”

We covered the empty floor bed with rugs and foam mattresses. “Mommy, the truck smells like cattle.” It was dark but my nose told me the truck had had many former occupants — none of them potty-trained humans!

As we picked up speed on the highway between Istanbul and Ankara, midnight winds chilled through three layers of blankets. Are we being stupid, I wondered as I shivered off to sleep.

In the morning light we began to arrange our “motor home” — blankets and pillows stacked, a chair and trunk for seating along the edge, the tarp stretched to shade part of the back. Then I noticed tufts of wool in the truck’s splintery sides. It was nice to be people going to a new home instead of sheep to the slaughter.

Our drivers, two kind and amused Konyan farmers ushered us into a truck stop for breakfast — soup of lamb broth, rice, yogurt and mint, lots of tea and bread. They seemed a trifle proud of their unusual cargo.

We drove on. The sky was cloudless blue, trees just starting to wear autumn colors in the mountains. We sang all the songs we could think of, read, tusseled, wondered about our new home.

“Well, do you want to take a bus?” Richard asked as we drove into Ankara.

“No! This is much more fun!” Unanimous.

The next night we studied the stars, then slept in the back of the truck in the Taurus Mountains between Ankara and Adana. The next day the bouncing started to bother me, the dust. The recurring thought that school starts tomorrow intruded into our between-jobs oasis. I looked at Richard’s whiskery chin, our dusty, tanned faces and grubby hands. School tomorrow? Which box were the school uniforms in, satchels, notebooks?

Sunday afternoon around 3:00 we pulled up in front of our new home and unloaded under a blazing sun. Home?!

A new home and a new story. I wouldn’t want to repeat those tired, dusty miles but knew I’d experienced again the freshness and joy with which the unconventional, unexpected slices through the expected to “give us a story to tell our grandchildren.”

*Jewel Showalter, her husband Richard, and three children are currently teaching and studying in Turkey.*

peppernuts are mixed, baked and packaged by LEAF Bakery, Inman, and there are currently three shifts working 24 hours a day to keep up with the demand. Unruh’s mother, **Mrs. Eli Klassen** of Inman, helped select the favorite family recipe used for the Deutsch Treats.

● “The Art of Sharing, the Sharing of Art,” a collection of gifts of art given as a thank-you by the German people to Mennonite relief workers at the end of World War II (see “Mennonite Books”) is available for exhibit to Mennonite groups and organizations at the cost of transportation plus a small fee. **Reinhild Janzen**, curator of the Kauffman Museum, N. Newton, Kansas, where the exhibit originated, is the contact.

● **Yvonne Dilling**, author of *In Search of Refuge* (Herald Press, 1984, written with Ingrid Rogers) was presented with a Christopher Award in February for her book, an account of her experiences among refugees on the Honduras-El Salvador border. The book was one of four selected from 650 nominated in the adult category by their publishers. **Dilling**, national coordinator of Witness for Peace and a member of the Beacon Heights Church of the Brethren in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, has also been named Peacemaker of the Year by the Brethren Peace Fellowship.

● The winner of Goshen College’s biennial Peace Play Writing Contest was “After the First Death,” the story of a family who survives a nuclear attack, written by **Richard Stayton**, a theater critic for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*. The one-act play premiered at the college March 29-30. It was selected from a total of 32 entries.

● **Alfred Wiebe** directed the premiere performance of **Walter Schlichting’s** *Die Emigranten* (*The Emigrants*) at Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre March 21-23. The German-language play is based on the story of the Mennonite migration to Canada. Schlichting was awarded first prize in the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre’s Playwriting Contest for his play.

● Former missionary to Zaire **Eudene Keidel**, of Clearbrook, B.C., has been selected for inclusion in the sixth volume of the *International Who’s Who of Intellectuals*, published in Cambridge, England. The volume of 2500 biographical entries notes **Keidel’s** pioneering medical work among a tribe of former headhunters in Zaire, and her interpretation, through books of African fables written for North American children, of culture in the developing world.

● **Herbert Richert**, long-time music professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, was inducted into the Kansas Music Educators Association Hall of Fame. He was cited for his contributions as a musician, educator, composer and arranger.

● The second of a series of six films on Mennonite history, *Anabaptist Beginnings*, has been released by **Visual Communications** of Turpin, Oklahoma. The 14-minute documentary, chronologically the first in the series, was filmed in Europe. The third film chronologically, *Mennonites Come to North America*, was released earlier. Both films may be ordered from Faith and Life Press, Newton, Kansas.



# Bilingual, Bicultural and By Ourselves

by Jose M. Ortiz

The message was clear and displayed on the T-shirt: "I am bilingual, bicultural and by myself." The young Chicano lad was in an assertive way crossing one of the streets of Chicago but also sending several messages.

Hispanics are often seen as survivors of the Tower of Babel experiment or the ones that recycle the Pentecost event at their dinner tables. At our family table when saying grace,

request from the Jewish spokesperson was to set the conversation in Aramaic so the Hebrew civilians would not understand the messages that the Syrian soldiers were bringing. The Syrians indicated that they wanted to stay in the Hebrew language since they wanted to reach both audiences. I will continue to tip the scale on behalf of bilingualism so we can have the option in order to reach both

experiences as they and other Mennonites left Russia and entered Canada as teenagers. The other gentleman next to me had just arrived from the Mennonite colonies in Paraguay. Experiences of being Mennonite in the new world were shared. The older couple in a natural way prayed in Russian, the gentleman in German and I prayed in Spanish. It was an after-dinner Pentecost with a free flow of at least four cultural experiences. Yes, it was a moment to cherish, to shrink fifty years of history into a brief prayer meeting but it was also setting the tone for the future. It can continue to take place if we remain together at the shadow of the cross. Can it also happen in the classroom or in the marketplace?

At times we have to fight the media and their alarming headlines. "The Hispanics are coming, the Hispanics are coming" is their coded message. Hey, mister, the Hispanics have been in the USA since 1513 when Ponce de Leon and his group discovered and traveled through the southern USA. The first settlement was honored with a Spanish name, San Augustine in the state of Florida. La Pascua, Florida, was the original name since it was discovered on Easter Sunday. All this took place 108 years before the Pilgrims landed on the coast of Massachusetts aboard the *Mayflower*.

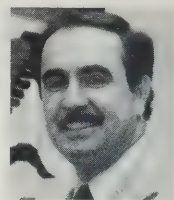
As bicultural people we Hispanics look to the past with pride but also try to avoid being a past-oriented people. We feel the pulling of the future and the holding of the past, that tension that at times wears and tears the fiber of the family life. In Spanish we call it the *tirijala de la vida*.

Hispanics can't afford what happened to the Italian community. Their second generation of immigrants buried their ancestors and later they wanted to resurrect their dead to ask them who they were since the melting pot was not melting anymore. Hispanics must learn from the Italian experience.

There was a Nazarean that neither Jew nor Roman accepted. He was not well understood, and was crucified with bilingual signs in Greek and Latin. He entered and served within cultural definitions and his gospel is the message of the outside world becoming flesh. Thus the gospel is so foreign because it comes from above, but also indigenous since it takes the color of the soil where it flows. Jesus also experienced being bilingual, bicultural and by Himself.

Next time you meet an uncommon face that speaks with a strong accent, at least say "Adios!"

Jose M. Ortiz, Elkhart, Indiana, is on the faculty of Goshen (IN) College.



It was an after-dinner Pentecost with a free flow of at least four cultural experiences . . . a moment to cherish, to shrink 50 years of history into a brief prayer meeting . . .

I pray in Spanish, my sons in English, and my wife speaks half and half, especially if she gets emotional or wants to convey tenderness. Work instructions are given in English, and when emotions arise, whatever comes first, at times Spanglish.

Believe it or not, bilingualism was present in Chapter 36 of the book of Isaiah. The

audiences in this continent. It's good politics, but above all it sets the pace for a society in which language ability leads to wholeness, a form of shalom.

It happened once for me and I cherish the memory. After the dinner was served, our hosts, a retired couple from a Mennonite church in Vineland, Ontario, shared their



"Mark my words, these things will destroy the art of conversation."

Reprinted from *World Press Review*, January 1985; Cluff Private Eve London



• Wilma Bailey, an instructor in Urban Ministries at Goshen (Indiana) College, studied hundreds of pieces of Christian literature and reviewed 160 books that reflect the theological position of the Mennonite Church while speaking to the needs of urban, black and integrated congregations. Her efforts resulted in the **Catalogue of Resources for Black and Integrated Congregations**, available from Mennonite Board of Missions, Elkhart, Indiana.

• **Stumbling Heavenward: The Extraordinary Life of an Ordinary Man** is an unusual biography: the subject is still alive. Urie Bender is the author of this Hyperion Press book, which tells the story of Peter Rempel, founder of Youth Orientation Units (YOU), west of Edmonton, Alberta, where drug and alcohol abusers and boys in trouble with the law are helped toward rehabilitation and wholeness.

• Kathryn F. Seitz, instructor in education at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia, has compiled **A Working Bibliography of Peace Books for Children and Youth**, available from the EMC Education Department.

• Jack Thiessen is the author of **Predicht Fier Haite**, which satirizes the foibles and self-indulgences of a fictional country Mennonite minister through 21 of his sermons. The book is written in "an impression of Low German" — "flattened" High German mixed with Low German vocabulary — and is available in both book and cassette form, published by Helmut Buske Verlag, Hamburg, Germany.

• Canadian author Sandra Birdsell's second collection of short stories, **Ladies of the House** (Turnstone Press, 1984), takes readers back into the unfashionable Winnipeg world of Mika Lafreniere and the Lafreniere sisters, depicted in Birdsell's first book, *Night Travellers*.

• An excellent source of information for English-speaking Mennonites who enjoy reading and writing Plautdietsch, as well as for Low German Mennonites still in the process of learning English, is **Kjenn Jie Noch Plautdietsch?** by Herman Rempel. The dictionary contains approximately 12,000 Plautdietsch words with English equivalents or definitions, and roughly the same English-Low German translations.

• **John J. Neufeld**, speaker on the Low German radio program *Licht vom Evangelium*, has just seen his translation of "Efesa" and "Tesaloonicha" — Ephesians and Thessalonians — come out in print, in cooperation with **Wycliffe Bible Translators**. Wycliffe provided Neufeld with an editorial assistant, Viola Reimer of Steinbach, Manitoba, who along with Peter Fast of Calgary, Alberta, prepared a primer to help Low German speakers learn to read the language in print. An estimated 80,000 people of Mennonite background in the Americas use Low German as their first language. Neufeld has been doing his own translation of the New Testament since he began broadcasting in Low German in 1959.

• Philip Clemens, professor of music at Goshen College, has had one of his compositions accepted for publication by Lawson-Gould Music Pub-

lishing, New York. "**An Irish Blessing**" was composed for the spring 1982 tour of the college Chamber Choir.

• One hundred and ten years after the first Brethren in Christ (BIC) hymnal was published, in 1874, the fifth BIC hymnal, **Hymns for Praise and Worship**, has been released. Published by Evangel Press, it is the fruit of three years of work by a 15-member Hymnal Committee, and reflects "a determined effort" to include hymns by BIC authors and musicians.

• A supplement to the *Mennonite Brethren Worship Hymnal* has been prepared by a committee headed by Holda Fast. **Sing Alleluia** contains 128 choruses, Scripture songs and hymns. Selections by MB composers were specifically solicited, and the committee will continue to search for and encourage new MB compositions. **Sing Alleluia** comes in a loose-leaf binder to allow for later additions.

• William Klassen has authored **Love of Enemies: The Way to Peace** (Fortress Press, 1984), a popular survey of the peace tradition in western culture, beginning with the ancient Greeks and ending with New Testament writings.

• John Howard Yoder is the author of **When War is Unjust: Being Honest in Just-War Thinking**, a booklet published by Augsburg which examines the just-war tradition and calls Christians who adhere to it to integrity.

• **Herman and Katharina: Their Story** chronicles the life of itinerant MB minister Herman Neufeld, as told through his journals, translated and edited by his son, Abram. The Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is the publisher.

• Byron Burkholder of MB Missions/Services has edited **They Saw His Glory** (Kindred Press), 36 stories from Christians around the world.

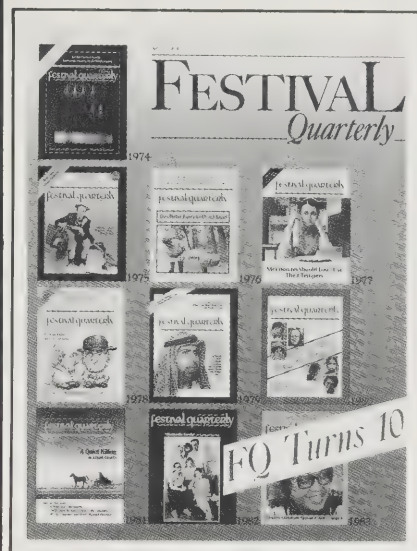
• **Glimpses Past**, published by the Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Mennonite Historical Society, is a book of annotations compiled by Steven L. Denlinger of selected social and cultural history materials from the *Herald of Truth*, *Gospel Witness* and early *Gospel Herald*.

• **Les Entretiens Luthero-Mennonites (1981-84)** is a booklet written by Marc Lienhard, with a preface by Pierre Widmer, which details a series of meetings in Strasbourg, France, between Lutherans and Mennonites, beginning in 1980 on the 450th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession.

• The life of Rosa Page Welch, singer, Church of the Brethren missionary to Nigeria, and breaker of racial barriers is chronicled in **Rosa's Song**, by Oma Lou Myers, published by the Brethren Press.

• Artist, lecturer, teacher and author Esther K. Augsburg, Washington, D.C., recently had a catalog of her work published. The catalog features her sculptures "Job," "The Prodigal," "Pelvone," and other works.

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**Land, Piety, Peoplehood,**  
Richard MacMaster. Herald Press, 1985.  
344 pages. \$12.00.

Reviewed by James Mininger

Are Mennonites part of the mainstream of American life or are they "a people apart"? Can radical Christian principles of discipleship, mutual aid, community, and non-resistance, born in Reformation Europe, withstand the moderating influence of wealth, secularism, and toleration in an emerging new society? These questions, often posed anxiously by present-generation Mennonites, constitute the central focus of a volume on 18th-century Mennonites. With careful attention to enlightening, anecdotal detail, Richard MacMaster suggests provocative new answers.

Scholars of early American religious history have frequently viewed Mennonites as withdrawn, emphasizing the differences between Mennonites and the peoples around them. MacMaster argues that prior to the American Revolution, Mennonites followed patterns of economic and social life which were similar to most other immigrant groups at that time. The author describes prosperous colonial Mennonites participating in the development of a thriving capitalist market economy in North America.

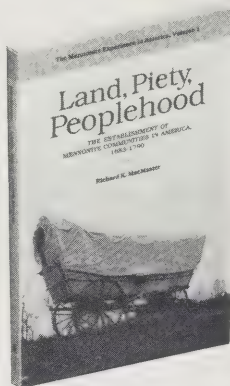
The immigrants' hard work and simple life produced capital resources which allowed them to purchase land on a large scale. This meant Mennonites could exercise control over the shaping of their communities. What surprises the reader is that the opportunity to build their own religious communities did not result in Mennonite withdrawal from the surrounding society. Indeed, MacMaster insists that Mennonites were both tolerant and tolerated. They mingled economically, socially, and in some cases religiously, with their neighbors, especially the other Pennsylvania German groups.

This tendency toward integration was thrown into crisis when Mennonites encountered the American Revolution. As the colonies coalesced into a new nation, Mennonites confronted the question of whether wealth and nonresistance could co-exist. Clearly, the Bible commanded them to obey Caesar. But who was Caesar — George III or George Washington?

Mennonites sought neutrality, which their neighbors frequently and understandably interpreted as aiding the British. The non-resistant position taken by a majority of Mennonites during the American Revolution isolated them from much of the rest of colonial society, including most other Pennsylvania Germans. MacMaster identifies a Mennonite mood of withdrawal and in-

wardness, present for the first time since their emigration from Europe.

MacMaster's volume is excellent history. He combines broad narration with detailed stories, but does not neglect to draw the conclusions which distinguish the writing of history from chronicling. Further, he avoids the temptation to view Mennonite history as completely unique. He examines Menno-



nites against the backdrop of colonial history, noting the many similarities as well as differences.

Twentieth-century Mennonites seeking wisdom regarding their role as a community of nonresistant disciples in middle-class America will want to examine the colonial Mennonite response to a similar situation. MacMaster has set the questions for the 18th century with clarity, care and insight; he allows us to draw our own conclusions for the 20th.

This volume is the first of four books designed to describe the experience of North American Mennonites between 1683 and the present. One suspects that Mennonite scholars investigating the history of their people in North America have often felt like second-class citizens — the thrust of Anabaptist/Mennonite studies over the past 50 years has extended salvation history from first-century Palestine to 16th-century Europe, but not beyond. If this first volume of the Mennonite Experience in America project provides a reliable indicator, Mennonite perceptions of their history will never be the same.

Jim Mininger is academic dean of Hesston (Kansas) College.

**FQ price — \$10.80**  
(Regular price — \$12.00)

**Words for the Silence,** Jean Janzen.  
Center for Mennonite Brethren Studies, 1984.  
42 pages. \$5.00.

Reviewed by Jay B. Landis

It is a pleasure to welcome this first collection from Jean Janzen, a Mennonite Brethren poet. (Her single poems have appeared on occasion — readers of Luci Shaw will recognize Janzen's name from Shaw's recent collection, *A Widening Light: Poems of the Incarnation*.) Here is poetry in a fresh style that excites and satisfies.

The poet's words are penned against a

WORDS  
FOR  
THE SILENCE

JEAN JANZEN

backdrop of silence: silence of years (two generations of ancestors), of the Canadian prairie, of the human spirit, of suffering and pain, of possibility. The several dozen poems build into a tranquil denouement.

As the author reflected on actual or imagined photographs of turn-of-the-century Russia and detailed them in words, the reader transmutes the poems again to pictures. People stand out: the father in a stiff, white collar; the uncle in a boxcar bound for Siberia; the mother singing; the woman in the airport; most vivid and poignant of all, the grandmother.

I would especially praise the *words*. Images remain: the vines of ironic verdure in the Russian photos; the dusty shoes; the glinting needles going in and out; wheat; grass. A residuum of figures goes with the reader: the "small, wild willow rooting like a placenta"; the "church with boarded windows like eyes that have closed"; Kiev, the "city of widows"; the littlest Matryoshka doll.

Jean Janzen receives the past as a gift. She unwraps it gently and we all share the treasure.

Jay B. Landis, Harrisonburg, Virginia, teaches English at Eastern Mennonite College.

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(Regular price — \$5.00)

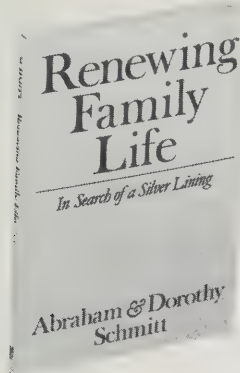


**Renewing Family Life**, Abraham and Dorothy Schmitt. Herald Press, 1985. 136 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Charlotte Holsopple Glick

The positive, encouraging and hopeful words of Abe and Dorothy Schmitt are a real gift to the apprehensive, distraught and discouraged families within the church and the larger society who experience helplessness in coping with the everydayness of family growth and change.

The authors do not ignore the critical phases of the life cycle that many families



encounter. Rather, they approach these crises with an optimism that there is power to change and the positivity for renewal through the person of Christ and the Word of God.

While the basic content of the book is positive, the subtitle of a "silver lining" leaves one with the connotation that family life is stormy. Chapter 7 also breaks down the upbeat nature of the chapter titles by insinuating that adolescents cannot function and change without placing "the family on trial" as teenagers become the prosecutors.

The Schmitt definition of family life at points seems too narrow, implying that all persons are in nuclear family structures and that singles, single parents, divorced persons and widows are not considered valid family units where growth and renewal occur.

Disappointingly, the book only alludes to the community of faith as a redemptive, resourceful and ongoing support structure for families in the midst of change.

The Schmitts have created a timely, sympathetic entree for dealing with family life at each stage. I highly recommend their insights.

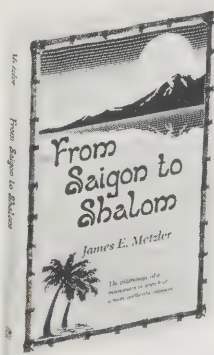
Charlotte Holsopple Glick co-pastors Waterford Mennonite Church in Goshen, Indiana and is a visiting instructor at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.

**FQ price — \$4.76**  
(Regular price — \$5.95)

**From Saigon to Shalom**, James E. Metzler. Herald Press, 1985. 141 pages. \$7.95.

Reviewed by Elmer Neufeld

It was in Hanoi in 1983, some eight years after the war, in a meeting with Protestant church leaders. I asked about their historic relationship with the American Protestant mission that had planted and nurtured their church. After a moment of silence the answer came — "They left us when we were in need, and they fought against us during the war." What a travesty of Christian mission!



James Metzler, Mennonite missionary to Vietnam from 1962 to 1970, is deeply conscious of the perversions of Christian mission that took place in Vietnam during the American occupation. His book, **From Saigon to Shalom**, is a quest for a more authentic Christian mission. His focus for this quest is the biblical concept of Shalom. This is a deeply significant concept, though it should hardly be used to the exclusion of other biblical themes — such as love or the kingdom of God.

The first part of the book, growing out of the Vietnam experience, is largely confessional, and perhaps the most compelling. The resolution in terms of the biblical concept of Shalom provides a more wholistic understanding of Christian mission. In the application of Shalom to contemporary Christian missions, I wish that Metzler might have been more specific and concrete, suggesting, for example, what we might have done otherwise in the Vietnam experience.

Metzler's book is important reading for those seeking an authentic Christian mission in today's fragmented world.

Elmer Neufeld is president of Bluffton (Ohio) College and chairman of Mennonite Central Committee.

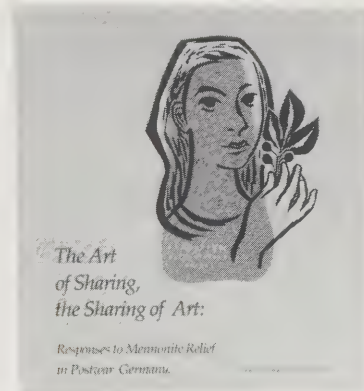
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(Regular price — \$7.95)

**The Art of Sharing, the Sharing of Art: Responses to Mennonite Relief in Postwar Germany**, Reinhild Kauenhoven Janzen. Kauffman Museum, 1984. 88 pages. \$7.50.

Reviewed by Mary Lou Houser

Few of us baby-boomers have vivid memories of war. Even fewer may know of the exchange between war victims and the Mennonite church, via Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) at such times. This exhibit catalog attempts to chronicle the "turned tables" interchange of art between the have-nots and the haves.

The book documents the gifts to North



American Mennonites, highlighting, and picturing, Germany's gift, *Dankspende*, in 1955. This collection of artwork was painstakingly researched, then gathered for a 30th-anniversary exhibition at the Kauffman Museum, North Newton, Kansas, from September-December, 1984.

Where were these 50 graphics (woodcuts, etchings and lithographs) and one painting the past 30 years? In an effort to share them, MCC distributed the artwork by careful plan throughout the constituency. But by doing so, the sole painting and nineteen of the prints are now lost. Of the remaining, some normally hang in offices, homes and boardrooms; the "Mennonite College Set" can be seen at the Elkhart, Indiana seminaries.

John Hiebert's clean layout makes this an attractive, enjoyable volume. I wished all the color pieces could rate a color plate (there are four). Several plates are incorrectly numbered in the text references.

In a final note, Janzen, curator of the Kauffman Museum, admits special feeling built into the text for she, too, was a recipient of North American relief. If her account is a personal thank-you, this review is mine to her and the many who assisted in bringing this gift back to our hearts, where it belongs.

Mary Lou Houser teaches art to teenagers at Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Mennonite High School and to adults in a continuing education program.

**FQ price — \$6.75**  
(Regular price — \$7.50)



**Refuge**, Chuck Neufeld. Mennonite Voluntary Service/Chuck Neufeld Records, 1984. \$7.98.

Reviewed by Sanna Lee Yoder

Chuck Neufeld's latest recording sings the song of "hope in the face of hopelessness."

In his signature folk style, Neufeld has sewn poetry and sounds into music that comes to terms with pain and hope in one world. The songs on **Refuge** sing out from Neufeld's faith. They echo optimism a social conscience can embrace.

Tunes ranging from ballads to a toe-



tapping Arlo Guthrie brand of folk singing prove Neufeld's versatility in both songwriting and guitar technique. His vocals seem to have broken more emotional boundaries than we heard in *On the Other Hand* in 1982.

But it's the message — the poetry — that sticks with us after the friendly strains of the folk idiom have caught our attention. He weaves a backdrop of reality, then paints it with warmth and fun. "Slow Down America" finds a kinder image somewhere between the home of the free and brave and the looming violent superpower. In "If All the Colors Changed," he plays on lighter images. "Lord, I want to see your flowers bloom the full spectrum of your love." Neufeld gives his social statement in the vision of a new day coming.

The album's literary high point is "Die Gedanken sind frei," the only song Neufeld didn't write. The freedom song dates from the 16th-century German peasant's war. "Should tyrants take me/Throw me in prison/My thoughts will burst free/Like blossoms in season."

Listeners will join in the song of a voice that acknowledges the world's limping pains. They'll be warmed from the inside out with a colorful hope.

Sanna Yoder, Goshen, Indiana, is assistant director of Goshen College Information Services.

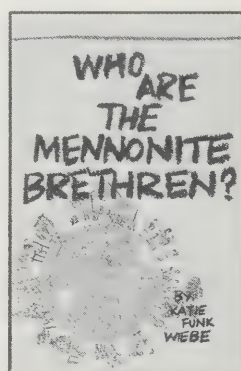
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**Who Are the Mennonite Brethren?**, Katie Funk Wiebe. Kindred Press, 1984. 107 pages, \$5.95.

Reviewed by E. Morris Sider

Here is Katie Wiebe again, doing what she does so well, popularizing Mennonite history and life. This time it is of her own Mennonite Brethren that she writes.

Her commission was to "identify and define the Mennonite Brethren for people who are either members or interested readers." She obviously assumes, correctly, I think, that most of such readers are not attracted to



scholarly theological or historical treatises. Thus she writes in summary fashion and in an almost conversational style.

On these terms, the book succeeds very well. One ends the small volume with some sense of the pietistic and Anabaptist synthesis that was determinative of much of Mennonite Brethren history and thought, a sense also of the group's strong emphasis on missions, its denominational structures, and its relationships with other Mennonite and Protestant bodies. At the end of most chapters, Wiebe makes well-chosen suggestions for additional reading for those inspired to go beyond her survey.

The last chapter is effectively provocative. Wiebe raises, for example, the issue of ethnic consciousness, which Mennonite Brethren have tended to regard, among other ways, as a hindrance to church growth. She asserts that instead of hindering, a proper ethnic consciousness may even "serve as a springboard into a brighter future" (p. 103). In this, all of us from Anabaptist backgrounds may be instructed by Katie Wiebe's optimism.

E. Morris Sider, archivist for the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, is also professor of history and English literature at Messiah and the editor of *Brethren in Christ History and Life*.

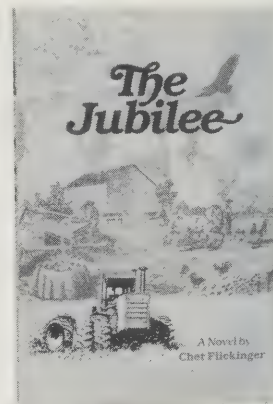
**FQ price — \$4.76**  
(Regular price — \$5.95)

**The Jubilee**, Chet Flickinger. Prairie Publications, 1984. 235 pages. \$9.50.

Reviewed by Edna Froese

The title of **The Jubilee** suggests radical changes, new beginnings and a step into freedom. For the small Mennonite farming community in Kansas that does reinstate the Old Testament Jubilee, it is also very frightening.

That theme of fear and freedom is really the core of this philosophical, psychological novel. It is explored in both Mennonite



communities and in urban American society, through the mind of the central character, once a Mennonite farm-boy and now a communications consultant. Related issues of tradition *vs.* individual choice, the processes of change, and the risks involved in honest relationships appear in lengthy, almost sentimental reminiscences or in astonishingly articulate conversations.

All events and characters (who are presented from the inside out — mind and emotions laid bare but faces vague) are subordinated to the discussion of ideas. For the most part it works well, and the careful reader will be rewarded with new and profound insights about Mennonite thinking.

Yet there is a lack of integration among the parts of the novel that creates a sense of frustration and incompleteness. Several chains of events are begun and left hanging. Perhaps that is Flickinger's way of underlining the point that the process of change or the growth of solid relationships is never over.

Edna Froese, from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is the mother of three sons and a Bible study and Sunday school teacher.

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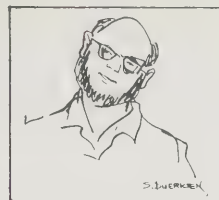
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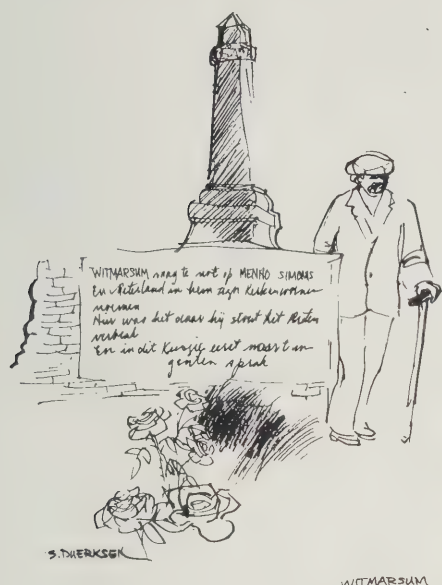
# Duerksen's Drawings

by Jan Gleysteen



Sylvia Duerksen is a Mennonite artist who grew up and still lives in Washington, D.C. For more than 30 years she has been an artist for the U.S. government. Currently, she is a staff illustrator with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, for whom she has designed and drawn Smokey the Bear, Woodsey Owl, U.S. Food Stamps, and countless brochures and pamphlets.

When Sylvia travels she doesn't leave her sketch pad at home. Instead she captures the sights — and her fellow travellers — with a pen. Here are drawings from some TourMagination European tours. □



Jan Gleysteen, an artist and historian, lives in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, where he works for Mennonite Publishing House and participates in TourMagination as a leader of tour groups in Europe.



# Extending Our Experience of Mennonite Hymnody

by Mary Oyer

"Jesus Lord, How Joyful You Have Made Us"\* is a Cheyenne hymn, the first one in *Tsesé-Ma'heone-Nemeototse* (*Cheyenne Spiritual Songs*), published by Faith and Life Press, Newton, Kansas, in 1982.

Its preface begins:

Long ago Cheyenne, Arapaho, Sioux, Kiowa, Comanche, and other peoples living on this continent were given the gift of song. At that time song was a part of every significant event in one's life, from birth to death. The singing of songs helped to bless marriages, reunions of long-separated loved ones, planting of crops, the sunrise, hunting trips, and life itself. Songs for these people were an integral part of their lives.

It goes on to describe the extension of singing to the gospel message.

At first, English and German hymns were translated into Cheyenne language. Gradually some singers began arranging English hymns in Cheyenne orally, reshaping them "into the Cheyenne way of singing." Melodies like "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Amazing Grace," and "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" were transferred to adjust to Cheyenne ideals of rhythm and shape of melody. Finally a third typed emerged, consisting of indigenous songs of Plains Indians (see the above quotation from the preface) turned into witnesses for "Jesus' way."

This last category seems to me to provide a remarkable window into Cheyenne spiritual life for those of us who do not know Cheyenne culture. Approximately 70 of the 160 hymns in this volume are traditional melodies. Each song is provided with a literal English translation. They are not arranged for direct use in singing but allow us to know the main ideas of each. We can observe the frequency with which "the Way" and "the Path" occur as basic themes. Action verbs — go, follow, lead, come, walk, bring — reinforce the journeying theme. It is usually a group rather than the individual who articulates the message.

"Jesus Lord" is one of 19 hymns in the back of the hymnal prepared for singing in English, offering us the opportunity to try to participate in the Cheyenne musical world. Its text bears out the themes listed above and shows also some of the unique musical characteristics of this book.

Its range is wider than that of any hymn I can think of in the western tradition. It leaps up to the highest note at the beginning and gradually cascades downward. The melody begins again at "In your mercy" and once more an octave lower at "We ask you." The strong downward motion links it with traditional and probably ancient melodies from

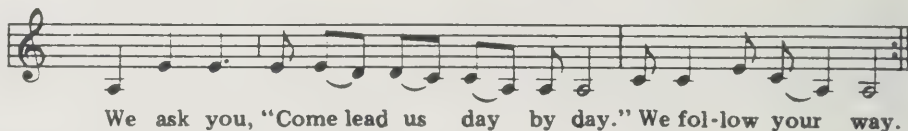
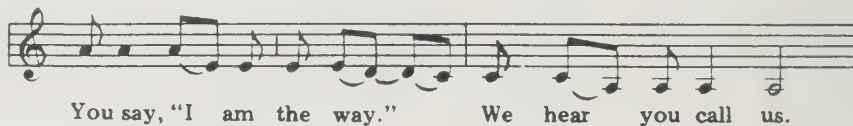
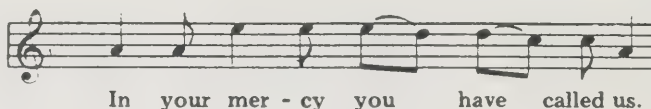
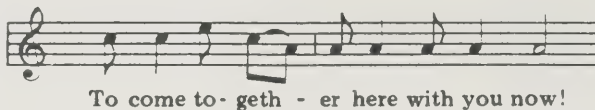
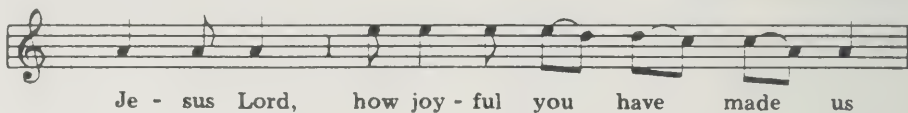
## Jesus Lord, How Joyful You Have Made Us 1

Hymn 1, "Jesus Nahetotaetanome"

John Heap of Birds, 1894-1966

English text: David Graber, et. al., 1982

Traditional Cheyenne melody



\*Used by permission. From *Tsesé-Ma'heone-Nemeototse*, ©1982 by Mennonite Leaders' Council, Busby, Montana.

various other parts of the world. The rhythm is free and somewhat chantlike; there is no group of notes in a pattern which would call for a time signature.

Thirty-two pages of the book consist of background material. For 116 of the 161 hymns we can find information which enriches our grasp of Cheyenne worship. We can learn something of the emergence of a remarkable hymn style among these Mennonites, and we can know who the present "owners" of the songs are.

"Jesus Lord," we learn, is used to begin Cheyenne worship services. The author, John Heap of Birds, who received his name from his grandfather, lived and worked in Oklahoma but traveled to other Cheyenne communities as an itinerant preacher. During his trips to Montana, he spread the tradition he learned from his father of singing hymns to Plains Indian melodies.

No appropriate vehicle exists for an accurate notation of this oral material, but the possibility of seeing it in European notation gives us at least a few clues to this unique style. David Graber, music editor, explains in a

helpful essay the intricacies of transcribing Plains Indian melodies into a communicable musical notation.

A number of the tunes have indications for bending notes here and there or for sliding from one note to another. Occasional arrows above a note ( ) will show that the pitch must be raised or lowered a microtone — less than a half-step, the closest relationship on our piano. Further, the language presents varieties of sound on vowels which are not available in English. Graber explains carefully the editorial practices used to communicate these special kinds of sound.

This useful guide, along with recordings of the hymns, available from the Cheyenne Hymnbook Project, Box 37, Busby, Montana 59016, can open the way for our borrowing and learning an unfamiliar style — of extending our experience of Mennonite hymnody. □

Mary Oyer, after spending a semester teaching at Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Winnipeg, Manitoba, leaves this summer for two years with MCC in Africa.





## Vulgar (As in Common) Bulgar

by Glenda Knepp



Popping bubbles of chili, sturdy potato slices simmering in an iron skillet, hunks of chewy bread — ordinary, everyday fare for North Americans, isn't it? Why, even the words have a strong, nourishing ring.

This day, let's reacquaint ourselves with another staple. Called bulgar, those brown nuggets are actually wheat that has been parboiled, dried, and cracked. Interestingly,

We call this next dish a stew at our house, for lack of a more definitive term. Stir it together on Clean-Out-the-Refrigerator Day, since all those bits of vegetables and dibbles of broth add to the unique flavor of this chowder. The only unchanging ingredients are the hamburger and the bulgar. The rest are cook's choice. So try out your creativity on all those dabs of food.

**This is one dish my family never accused of tasting healthful. Rather, the bulgar seems to impart a mellow flavor.**

wheat in this form cooks quickly, absorbing its liquid in 15 or 20 minutes.

Bulgar is a good filler of soups, stews and stomachs. If you do have a cup of bulgar stashed away in your cupboard, drag it out and try the Bulgar Pilaf recipe in the *More-with-Less Cookbook* (p. 136).

Bulgar also stretches. Added to hamburger, its texture makes it difficult to distinguish between the burger and the bulgar. A smile warms my memory of the day I first served my stretched-out version of Aunt Clara's Sloppy Joes. We were camping that frosty weekend; somehow Big Brother had the first bite of that warm meat mixture, tucked inside a home-made bun. He delightedly observed, "Hey, this is good. And there's even meat in it!"

Would you like to try it? Let's call it

### Stretchy Sloppy Joes

Add:

**3/4 cups bulgar to  
1 1/2 cup boiling water**

Simmer 15-20 minutes until water is absorbed.

Brown:

**1 lb. hamburger  
1 chopped onion**

Stir in cooked bulgar.

Mix in:

**2/3-1 cup catsup  
2 Tbsp. honey  
2 Tbsp. vinegar  
2 Tbsp. prepared mustard  
1 Tbsp. tamari or Worcestershire sauce  
1/2 tsp. salt (optional)**

Simmer until flavors blend.

You may prefer to increase the proportions of meat to bulgar, especially at first, depending on your family's eating habits and preferences.

### Bulgar Stew

To prepare bulgar, add:

**1 cup bulgar to  
2 cups boiling water**

Simmer until water is absorbed, about 15 minutes.

Brown:

**1 lb. hamburger with  
1 chopped onion  
1 clove minced garlic**

Stir in the cooked bulgar.

Add:

**1 qt. home-canned vegetable soup OR any  
4-cup combination of refrigerated veggies,  
frozen or canned vegetables, OR lightly  
sauteed raw vegetables.**

Add:

**1-3 cups liquid (broth, leftover gravy, meat  
drippings, tomato juice).** Again, the amount you add is determined by the contents of your larder and the juiciness of your stews.

Bring to a gentle boil.

Season as necessary, perhaps a pinch of cumin, oregano, chili powder.

Let flavors simmer together 20-30 minutes before serving.

Now this is one dish my family has never accused of tasting healthful. Rather, the bulgar seems to impart a mellow flavor. And if you add freshly baked muffins, apple wedges, carrot and celery spears, why even an unexpected dinner guest won't fluster you. □

*Glenda Knepp, from Turner, Michigan, is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."*

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**The Best American Short Stories 1984**, John Updike, editor. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1984. 295 pages. \$8.95.

With a love and regard akin to parents' feelings for their children, John Updike has selected 20 stories (none of them his own) for the volume, **The Best American Short Stories 1984**.

Himself a seasoned short story writer, Updike opens the collection with an introductory commentary that straddles the personal and the critical. Anyone wanting to read these selections deeply will benefit from his pointed comments that stop far short of over-explanation.

There is experimentation in these stories (Madison Smarte Bell's "The Naked Lady").

There are the themes we all care deeply about — time and death, the special difficulty of being old in American society ("Glimpse into Another Country" by Wright Morris), the relationships of parents and children ("A

Father's Story" by Andre Dubus), the continual emergence of the mystical and religious even in this age of materialism ("Inexorable Progress" by Mary Hood).

These stories, so varied in content and style, seem to have been chosen for their substance and their insight on the North American landscape rather than their shock value.

—PPG

**The Tenth Man**, Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, 1985. 157 pages. \$14.95.

Graham Greene's **The Tenth Man** is a delight. Full of intrigue and symbolism as are all of his books, this novel delivers more punch than most of Greene's recent works. No, it's not as strong as *The Power and the Glory*, but it cuts a standard of its own.

Almost as intriguing as the plot is the story of the novel itself. Written in 1944 under contract to MGM Studios, the story was forgotten by Greene. It lay in MGM's archives until it was discovered in 1983. Greene revised

the text and added an introduction which includes two excellent story outlines about other plots.

**The Tenth Man** begins in a Gestapo prison in occupied France during World War II. Three men out of thirty in a cell must die, but the Germans don't care which three. A rich man picks one of the naked ballots and in desperation offers his wealth and mansion to anyone who will take his place. A poor man does, willing the estate, now his, to his mother and sister.

Good start? Cracking good. The rich man, now poor, returns to his former house and hides his identity. Add an angry sister, a senile mother, and a colorful con artist and the broth grows tasty.

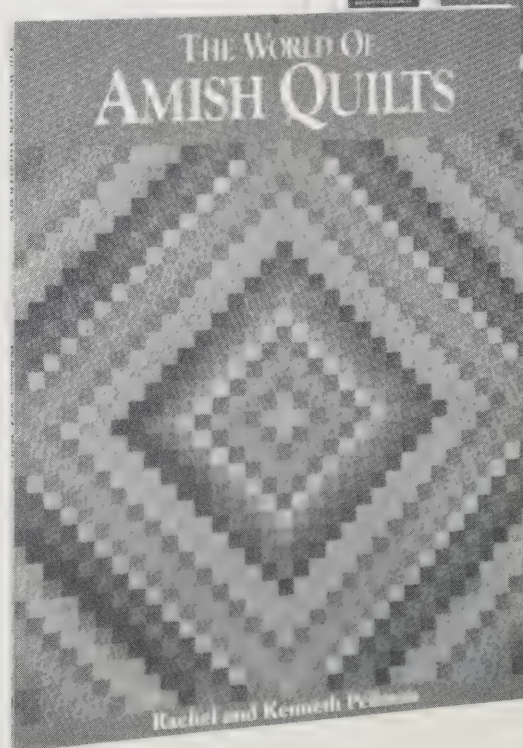
The story remains a story, fortunately, slipping into allegory a lot less than some of Greene's other books. But the themes and profound questions abound, if one cares to notice them. All in all, an excellent book.

—MG



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**Ladyhawk** — If medieval lore is your cup of more, this may not bore. A curse prevents a knight and his lady from being man and woman together — she becomes a hawk by day, he a wolf by night. Ho hum. (4)

**Lost in America** — Albert Brooks' unbrilliant, unfunny, full-yuppie, fully-yukkey, cross-country meandering meaninglessness. A young couple seeks the meaning of life by losing their money trying to cross America. (2)

**Mask** — Superb story with an offbeat voice and a tender heart. Cher is tops as the freedom-seeking but loving mother of a wonderful son who has a grotesque face. Not your normal tearjerker. (8)

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— *Pennsylvania Mennonite Heritage*

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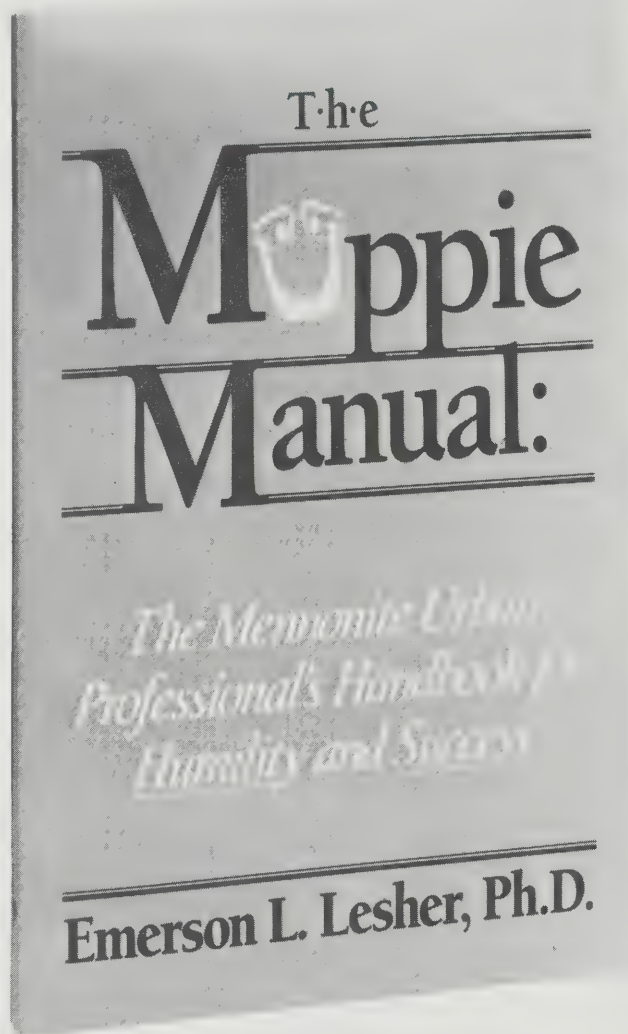
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# FESTIVAL

## Quarterly



*On the Cover...*

A "multi-media assemblage" by Canadian artist Susan Shantz, who talks about images and imagination, ambiguity and art, in an article beginning on p. 10.

(Photo by Bob McNair)



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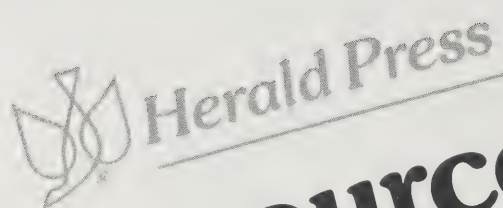
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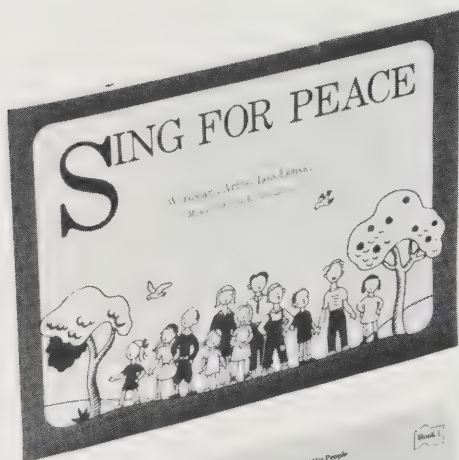
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# Resources For a Peace Witness



## **Sing for Peace** by Lois Lenski and Clyde Robert Bulla

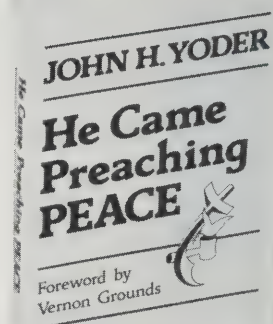
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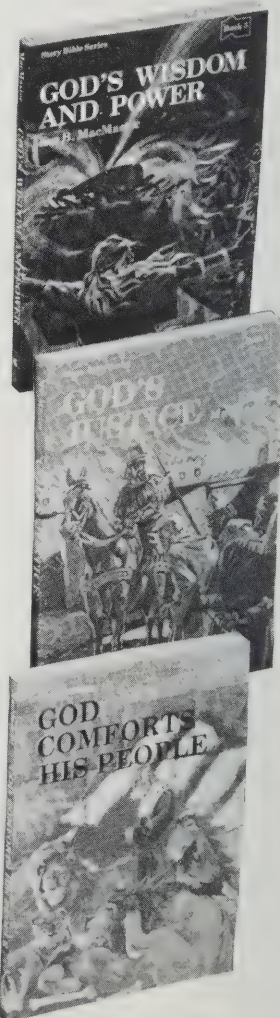
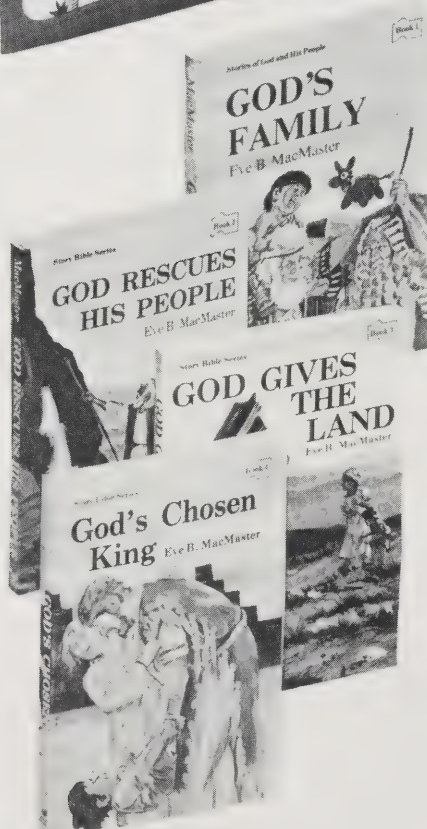
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# FESTIVAL

## Quarterly

**Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090, ISSN 8750-3530) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith and arts of various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and arts are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

## And Now . . . Mennonite Yuppies

It was a very Muppie evening, I realize now. We set the date with the Leshers at least six weeks ahead, debated whether to walk or drive to the restaurant, finally hopped in our foreign-built car, and joined Emerson and Ruth at the Golden Eagle for some broiled seafood, exotically spiced, of course. We fought to hear above the live piano music, but in spite of that distraction found ourselves talking about sin.

Somewhat amused, somewhat serious, we wandered around on a landscape that was certainly a strange discussion for the setting we were in and for our professional disciplines, yet home territory for another part of ourselves. We were engaged in a classic Mennonite struggle — ever tormented about how to be in the world, yet not of it. Mennonites in every generation have fought that battle with varying degrees of commitment and success.

It was on the two-block stretch to the theater that Emerson suggested we might all be “Muppies” and that maybe the time had come for a *Muppie Manual*. After all, if Yuppies, Preppies and YAPS can read about themselves, surely Mennonite Urban Professionals, and their bewildered parents, sibs, and former pastors should be able to also.

By then Emerson was rolling. He pointed out at intermission that Muppies are different than Yuppies, that not all Muppies are alike, and that Muppies may possibly trace their beginnings to Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz, those young urban professionals whom we’ve

long revered. While the rest of us got caught up in *Under Milkwood*, Emerson filled the margins of his playbill with the beginnings of *The Muppie Manual*.

And so the book grew and was completed in a flash of insight and humor, seriousness, good will and a little anxiety. Emerson wrote it before he lost his nerve — and before he jumped with both feet into his new and first job in a Mennonite institution.

Perhaps someone will want to analyze Emerson’s findings (after all, if we can reduce this *Manual* to “data,” it won’t have all that bothersome emotion surrounding it!). Muppie that I am, I couldn’t help starting:

1. One way or another, most of us are somehow implicated in this Muppie business.

2. Blame whomever we will, Muppies seem to be the natural outcome of our collective concern for hard work and service, the burden of feeling inferior, and the jolt of moving from the farm to the city.

3. What happens to the little Muppies among us is less clear. (Now there’s a discussion for your next small group meeting or Sunday school retreat!)

4. Is this funny or serious? If you’re confused, you may be a Muppie, or the friend or relative of one.

Emerson’s chapter on Muppie varieties begins on page 7 of this **Quarterly**. Maybe you’ll find something familiar there.

—PPG

## Two Questions

When the Executive Council of Mennonite World Conference meets, it is serious business. The docket is an inch thick and the days are marathons. It’s no small budget item to bring Vice Presidents from five continents once a year, so time is used to its maximum during these nearly week-long meetings. This year’s session was held in late July in Lombard, Illinois.

It was near the end of an extended get-acquainted time when Mbonza Kikunga from Zaire asked Paul Kraybill (Executive Secretary of MWC) if he had arranged his daughters’ marriages. Accustomed to dicey political situations, Kraybill first checked to see if Mbonza was kidding. Unable to read his cryptic expression, Paul tried to explain his relationship to his daughters’ choices! What followed that was an international conversation that grew increasingly serious about how much responsibility family and church should bear for the health and strength of their children’s marriages.

Blessed with a sort of holy curiosity, Mbonza was not yet finished for the day. The father of eight children, ages 16 to infancy, he observed that most of the others around the table had considerably smaller families than his own. “How many children,” he asked without any real tone of judgment, “do you think we should have, according to the Bible?”

Paul Kraybill let Ross Bender (MWC President) handle that one. While Bender gathered his thoughts, he explained the North American and European concern for overpopulation, and eventually got around to concluding that the Bible may look with favor on families with many children.

The time was spent and the agenda wouldn’t wait, but we had all tasted the possibilities of working at “life” questions with more than our own particularly provincial point of view.

—PPG



In appreciation of Nate Yoder's response (Spring '85) to my article and letter (Fall '84) I would like to carry on our dialogue in two areas. Perhaps Yoder and I agree more than he implies. First, Jehovah worship. In his words, not mine, Yoder says that I have suggested "we extend our worship to include deities other than Jehovah." It is not my intention or desire to introduce other gods into our worship! I am interested in communication with people who worship differently than we do, and had stated that "our hymns cannot exclude those whose theology may relate to other-named deities." Perhaps my goals are too broad, but I wish for songs which unify rather than divide people because of theological differences.

Second, abortion. Yoder's point is well taken that men should have a voice on this issue. In a recent cross-Canadian poll more men than women preferred free choice. I realize this is no man-woman thing, but is a highly complex issue requiring the greatest compassion and discernment from all of us. There are no easy answers for situations in which women have been victimized and feel incapable of parenting a child. Personally, I have trouble aborting a simple cabbage seedling or throwing away a plastic bag, let alone a human fetus. I *do* care for the unborn, as I care for the would-be mother.

In my reference to schooling versus parenting I in no way meant to imply that the

former is more important. Rather, I wished to suggest that our church society may hold more honor for male seminary students than for their child-bearing spouses. My greatest heroes today are the mothers I know, and I wish for these mothers and would-be mothers to have as much respect and as clear a voice as our theologians. (Some of them *are* theologians!)

—Carol Ann Weaver  
Kitchener, Ontario

I've just received the Winter '85 issue of **Festival Quarterly**. Let me tell you that I read it through right away, which is not the case with most other reading materials I get.

I appreciate and admire the way you make **FQ**. It is of high journalistic standard and yet made with what we call "a light hand." Or to quote Jan Gleysteen, it is "flott," and I like this approach — to present serious aspects in a light way without being superficial.

Especially I appreciate the spotlights on persons who are worth being portrayed because of their special skill or profession or aspect they stand for. You really make an interesting paper worth reading carefully and also with a smile!

—Peter J. Foth  
Hamburg, Federal Republic  
of Germany

This is just a note to let you know that I really enjoyed and appreciated some of the pieces in the most recent **Quarterly**: Leon Good's farming observations, Keith Hel-muth's "Lettuceman," and the "Highlights of Grandma's Life." Each piece had its own appeal and importance.

As a publisher, I find that most of our feedback is verbal. Sometimes people scribble ambiguous little notes . . . "keep up the good work" sort of thing . . . on renewal notices.

Thanks for the **Quarterly** and some good reading.

—Nancy H. Bromer  
Marietta, Pennsylvania

Thanks for soliciting my subscription to **Festival Quarterly**. It's the best of reading if you treasure the faith of our fathers — the Mennonite faith and its traditions. I particularly like the articles by Peter Dyck. Keep him active on your list of contributors.

—Jacob L. Goering  
Pretty Prairie, Kansas

Thank you for the good work you do with the **Festival Quarterly**. I believe it is serving a unique role in our denomination and in other circles as well.

May God bless you as you continue to serve Him in this way.

—Marvin L. Miller  
Sarasota, Florida

I'm beginning to receive comments on my article, "Can Mennonite Christians Govern?" in the Spring, 1985 issue of **Festival Quarterly**. Fortunately readers seem not to notice two problems that slipped through the proof-readers.

The third paragraph has a number of lines missing. The full paragraph reads as follows:

Annually I defended a major portion of the Health and Social Development budget and program plans before the premier and his cabinet colleagues, attended first ministers' conferences as a chief aide to the Minister of Health and Social Development, participated with colleagues from across the country in the redefinition of Canadian Social Welfare policy, handled the press, drafted position papers, etc. It was exciting, challenging, stimulating and on occasion troubling.

On the second page, last line, first column, the last sentence should read, "These different standards must operate . . ." instead of "just operate."

—Reg Toews  
Akron, Pennsylvania

The editor apologizes for these mistakes.





# Seven Muppie V·A·R·I·A·T·I·O·N·S

by Emerson L. Leshner

*Editor's Note: First there were Yuppies. Now there are Muppies.*

*The Muppie Manual: The Mennonite Urban Professional's Handbook for Humility and Success, is a recently released book, written by Emerson Leshner. In it, Leshner (with his tongue firmly in his cheek) examines these creatures, their origins, their ways, and their effect on their families and congregations.*

*Who are these folk? Born between 1940 and 1960, Muppies are the children of Mennonite parents, they grew up on farms or in rural environments, and they are now professionals living in urban settings.*

*This is a (somewhat!) definitive study, covering such subjects as "Are the Muppies Anabaptist? Were the Anabaptists Muppies?", "The Separate in the City: Muppies vs. Yuppies," "The Muppie Church," "Muppie Living Space and Lifestyle," and more.*

*Although sharing some basic qualities, Muppies do vary in preferences and practices. We reprint here, by permission of Dr. Leshner, one chapter from this new book, **The Muppie Manual**.*

© Reprinted by permission from *The Muppie Manual: The Mennonite Urban Professional's Handbook for Humility and Success*, by Emerson Leshner. Intercourse, Pennsylvania: Good Books, 1985.

The reasons for the many Muppie variations are multiple, complex, and interrelated; for example, one could point to Muppies' geographic regionalism, their reaction against parental advice or what their advisor in college recommended, pride, life course experiences, and providence (or luck, as some Muppies are inclined to believe).

## 1. The Professional Muppie

In many respects, this is the "real" Muppie. This Muppie includes your run-of-the-mill doctor, lawyer, accountant, junior executive, manager, psychologist, social worker, and dentist. While these persons tend to work in the "service" professions, they tend to make more money than any of the other Muppies. Money management and tax deductions are a common concern and point of discussion for these Muppies. **These Muppies tend to:**

- Have a quilt and/or antiques in their office.
- Talk about how great it is to walk to work.
- Run at the Y at lunchtime.
- Work 50 to 60 hours a week.



# Seven Muppet V.A.R.I.A.T.I.O.N.S

- e. Read *The Other Side* magazine and feel guilty.
- f. Give money to Mennonite Central Committee.
- g. Take "Get-Away Weekends."
- h. Talk about planting a garden but never do.
- i. Unashamedly read *Wall Street Journal*.
- j. Get a lot of invitations for credit cards.
- k. Start Clifford Trust Funds for their children.
- l. Call their account executive or broker regularly.
- m. Be on financial and physical plant committees of their congregations.
- n. Think the church should have more seminars on ethical decisionmaking.

## 2. The Academic Muppet

This Muppet is a professor, researcher, teacher, or graduate student. This Muppet thinks he or she should make as much money as the Professional Muppet, but would never admit it. The Academic Muppet is always taking a course or two, and parents (and friends) have a hard time understanding why it is taking this Muppet so long to get out of school. **These Muppets tend to:**

- a. Read the *Mennonite Quarterly Review*.
- b. Have taken an Anabaptist Tour.
- c. Take painting jobs in the summer.
- d. Have the complete works of Menno Simons.
- e. Have studied in Boston.
- f. Have attended Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries for at least a year.
- g. Read *New York Review of Books*.
- h. Find "eating out" an existential and intellectual experience.
- i. Work at writing an article or book on "Anabaptism/Mennonites and Anything."
- j. Have floor-to-ceiling bookshelves in their living rooms.
- k. Have personal computers.
- l. Prefer spending money on books rather than on food.
- m. Have all of the books written by John Howard Yoder.
- n. Use words ending with "a," like "data," "vita," "phenomena," "bacteria," and "criteria."



Craig Heisey

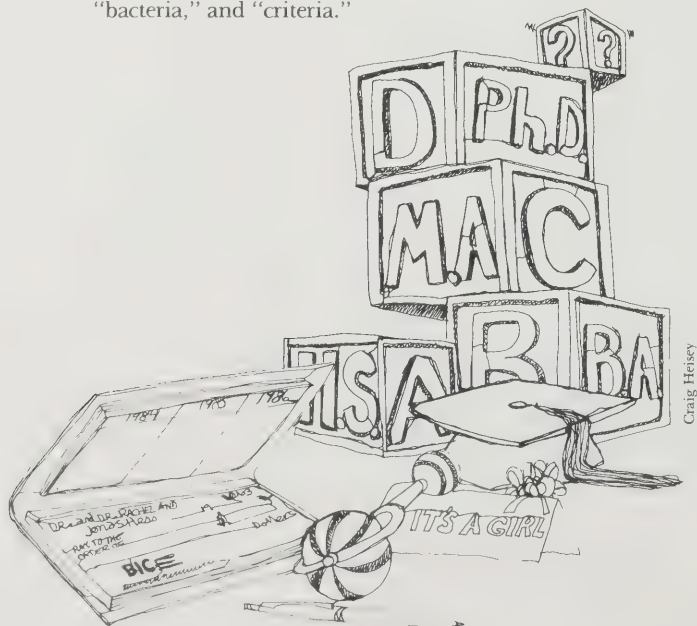
## 3. The Radical Muppet

This Muppet is a professional radical who works for a political or social organization that is attempting to change or address a large national or international problem or conflict. This Muppet usually makes very little money, but feels guilty about every cent earned. **Some characteristics of Radical Muppets are that they:**

- a. Are knowledgeable about all social issues, boycotts, strikes, and human rights violations.
- b. Are well versed in statistics.
- c. Know the holdings of multinational corporations better than most stockbrokers.
- d. Travel a lot.
- e. Attend a lot of conferences and demonstrations.
- f. Were arrested at least once.
- g. Have lived in Washington, D.C.
- h. Read *Sojourners*.
- i. Are expert letter writers to government officials (if they don't have their Senators' addresses memorized, they have them taped to their refrigerators).
- j. Have the largest garden possible in the city.
- k. Ride a bicycle or take public transportation.
- l. Make other Muppets feel uncomfortable.
- m. Read books written by retired military officers.
- n. Use words ending in "nt," like "disarmament," "movement," "judgment," "covenant," and "commitment."

## 4. The Church Muppet

This Muppet works for a church or para-church organization or agency. This Muppet has usually completed a graduate degree in theology or social science and is now an Associate Director of Generic Ministries. This Muppet is willing to work at a reduced salary for a few years because he/she knows that he or she can make more money



Craig Heisey



Most Muppies enjoy the city, but usually don't admit they are in the city primarily to have fun. Most Muppies try to justify their being in the city with a fancy religious, psychological, or occupational scheme, like "It is where I can best be used."

in future years as an Academic or Professional Muppie.

Closely related to the Church Muppie is the Muppie Pastor. Although similar to the Church Muppie, the Muppie Pastor usually also has a Master of Divinity degree from a Protestant divinity school. In the past the Church and Pastor Muppies have been primarily men; however, in recent years, more women are becoming such Muppies. **Some characteristics of Church Muppies are that they:**

- a. Read both *Christian Century* and *Christianity Today*.
- b. Belong to a family that includes a lot of church leaders.
- c. Are thinking of getting a Ph.D.
- d. Use words ending with "ing," like "facilitating," "resolving," "resourcing," "processing," "tithing," "sharing," and "discerning."
- e. Unlike other Muppies, have been known to buy clothing at MCC Self-Help Shops.
- f. Served for several years in another country.
- g. Are likely to buy a double house with another Muppie couple.
- h. Like to combine church conferences with extended family vacations.
- i. Have a lot of international art objects.

#### 5. The Artistic Muppie

This Muppie is a painter, writer, singer, actor, craftsperson, or other artisan whose primary income is derived from artistic activities. Artistic Muppies tend not to work with traditional Mennonite art forms such as quilting or woodworking, but instead have chosen more typical and classical art forms and media.

It is difficult to comment on the income of Artistic Muppies since it varies a great deal, usually depending on the degree to which they have



popularized their art. However, in general, this Muppie makes less than other Muppies, except for the Radical Muppie. **Artistic Muppies tend to:**

- a. Have lived in New York City or at least make a lot of trips there.
- b. Have given a presentation at The People's Place.
- c. Have created a logo for a church agency.
- d. Make banners for their congregations.
- e. Attend a lot of art museums and galleries.

- f. Have a studio or office in a townhouse or a warehouse.
- g. Have a lot of paintings and wall hangings of various kinds in their living space.
- h. Feel that the church does not appreciate the value and ministry of art.
- i. Incorporate a lot of agricultural themes in their artistic work.
- j. Keep odd hours.
- k. Often be art brokers for Professional Muppies.

#### 6. The Non-Muppie Muppie

These people are often confused with real Muppies. Actually they live in the city because they enjoy it and for no other reason. In this sense they are more honest than real Muppies.

(Most Muppies enjoy the city, but usually don't admit they are in the city primarily to have fun. Most Muppies try to justify their being in the city with a fancy religious, psychological, or occupational scheme, like "It is where I can best be used," or because they think Mennonites have been too isolated in the past.)

Non-Muppie Muppies tend to have less education and to be less aspiring than real Muppies; hence they make less money (but that's okay with them). **Characteristics of the Non-Muppie Muppie are that they:**

- a. Are more "laid back" and not as goal-directed as other Muppies.
- b. See a lot of films.
- c. Go to art exhibits with Artistic Muppies.
- d. Take long walks in the park.
- e. Go to a lot of free or city-sponsored events like concerts, restaurant fairs, health fairs, and garden tours.
- f. Don't carry a calendar or business card.
- g. Are Type B personalities.
- h. Read *People* and *Rolling Stone* magazines.

#### 7. The Non-Urban Muppie

There are a growing number of people who in the last several years fit this category. These are people who are muppified and very urbane in their tastes and lifestyle, but who live in a rural area or small town (however, they never live in suburbia). TVs and expressways have had a great deal to do with the rising number of Non-Urban Muppies. Non-Urban Muppies have these characteristics. **They:**

- a. Lived in an urban area for several years.
- b. Are part of a family business that does not permit them to live in the city.
- c. Take a lot of pleasure and get-away weekends to the city.
- d. Have a lot of business contacts in large cities.
- e. Read the same books and magazines as real Muppies.
- f. Relate primarily to other Non-Urban Muppies.
- g. Would rather (and often do) travel an hour to eat at a French restaurant instead of driving 15 minutes to eat at the best "Mennonite Family Restaurant."
- h. Daydream about living in the city.
- i. Are often consulted by non-Muppies regarding how and where to do things in the city (i.e., How do you get to the zoo?).

□

*Emerson L. Lesher is a psychologist living in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. A staff member for several years at the Philadelphia Geriatric Center, Lesher recently joined the staff at Philhaven Hospital, Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania, to work in their newly formed gerontology department.*



# A Butterfly Behind the Mummy

by Susan Shantz

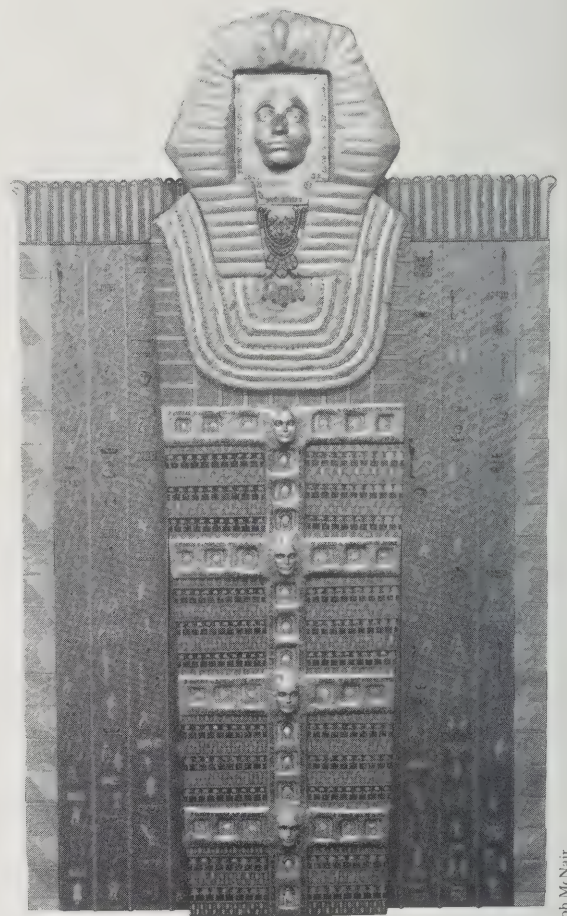
When asked to write about my artwork I agreed, and only later realized that I am weary of *talking* about it. I have done so willingly — and with gratitude for the interest and attentiveness shown, especially by the Mennonite community — this past year. Yet because my role as an artist has always existed alongside some other activity — most recently the writing of a thesis on the “Stations of the Cross” where I considered the work of other artists and the process of artmaking — it is hard to maintain a balance between “making” and “reflecting.” I long now, not for words, but for clay under my fingernails, paint on my shirt and plaster tracked all over my workroom.

Several years ago, before I had found my style as an artist, I had commented rather flippantly to an Anglican artist friend that my “goal” was to do a Mennonite version of the “Stations of the Cross.” I forgot the comment until she reminded me of it when I was in the midst of my thesis on that very topic.

In addition to research, the thesis was to include my own artistic version of the “Stations.” In retrospect I realized I had meant the statement symbolically rather than literally, for as an artist coming from an iconoclastic Mennonite heritage, I was fascinated by religious traditions which understood art as integral to worship. So I began to look especially at Catholic devotional objects and Eastern-Orthodox icons.

My pieces, which are called “multi-media assemblages,” actually began as drawings. An art professor asked us to do a series of drawings that built visual associations around an object from our personal past. I used a small Russian *baboushka* doll that I had gotten at Expo '67 when I was a child. The doll was a “toy” or “folk icon,” egg-like in the way she spilled out even smaller dolls. I drew her not only on paper but also on small

Transformation Mummy:  
Self Portrait, 1984  
(I Worked a Charm Upon  
My Heart)  
203 × 122 × 13 cm



Bob Mc Nair

boxes I made and on an eggshell, incorporating mirrors and old family photographs.

“Annunciation” (see cover of this issue) was done around this time, the two figures taken from a photograph of my grandfather and his sister playing dress-up when they were children, the mandarin-orange angel derived from a Byzantine icon.

This painting originally bore a different title, but I changed it to “Annunciation” after a reporter mistakenly called it that. I was amused that he had imagined something in it that I had not specifically intended, and enjoyed the possibility of a Byzantine angel “announcing” who-knows-what to two children playing dress-up (or two Old Order Mennonites “dressed-up,” which is how many people read the figures). All interpretations seemed evidence of people’s imaginations actively at work!

Now just because I am the artist, and because I have said that those are children

playing dress-up, and not Old Order Mennonites, does not make them more one thing than the other. They are what you imagine them to be, and perhaps the reason artists are often reluctant to speak about their work (and the reason I am weary) is that visual images cannot finally be translated by words. Images and words are two different forms though the former are often made subservient to the latter.

A theologian writing about art called it “a calculated trap for meditation” (Denis de Rougemont). This is what the artist hopes for: that the attention of the viewer will be “ensnared” and “captivated” in a response that might be called “meditative.”

The paradox of Byzantine angels and dressed-up Mennonites (or angels and humans for that matter!) is a recurrent theme in a number of my pieces: the spires of “Cathedral II” are precast ceramic-mold Mennonites, sold to tourists at local markets, though here painted not sombre black, but the bright



pinks, greens and mauves of Amish quilts (or Russian saints).

The "Rose Windows" are not the stained glass of Chartres Cathedral, but "Lennox Plate" quilt blocks set into the painted framework of a house.

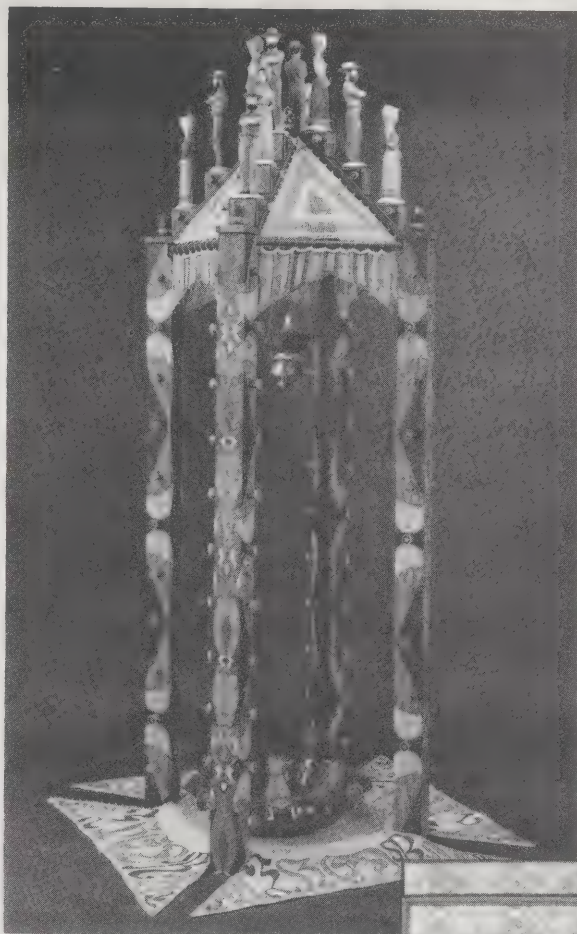
Such ambiguity is perhaps inevitable for someone who grew up Mennonite and then found herself to be an artist. On another level, it is also inevitable for someone who grew up sewing and knitting and crocheting (traditionally women- and home-centered "crafts") and found "art," as defined by the dominant culture, meant painting and sculpting.

To combine the images of these various religious worlds — the photographs from my ancestral Mennonite heritage with the shapes and forms of more "catholic" traditions, and to use the techniques of both the craft and art worlds — lace and fabric to hold together structures of painted wood, was to question and seek to redefine the categories so easily imposed on our experiences.

Ambiguities do not exist without tension, but neither can they find a resolution without humour. In my most recent piece, "Transformation Mummy," the photographs of my ancestors have been replaced by those of my own face — distorted into clown-like grimaces and wearing an Egyptian head-dress. Behind the hinged face of the Mummy's cocoon-like body is a butterfly — a refrigerator magnet, really, that can come off in your hand. To laugh at oneself seems necessary in order to sustain the contradictions of existence. My present longing for clay and paint and plaster is part of a deeper longing for a language adequate to those contradictions and that humour.

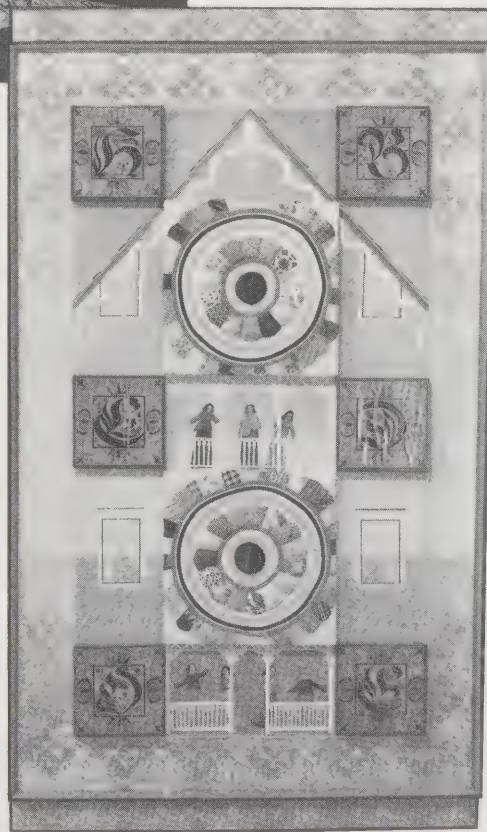
When "Annunciation" was once exhibited in a Mennonite community I overheard a woman viewing it ask, "Do you think she [meaning me, the artist] is *for* us or *against*

Bob Mc Nair



*Cathedral II, 1983*  
237 × 66 × 66 cm

*Rose Windows, 1982*  
159.6 × 92.3 cm



Bob Mc Nair

us?" I liked the question because it touched on the ambiguities I, and many artists of Mennonite heritage, feel about being both within and without a particular community. The answer to her question might be revealed, I hope, to those who meditate on the images and glimpse in them something of the

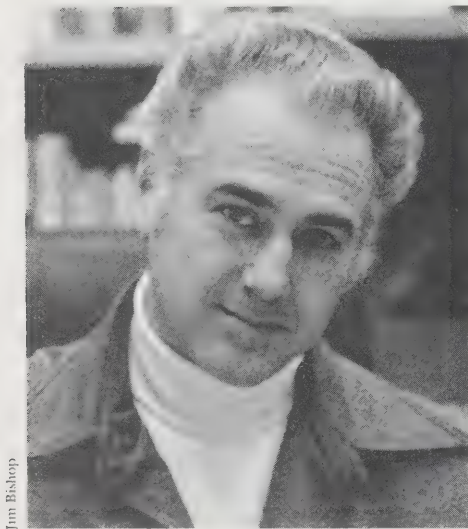
love and affection with which they were informed. □

*In addition to working as an artist, Susan Shantz, of Kitchener, Ontario, teaches art at Rockway Mennonite Collegiate, and Religion and Art at Wilfrid Laurier University.*



# What Critical Issues Face the Church?

an FQ interview with  
Myron Augsburger



Jim Bishop

Myron Augsburger, pastor of the Washington (D.C.) Community Fellowship, has been moderator of the Mennonite Church for the last two years. He reflected on several issues that he believes are facing the Mennonite Church, in a telephone interview recently with *Festival Quarterly* editor Phyllis Pellman Good.

**FQ:** If you could name some concerns that you have for our church as you leave the post of moderator, what would they be?

**Augsburger:** Four come to my mind right now: the matter of how we select and call our leaders; the need our congregations have for overseers; I'm concerned about those young people just entering adulthood who ought to be tapped for leadership and responsibility in the church, but aren't being called; and I'd like to find a way to embrace and include the children from Mennonite families who have gone off to the cities and are no longer very connected to a congregation.

**FQ:** Why has the choosing and calling of leaders surfaced as an item needing special attention today?

**Augsburger:** I think leaders in the church need to have sharp minds to meet the contemporary world we live in. There is such a multiplicity of professional opportunities that fewer people are seriously considering leadership in the church, compared to the many other professional options before them. It is for that reason that I believe the church needs to rethink its approach to calling persons.

Sometimes we imply that the more pious people are the ones who are open to church work. I'm not criticizing piety, but I am saying we need *effective* leadership in the church.

My conviction is that a congregation needs to look for and then call persons to prepare themselves for church leadership. The congregation should call these people, send them off to school, and help support them while they go, rather than waiting for volunteers or competing with other congregations for those experienced persons who've proven themselves. We need to be *producing* people.

There are a dozen and one creative ways in which the church should meet today's world. I think that to pitch a battle right now over the pulpit, over whether or not a leader is male or female, is to miss the point. As women demonstrate the kinds of gifts they most certainly have, the church will make room for them in all leadership roles.

There are many males that I wouldn't want to see called to be leaders until they have given evidence of dedication and creative working.

I'm a pastor in a congregation that is 55% to 60% women, and to believe that I could lead without women on the team is unthinkable to me. So we do need to review our patterns of ministry. In our congregation we are experimenting with a board of elders and a board of deacons, and women are on both. The elders take their turns preaching, including the females. We have not found any real competitive problems with this. They all recognize their gifts to serve.

I just feel it is unfortunate when we let the male/female thing polarize us, because we don't need to.

**FQ:** I observe that many in our congregations are looking for "super" leadership right now. They have an enthusiasm for "expert" pastors. How can members learn to

take more responsibility in the *process* of selecting leaders, and then *support* them when they are chosen, rather than expecting only to be intrigued and stimulated by them?

**Augsburger:** A lot of our people tend to overlook the deeper meanings of our concept of community and life together. They haven't fully understood us as a group working together at community and so they've begun to compare the kind of leadership that ministers in community with the kind of "lone star operator" featured in a lot of television programming.

I don't mean that we should minimize the importance of quality professional service in ministry. I've come to a stronger conviction that just as it is right to have professional writers, teachers, musicians, theologians, it is right to have professionals who are preachers and evangelists. But in no way should we put any of those professionals on a pedestal and have the rest of us become spectators.

Why not, in given communities, have congregations team up, so that maybe between them they could share an excellent young fellow or girl who could lead youth activities? Between them they could have a good theologian doing seminars and so on. That would help to curb setting up expectations for individual pastors that are unrealistic.

**FQ:** Do we have anything to learn from the tradition of choosing leaders by lot?

**Augsburger:** Let me say two things. The first is not about the lot, but about another dimension. I remember well that when Truman Brunk, Sr. was about 55, the age I am now, the Lord used him to call Esther and me into the ministry. We were young. I was 21. I know that at that time, the Lord used that bishop to put his hand on seven or eight young persons and urged them to really pray about a sense of calling.

It seems to me that we in the church ought to encourage others, and then be able to make room for them. It just hit me recently that here I am at the age he was when that happened, and I must be doing more of this. So I've begun taking more initiative.

Now, on your question, I think that if I were to criticize the lot I would say we stopped one vote short. We gave votes in our congregations, and from those we got the people who were to be in the lot.

We could have shared all those names with the congregation in prayer and reflection, and then turned around and voted on each person to see whether or not they were called. And if the congregation had said that more than one of them was called, we would have found a place for all of them. That is what I mean by stimulating persons to prepare for work in leadership.

I think our mistake was to let the lot decide the outcome ahead of what the Holy Spirit could have done through the group. And sometimes the decision was made purely on the basis of an immediate need, rather than on the gifts of the persons that were named. Perhaps two, three, or four of them might



have been called.

My brother Don and I went through the lot with another person and the other person was ordained. Don and I were not, in that lot experience, but within six months, we were both in pastorates in other areas. So we still felt that the congregation was affirming that calling in us.

I think that the mistake with the lot was that we didn't really recognize how the Holy Spirit uses the congregation. I think we can salvage something there.

**FQ:** Do you think it is appropriate for young people who believe they have a call to leadership to take some initiative on their own?

**Augsburger:** My feeling is that young people ought to share and test their convictions with other spiritual people and that means taking some initiative. Why shouldn't they offer themselves to do certain things, to come with ideas that the church could be doing, that the present leadership isn't seeing or doing?

However, I guess I am concerned about those of us who are middle-aged leaders, that we need to find the place to use them. I am impressed by some churches that have an apprentice kind of program. I don't see anything wrong with naming a few more associates in a program and giving them work and involvement. I'm talking about an actual commissioning for a several year assignment in a role so a person can grow into it and be tested by it.

**FQ:** Let's talk about the matter of congregations becoming isolated. What is the value of an overseer?

**Augsburger:** An overseer brings a relationship to the larger church that is of value to any local congregation. An overseer speaks out of a larger association with the church.

The overseer also brings an objectivity into a given setting and becomes both a counsel to a local board of elders or council and the ministerial group. He can be an arbitrator, something of a sounding board when there are differing opinions or a need for guidance, or to help work through matters involving time, change, and proper relationships between a pastor and people. He can even be of tremendous help in sitting with committees to see whether they are being fair in their expectations and support of their pastor.

Overseers are especially important right now in our denomination in the increasing move toward congregationalism. I applaud congregations becoming more *responsible* for their own programs, but not becoming more *independent* and thus losing the enrichment of associating with other congregations and the larger church.

Take our case here at Washington Community Fellowship. We started under four different mission boards so we weren't identified with one conference who could assign us an overseer. We were a congregation at large in the General Assembly. So we worked with Ivan Kauffmann [Executive Secretary of the Mennonite Church's General Board] to draw

up guidelines for a congregation such as ours to seek an overseer. Our board of elders then worked with the General Board office to call and negotiate for an overseer. The whole process — and the person, Paul G. Landis — have been a tremendous asset to us.

So as I think of some 80 congregations across the continent, who for one reason or another don't belong to the conference in their area, I wish they could look at the same thing we've done. It is so helpful to have this tie to the larger church.

**FQ:** What about those congregations who don't sense their own need?

**Augsburger:** I think the Board of Congregational Ministries may have a responsibility to work at this. Perhaps they should take the initiative to sit down with these congregations and explain this alternative. They could help them negotiate for an overseer that would be understanding and match them and keep them tied into the church.

**FQ:** Is this happening, or is it still in the idea stage?

**Augsburger:** I don't believe we from the General Board have made those particular churches aware of this. The other thing is that district conferences have no special reason to promote this idea. They don't know what it would mean to relate to a congregation in their area who has an overseer other than from their district conference. So we'll have to work on that.

**FQ:** What do you think would be an effective way to include those young people from Mennonite congregations who have gone to cities and just sort of slipped away? How can they be embraced without making them feel as though they've been caught or become a statistic for one of the church boards or agencies?

**Augsburger:** I believe the young who come to the cities now are, in general, more open and interested in the church than was true some years ago. I think they believe that the church is not as rural and provincial and behind the times as people thought 20 years earlier. So the current group of young people are a little more inclined to respect the church because they see us working at what it means to be urban and professional, and we admit we don't have all the answers.

Some years ago young Mennonites just sort of dismissed the church because it didn't seem to be in the same world they were in. They were professionals — and the church wasn't. Some went to churches that seemed to be more with it, others simply never advanced their understanding of theology and faith along with their professional development. They thought about church as the way it was back home. Yet when they went home, they didn't fit.

Some young people, in testing things for themselves as we all do, tended to write off the church completely. Eventually, some have turned around and come back, but they still have to carry the baggage of all they went through in their little detours. But it's great to

see that values still stand after they're tested.

**FQ:** Do you think there is room for informal pastoring in cities these days? Should people be sent just to be there as "visitors"?

**Augsburger:** I've wrestled with this from several angles. Maybe it would be good to have some lay persons in the cities in professional roles with a commission of just getting in touch with such young people. They wouldn't be an arm of any given congregation, out to corral them. They may help them find their way back into the church.

Or maybe the home churches should follow up their young people and have a liaison who would introduce them to a church in the city.

Of course, any of us in city churches want to be offering ourselves in pastoral service to such people. We have to find a way to do it, however, that avoids the picture that some Mennonite authority in the city is holding them accountable. So I'm still wrestling with that.

The average age in our congregation here is around 30. We've got a couple hundred young people and the percentage of Mennonites in the group is very limited. I've found that a certain number of young Mennonites, while they have professional training, are socially and emotionally a bit more ethnic. They are more provincial than they like to admit to themselves. They seem to find mixing with other people, other than on the job where that's required, to be pretty demanding.

**FQ:** Are you mostly hopeful or mostly anxious about these matters and about the church?

**Augsburger:** I'm on the plus side. I'm not only hopeful; I'm becoming, I think, more optimistic. We do have problems, but I find in my interactions, respect for the integrity of our church and the validity of its stance on reconciliation, love, justice, peace, and Christian discipleship.

The more people move around in different circles, the more support they hear. So many turn around and say, well, there's something in the church I need to look at again.

On the negative side, I would say that unless we as a church move beyond being defensive, we will have more failure. I think we've got to be more secure in our faith and more free in sharing without judgment, without any bigotry that slaps other people in the face with what we believe.

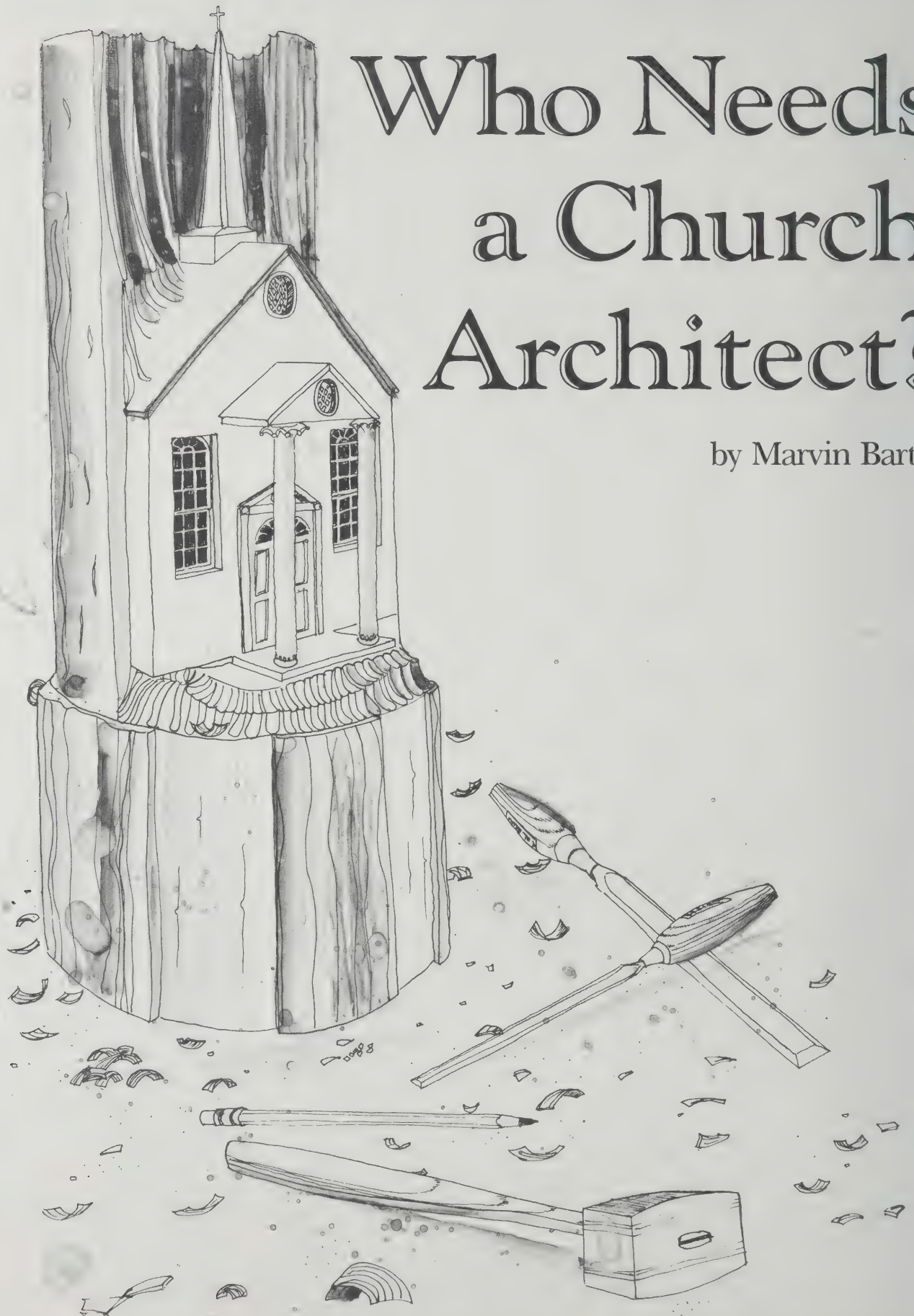
If we can do that, if we can be secure enough, we can share with others without feeling we're losing things just because we share. Then I think we're going to see more people respecting and responding to a kingdom theology.

It is so important that we trust each other in Christ. And that we really believe in the *good* in the many different things that are multiple kinds of church expressions. □



# Who Needs a Church Architect?

by Marvin Bartel





So your church has decided to build. Wonderful. Praise the Lord and pass the collection plate. You've been selected to make many decisions. It is a huge responsibility, but also a very invigorating experience, to build a church. Many congregations experience new vitality around a common creative task.

Who will design the church? Will it be designed by a committee? Will it be designed by a builder? Will it have a design patterned after another church? Will it be copied from a book of church plans? Will an architect be commissioned?

## The Hard Question

Is it really good stewardship to pay an architect money that could otherwise go into materials? While many smaller churches today bypass the architect in favor of a design-build firm, or a church builder, I see this as an extremely unfortunate trend.

Good builders are pragmatists. They are skilled at building crafts. They are efficiency experts. They are skilled at managing workers. And they do perform important and essential functions for the church building committee. Your building committee may even be fortunate enough to include one or more builders and their knowledge.

Yet if I had to choose between a good builder and a good architect, I would much rather choose a good architect, even if the builders had to be trained. Indeed, one fair-sized church was recently built by an industrial arts teacher on leave and a crew of college students on their summer vacations. Fortunately, good builders are usually available. The main concern is customarily to find a good architect.

## Enhancing Congregational Life

So why do you need an architect, particularly a "good" one? Good architects are interested in knowing everything about your congregation. They need to know you and your needs, your hopes, your dreams, your likes and dislikes, your theology, your faith, your concern for the young, the old, the disabled, for beauty, as well as your clutch on the purse strings. A well chosen architect gathers as much information about the congregation as possible. Some even require that the congregation undergo goal-setting that involves every member.

The architect creatively interprets the congregation's needs and describes them spatially, acoustically, visually, and tactilely. While people may build church buildings, church buildings continue to mold their

congregations for generations long after the current building committee leaves this earthly edifice, by what they foster or prohibit in a congregation's life together.

A good architect is God's agent for good for your congregation. God's revelation can flow through the architect's creative insight to form a facility that continues God's work for many generations.

So just what does an architect contribute that justifies the fee charged? Isn't one church about the same as the next?

Many people tell me, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." The same is true when it comes to church architecture.

**Building a church  
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inferior building is a  
real waste.**

We intuitively like the effect that some churches have on us. On the other hand, there are churches we intuitively dislike.

It is an architect's responsibility to understand the effect buildings have on people. Just as a good preacher has learned the effect of tone of voice, pace, and mannerisms, a good architect knows the effects created by certain sized spaces, textural warmth of natural materials, and the way people respond to the luminosity of sunlight.

An architect designs for appropriate human relationships for worship, for fellowship, for education, for renewal and recreation. All of these and other needs represent creative challenges for the most qualified and well trained and experienced person available. Architects I have known avoid simulated and fake materials that teach dishonesty.

## A Few Examples

A church in our community recently needed to replace the steeple on a charming traditional building. The new steeple is made of white plastic that was designed to look like wood. Whatever else the steeple symbolized is overshadowed by its basic untruth about itself. These visual pretenses and contradictory messages have become so pervasive in our culture that even our church buildings are telling lies about themselves.

Some people may like the plastic steeple because it promises to require less care. I suspect that the ultraviolet effects of the sun will make it a false hope as well as a false statement. Plastic could, of course, be used creatively in honest ways that would not imitate other materials. Are we ready for that much integrity?

Another church was recently built, without an architect, using conventional tract home techniques. Interior surfaces were all dry-walled. This is not really a natural material, so the building committee had to cover it all with paint. After painting it seemed too plain and rather shapeless. Since no architect was on the job the committee had to learn from experience, but they could not afford to do it over once it was done. Yet they could not really be expected to understand visual effects beforehand. They were working with spaces and effects totally unfamiliar to home-builders. The potential of natural lighting was essentially overlooked and the builder was of little help in designing the artificial lighting that might have helped articulate the space.

Most builders have no design training beyond drawing board skills. Builders can read scale rulers, but they have not studied the psychological and spiritual effects of what they produce. While they may be well-meaning Christians, we should not ask them to perform tasks for which they are not prepared.

## What Our Churches Tell About the People Who Use Them

Building a church without an architect will, of course, save the architect's fee, but an inferior building is a real waste. For the building committee, it is apt to be like sailing without a rudder. The winds of congregational opinion are likely to sweep to and fro with an outcome all too often that has superficial aesthetics rather than a real and lasting sense of value. These churches generally have decorative elements that appear to be added on as an afterthought rather than incorporated into the original concept. Often they have a token amount of natural materials, textures, and colors awkwardly incorporated in the midst of simulated materials. What does that say about who we are and seek to be? □

*Marvin Bartel is professor of art at Goshen (Indiana) College where he teaches pottery, photography and art education. He has designed his own home and studio buildings which also include much of his own labor and extensive use of local materials.*



by Merle Good

# John H. Miller,

Many persons believe that one of the finest a cappella youth choirs among Mennonites in North America is the Hartville Singers. A light melodic sound has been their hallmark — youthful, fresh, far more mature than one expects from teenagers.

For 22 years, John H. Miller has directed the Hartville Singers. That in itself is no small feat. But the most amazing aspect about Miller and the choir is that the Hartville Singers all come from a single congregation.

"A choir is first of all a way for a congregation to do something for its youth," he explains.

Miller is a top-notch musician, but he is also a youth worker at heart. When he's asked what he'd be doing with his spare time if he weren't a choir director, he smiles and says, "I'd probably be a coach."

Miller and his Singers are barely known or visible among the Mennonites these days. But that doesn't seem to bother him. Perhaps most Mennonites today assume that young people who dress plain won't be offering music which will be of interest to them. Maybe because Miller doesn't earn his living teaching music, he isn't considered professional enough to be taken seriously in the church at large. (He teaches earth science in a public school.) Or perhaps it's because the choir comes from a conservative non-conference congregation with no links to the powerful churchwide institutions.

"Maybe we're not always appreciated," Miller reflects, "but that's rather common, isn't it?" There seems no sense of resentment, no twinge of regret that the "mainstream" Mennonites have largely ignored this fine choir.

A man of Miller's gifts could be teaching at a Mennonite college. He admits that it seemed like an attractive possibility years ago. "But we chose to work in a quiet way in a church

setting." His eyes grow serious. "I don't understand why there are so few congregational choirs throughout the church."

Miller was born on January 5, 1939 in Hartville, Ohio, only a half mile from where he now lives, the third of seven children. His mother Amanda was a warm person, full of feelings. She came from a singing family, the Overholts. Two of her brothers were well



F.Q. Kenneth Pellman

known for their work in singing schools.

Miller's father, on the other hand, was stern. He had a sense of humor, but he expected a lot of his children. "My father was an even-keeled person. He was solid. You could count on him."

Miller learned responsibility at an early age. His father was a plumbing contractor, and this helped his son to develop decision-making early in life. His father was also a

bishop. "Being a bishop's son was a good experience. There were expectations. That felt good." (Roman Miller lived with a lot of pain. Both of his legs were crippled because he had fallen 42 feet as a young man.)

John H. Miller's enthusiasm for athletics can also be traced to his boyhood. "My father was an exceptional athlete and had offers to play semi-professional baseball. So athletics were important. No organized sports, but kids from church came to our place to play all the time."

Music has always played a significant role in Miller's experience. Singing was a way of life while he was growing up. "Music was an 'out' — an expression for me." He sang in quartets and octets, he sang on radio and even television. He simply loved music.

"Singing should be natural, a fun thing, a desirable thing, something you do for expression," he says.

Miller believes that if a congregational choir is to survive year after year, the director needs a "key support person" other than his family. Often this is a person well beyond the teen years who can still relate well with teenagers. The key support person can be a sounding board for both the director and for choir members. As long as the director respects and trusts this key person, leadership is more steady and stable.

Faith is important to John H. Miller. "A director needs to be a very stable person spiritually," he notes. "Parents won't entrust their children to an inconsistent or unstable leader."

Miller remains strongly dedicated to the congregation. "One of the reasons I'm interested in leading a choir is because of my interest in good congregational singing." The congregation at Hartville Conservative Mennonite Church is filled with former choir members who've learned an enthusiasm for music from Miller.



# Musician and "Coach"

Music is clearly not the final motivation for Miller. Otherwise he'd have chosen to teach music in a church school setting. "I know we're doing it for the church, even though some people don't seem to realize it," he says.

Tours have been a highlight over the years. The Hartville Singers have sung in nearly every state of continental United States. Miller especially enjoys the stretching musically he sees in choir members during the tour. "When

they have daily discipline," he observes, "their music development has no comparison." Tours are also a time for spiritual growth and daily focus. That encourages him. And thirdly, Miller loves the interaction with people in their audiences everywhere they go.

"We're willing to sing wherever we can witness," he says. The Singers have shared their music in just about every kind of church, from large formal churches to com-

munity halls, from Pentecostal to Lutheran. They've sung at numerous colleges and universities. Conservative Mennonite congregations remain their most enthusiastic hosts.

Miller graduated from Eastern Mennonite College in 1961 with a B.A. in music and later earned his M.A. in earth science from Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He enjoys teaching science in the public school setting, especially the accelerated classes. He has not joined the local teachers' organizations at Field Junior High because he doesn't conscientiously feel their purpose is to better the school.

He has experienced some conflicts between faith and science, he admits, but in general truly enjoys teaching. "I distinguish between evidence and theory," he notes.

Miller and his wife Kathryn (Schrock) knew each other as childhood friends. They were married in 1960 and have three daughters and a son (two of the daughters, Donita and Lori, share the same birthday, one year apart!).

The Miller family enjoys singing together. Most of them are capable soloists, they can sing in various family combinations, and they can blend their voices into that gentle melodic sound of the choir. Their enthusiasm for good music is contagious.

What drives John H. Miller? He contends he isn't enslaved by certain personal goals. "I'm not driven, I'm motivated," he distinguishes.

In the end, an observer might conclude that Miller is motivated strongly to serve young people, whether it's his own children, the students at Field Junior High, or, especially, the youth of his congregation.

"It's been a great source of satisfaction to see young people develop a sense of call and go into other communities to serve," he smiles. □



FQ/Craig Heisey



# What I Could Give Her as She Went to College

by Jim Comstock

Today I wrapped an old dingy, flexible Bible and took it to the post office and mailed it to my daughter in college. If the saying that "late is better than never" is true, then I have done a good thing. But I am not sure.

Let me tell you the story. My wife and I had just returned from the 150-mile trip from the college. It was late at night and we were tired. We had left early that morning with our daughter, who had been accepted by the college. Her tuition and her dorm bills and other fees had been sent in previously. She was too excited by the change to need us further, and we drove back home without her. It was the first time in our lives that our daughter had been gone for any length of time. We went to bed, wondering how other people had stood it.

In bed I thought things over. I began to think of the time I went to college. There were a lot of close parallels between my daughter and me. My father had taken me to college, too. That was a good 22 years ago. There were some differences in the mode of transportation. My father and I rode up front in the farm truck. In the back was the trunk that I had pitched hay for that summer. My mother wasn't along because she had to stay behind and keep the cattle from jumping over the fences and getting into the crops. I, the fourth in a line of brothers, was the first to go away to college. And there were brothers and sisters beyond me to use up shoes and to consume groceries. So we went in the truck, my mother cried and I cried, but after we were out of sight of the farm the new changes made me feel jelly-like all over and I was scared.

The truck was slow and my father wasn't used to highways with oncoming cars and people who wanted to pass us and I was glad. I didn't want to get to the city too soon.

It was, of course, different with my daughter. We had taken her down during the summer just so she could see the school. On this particular day we stopped at a classy roadside place and ordered fried chicken. In bed I remembered how my father and I had stopped by a little stream of water and ate the sandwiches my mother had prepared. And in bed I relived my daughter's day. We toured the town for a while and then we went to the dormitory and my wife went in and talked with the housemother for a while. When she came back she was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief and it wasn't until we were passing through the next town that my wife remarked something about the weather and discovered that our daughter had forgotten to take out the portable radio and record player. I told her that she should have put it in the trunk with the other things, not in the back seat.

And soon we were home with the long trip behind us and a new kind of loneliness before us and now I was in bed just thinking about my daughter's first trip to college and mine and the score of years between. I heard a little sob beside me and I knew that my wife was thinking about the same thing.

My father didn't let me out at the dormitory. We looked into living conditions in college during the summer, and everybody advised me to get a room in a private home. It was cheaper, and besides if a student wanted to work his way "through," he would have a better chance. Dorms and fraternity houses weren't for me. But I didn't have a room. I had to find one. My father told me that we'd leave my trunk at a filling station and I could come for it the next day after I had found a place to stay. We found the station and we toured the town a little, but the traffic confused him a

bit, and I told him that maybe I had better go on my own. I opened the door and I had that awful feeling that a body has when he takes his first swim in the spring and he knows the water is too cold but he just must be brave. And I stepped out onto the street. The water was cold, awfully cold.

I shook hands with my father and for a long, haunting moment he looked straight ahead and didn't say a word. I knew that he was going to make a speech. But it turned out to be very brief. "There is nothing that I can tell you," he said. "I never went to college and none of your brothers went to college. So I can't tell you nothing. I can't say don't do this and for you to do that, because everything is different and I don't know what is going to come up. I can't help you much with money either, but I think things will work out."

He gave me a brand new check book. "If things get pushing, write a little check. But when you write the check, send me a letter and let me know how much. There are some things we can always sell." The mind flits in memory and I recalled the check book and how it was used. In four years all the checks I wrote were less than a thousand dollars. My jobs with the wholesale grocery company, reading to the blind student, chauffeuring the rich lady, janitoring at the library, sitting with the professors' kids filled in the financial gaps.

I gave my daughter a check book, too. At the end of the first nine months, I know the total will be around \$2,000. That is in keeping with the American plan. Kids mustn't have it tough the way the parents did.

"I can't give you any advice. There is no need to. You know what you want to be and they'll tell you what to take. When you get a job, be sure it's honest and work hard." I





I was able to give my daughter what she needed... Or, had I? I don't really believe now that I gave her one half as much as my father gave me.

knew then that it was over almost — that soon I would be by myself alone in the big town and I would be missing furrowed ground, cool breezes, and a life where your thinking was done for you. Then my dad reached down beside his seat and brought out that old dingy Bible that he had read so often, and the one he used when he wanted to look something up in a friendly argument with one of the neighbors. I knew it was his favorite and I knew he would miss it. I knew, though, that I must take it.

He didn't say read this every morning. He just said, "This can help you if you will let it." Did it help? I don't know. I got through college without being a burden on the family. I have had a good earning capacity since then. When I finished school, I took the Bible back to my father. But he said he wanted me to keep it. And now in bed and too late, I remember what he said at that time.

"You will have a kid in school. Let the first one take that Bible along," he said.

Now, too late I remember. It would have been so nice to have given it to her, when she, too, got out of the car. But I didn't. Things are different. I was prosperous and my father wasn't. I had gone places. I could give my daughter everything. My father could only give me a battered, old Bible. I was able to give my daughter what she needed. . . .

Or, had I? I don't really believe now that I gave her one half as much as my father gave me. So this morning I wrapped that book up and sent it to her. I wrote a note. "This can help you," I said, "if you will let it." □

*Jim Comstock, Richwood, West Virginia, is editor of the News Leader and the New West Virginia Review. This article is reprinted by permission of the author.*

Photo by Charlotte Brooks; courtesy of the Standard Oil of New Jersey Collection and the University of Louisville.



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I returned to the United States two years ago, having been absent from the country for most of six years. While asking questions about where our five-year-old son might best enjoy school, I began hearing fragments of a debate about which I'd known next to nothing — whether to home-school or public-school one's child.

It poses a particularly acute dilemma for me as a Mennonite. On the one hand, my church has given me a heightened social awareness with concern for the well-being of the larger community. Yet that same church has often encouraged alternative lifestyles that have been cultivated in somewhat sheltered environments, separated from the mainline culture.

Home-schooling has become a burgeoning movement. From my lay perspective it appears to be fueled from several sources. One argument is based on developmental theory that discourages a child's early entry into a large classroom of peers.

Another impulse for home-schooling comes from persons in all sectors of society who want more control over their children's education; persons who seek to strengthen family values and to avoid unhealthy peer pressure, mediocre curriculum or uncaring teachers.

A third perspective, held primarily among the religious far right, supports home-schooling in order to avoid "secular, humanist" influences in the public schools. Unable to impose their narrow religious views on all citizens through the public schools, these persons seek to do it on their own with a thoroughly religious curriculum.

What is the function of education in a society like ours? Robust Christian faith need not be intimidated by the secular approach to education. Our society should be organized on secular lines according to humane values. It isn't our responsibility, as Christians, to impose our religious practice on society as a whole. Yet it is our responsibility to be redemptively present in the world. By participation in the public schools, we can be a force for good, for creativity, for compassion.

At the same time, I value alternatives to mass culture. I like the freedom to march to a different drummer. I appreciate the opportunity to step back from the system and its prescribed progression in order to look at what my child's particular needs are at different points in his life.

The church is one place where our divergent opinions should be processed. By talking to one another without defensiveness, we can perhaps better understand the priorities that have shaped our desires for our children's education. One such open forum

occurred at Reba Place Church not long ago. I thought the perspectives shared there might be of help to the larger community of discussion. Some church members are choosing to home-school their children while others have questions about the wisdom of the home-school method as well as the impact of increased home-schooling on local public schools. (Attendance at private schools was not seriously considered.) Highlights from that meeting in Evanston, Illinois, follow.

**A mother of three small children who is home-schooling her oldest, a 7-year-old daughter:**

We sent our daughter to public kindergarten but she only lasted about

the small influences. When a child is with someone all day long they pick up a lot. And they're with children all day long who are from backgrounds that are pretty hard. They look up a lot to their teacher. They pick up the values of the world which are real subtle. In addition, our daughter was scared to death of being bad. She was scared of being yelled at or getting in trouble.

**A mother of two preschoolers who is seriously considering home-schooling:**

Is home-schooling an extremist response? I have read a lot on the subject. Raymond Moore, a psychologist and a teacher, argues that schooling children

# The "How to

by Sara W



Reba Place first grader schooling at home with her mother.

three months. She was very set against going, and resisted it. I felt very anxious over the time she was in school. It didn't feel right. I had nightmares about it. And when I took her out I felt a lot of peace. It has felt right for us to do it with our daughter for personal reasons.

What scares me about the school is

at home in the early years is advisable because children are not emotionally or physically ready to deal with the stimulus of a classroom of 25-30 children, the length of the day, and significantly, the pressure put on children by their peers to do or be whatever the peers want. He believes that this leads in the long run to peer



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alternatives to mass culture.

dependency and that it results in difficulties of self-esteem.

I felt that Moore is right, for me. He has clarity and sanity. He doesn't come across like a bunch of other screwballs that just don't want their children to see anything. There seems to be some sound educational theory here. Child psychologist Erikson and others claim that you should really hold off on structured educational programs until your child is seven or eight years old.

Moore has what he calls a "hot house theory." He says you don't put tomato plants out early because they'll die. But if you keep them in the hot house longer they'll be better able to

saying necessarily that what you're doing in public school is not good. I am saying that I think I can do better because of my personal involvement with my child. I spend more time with my child than a teacher can.

I want my children to enter the arena of public schools with a clear perspective on who they are, a clear understanding of who Jesus is in their life, and that they're okay and don't have to work hard for approval.

**A mother with four children in public schools, ranging in age from second grade through high school:**

We have to ask ourselves, what is

early age with kids from very different backgrounds. I like that! I like it because that is what the world is and that is why we're living in Evanston. I really respect the Bruderhof as a self-sufficient community. What they do is impressive, incredible. But that is an intentional, closed community. That's a different kind of light on a hill. We are living in Evanston. I want my kids and my family to be lights in this town.

I don't want to get away from influences that might be difficult for my kids to cope with. I want my kids to understand *why* kids misbehave and have a lot of trouble. The more they're in contact with that the more they're going to understand it.

I feel that as a Christian parent living in Evanston I want my kids in the school system because to me it's one of the best channels we've got to be Christians in the world; it draws in everybody in the community. It's easy access to the community. That's my understanding of what Reba Place Church is about.

I want my kids to learn that their safety is inside them and their values come from the ones that we give them at home. I wouldn't want them to be in a situation where they *only* heard Christian values. I want them exposed because I think we can give them the strength in their own values. Those things get stronger when they're tested out early. I don't mean just ship 'em off to school. Parents need to be involved with the teachers and school.

Home-schooling makes me sad from a Christian standpoint. There are many parents who don't have the luxury to make the choice and unfortunately, a good number of those parents are black. The people who have money send their kids to private schools, so what you have left in the public schools is not a nice crosscut mix and blend of your town. Instead, it's a weird split, and that really concerns me.

**A father with three children in public school ranging from third grade to high school:**

My experience in the public schools is a lot less positive than (the previous mother's). I got the message that what I thought was not really important. I am concerned about the extent to which the schools have been removed from the control of the parents. There is great difficulty in removing teachers

# "School" Debate

nger Shenk



James Ewing

Reba Place kindergarden student on his way to public school with friends.

deal with the environmental stress. Children who are home-schooled early and then go to school later often become leaders.

**A father of two preschoolers who plans to home-school his children:**

Home-school isn't a negative statement against public schools. We're not

education for? I take a laid-back approach to learning in the academic sense. What I want my kids to learn is how to get along in life, how to care about other people and get along with them. That to me is the most valuable thing my kids can learn. That is one of the reasons I sent them to nursery school. I wanted them to mix at an



who really *ought* to be removed. When you consider the consequence of our withdrawing from the local schools, however, I would suggest that it be a last resort.

**A father of two pre-school children and one 7-year-old daughter who is schooling at home:**

Ministry in the neighborhood is a big issue for me but it's not appropriate for me to put my daughter in that situation for the purpose of some ministry that *I'm* trying to be involved in. I need to look at what's best for her. I feel what's best for her now is staying at home. My concern is that when kids are in a situation at school which they're really not prepared to cope with or there aren't persons present to help them, they can become *more* racist.

**A mother with two children in public school, in fifth grade and in high school:**

One thing that I've been most impressed by is the whole issue of pushing kids into the school situation too soon. You can start your kids later and be involved with the school later.

I'm not unhappy over my kids' public school experience. I went to a Christian school. I think my kids are a lot tougher inside than I was. I didn't *know* anyone who wasn't a Christian. I thought everything that everybody did was okay. My kids have to make choices. They're a lot stronger than I was.

**Principal of a public middle school in Evanston. (It should be noted that among public schools the Evanston public school system is considered to be exceptionally good.):**

I have been in public education for 13 years. I am a teacher and an advocate of public schools. Good teaching can occur any place. It doesn't have to occur in a public school classroom.

I have worked most of my last 13 years with handicapped kids, with kids who are disadvantaged, kids who don't have a lot going for them in many, many regards. I don't know that there are too many people who do a better job than public schools in working with a wide variety of different kinds of handicaps. For the majority of the children that you have — they can learn any place. They're going to do well whether you keep them at home or whether you send them to public



James Ewing

school.

If there is a big move away from public schools it does create pretty severe racial issues. If there's much more white flight, that leaves us with poorer, more disadvantaged children.

I'm a *real* advocate for all-day kindergarten and for early intervention, particularly for disadvantaged and handicapped children, because they will never, ever catch up otherwise, and teaching does make a difference.

I would argue for those of you who are doing home-schooling to really make sure that you are good teachers. There is a technology of teaching.

I don't see any reason why public schools can't be responsive to children coming in at a later age.

**A current public high school student:**

School is a place where children grow. They learn to relate to people other than just their parents. They learn to make decisions and choices about what they believe is right or wrong.

As a person who's grown up in Reba Place fellowship I know what it's like to be protected, not in a bad way, but just being surrounded by people who love life and God, and people who love me. That is good, but only if you're able to see the real world in addition to your own living situation. If I didn't go to school I wouldn't appreciate the values and beliefs that I adopted in the fellowship.

What, may I ask, is the use of a fellowship kid that stays exclusively in the fellowship? I can't think of any. A fellowship child is worth so much to the people who don't have God's love. We need to share it. It's bad enough to

put your candle under a bushel. Don't put your child under a bushel.

I think home-schooling would be a good idea in a place where the school system was very bad or if teachers didn't care, or where a variety of good courses weren't available, or where it was dangerous. Then I would definitely consider another way of education.

**A mother of three children, a fourth and a seventh grader in public schools, and a first grader, schooling at home:**

I'm sitting on the fence. I've got a foot in both worlds and I love them both. (This concludes the highlights from the Reba Place discussion.)

The lines of the schooling debate are not easy to draw, though some persons do stake out dogmatic positions. Each parent, child, teacher and school varies to such an extent that we are left, in the final analysis, with a decision that reflects our own priorities.

I want my children to be enriched by other persons' gifts and perspectives beyond our home. I want them to learn to live gently with others very different from themselves. I need to be confident, however, that their school provides a wholesome, caring environment. I lean toward alternatives when, in my judgment, a school fails to enhance my children's joy in learning.

Being cognizant of our priorities is one step toward making a wise decision for our children, our family, and our neighborhood.

Our churches need to be aware of the choices families are making on this issue. Each path chosen should have the benefit of appropriate support and guidance from the fellowship of faith. □

*Sara Wenger Shenk is a writer and a mother of two sons, now living in Evanston, Illinois.*

## Tanzania Mennonite Church: Kisare Considers the Future

Bishop Zedekiah Marwa Kisare is 73 years old, a first generation Tanzanian Mennonite. Still in church leadership, he confesses that it would be hard for him to retire in an area that, despite its beauty, had no electricity and running water. I have taken too many trips! he explains. But although he has travelled widely and reads broadly, Kisare's African spirit is strong and his wisdom is colored by his land and its traditions.

The Tanzanian Mennonite Church is celebrating its fiftieth year, and finds itself facing matters that are not peculiarly African. Kisare, as chairman of the large North Mara Diocese and also a bishop, functions "as the father of the spirit of my people." From that position of spiritual leadership, Kisare talked with **Festival Quarterly** about his view of the church.

Although retirement is not a traditional African concept, Kisare is thinking about the matter. "God is the one who called me and I am seeking His will about how long I should continue. God and I are like two-way traffic: He speaks to me; I speak to Him. We go back and forth like that. When He tells me to stop, I will stop."

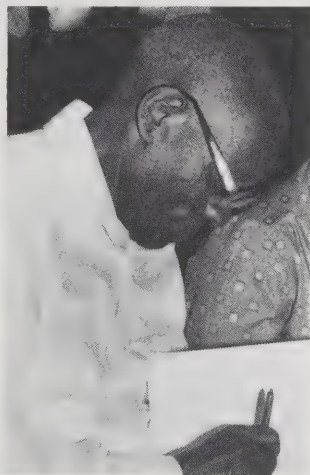
The future, leadership-wise, does concern him. "I have a burden about preparing youth for leadership. I'm giving a lot of attention right now to who might work with us in the church. One of the difficulties we have is that we support our pastors financially. So we have to find the resources for our new leaders as well as our current ones.

"But we continue with the vision to find these people. I want the situation to be that when I am no longer able to lead I will have joy in my spirit because there will be a cadre of leaders."

Kisare does feel disappointment about some efforts the church has made. "I have a deep burden. Many of the children of our leaders don't see the need to follow God, even those whom we sent to study here in North America. They are complacent and sometimes even inhibit the work of the church.

"Some of them come to church, many are members, but they are not active. They want to do the important things, the big things. They want it to be known that they have an education, that they have a degree. They see the church people as being uneducated."

Many young people in Tanzania are leaving their home villages for the cities to find jobs or an education. The church has noticed — and acted. Explained Kisare, "The reason we have started many churches in cities recently was not so much to make converts,



but to create a nurturing center for our people who inevitably end up there. The village is like a base, a production area. Then people move from there out to the cities."

The leadership of these new churches is a critical matter. "When we send pastors to them, we give a lot of attention to the particular people we select," Kisare commented. "We don't send just an ordinary person because we know there is a different level of 'scorning' there. So we choose pastors with a higher education."

These new urban churches seem to have caught the imagination of the young city-dwellers. In fact, Kisare noted a kind of competition among denominations exists for attendance, offerings, and projects. But in

many cases, that has been a positive force. "Sometimes when even a 'fallen' member moves to a city, he may feel that spirit and say, 'Oh, my church is here!' and begin to attend there even if he wouldn't back in the rural area."

When does a church become so well established that it doesn't need to have North American missionaries come to it? On the fiftieth anniversary of his church, Bishop Kisare slowly shook his head. "It seems the time has not yet come, and we don't yet see it in the future for us to not have North American fellow workers. It doesn't matter how much training we get, how much experience we have, we don't have all the gifts. When missionaries come they bring gifts we don't have. So their gifts and our gifts must be joined so we can be one team."

If the African church sees such cooperative effort to be beneficial, would they consider sending "fellow workers" to North America? Clearly, Kisare and his people have thought about that. "Our understanding," he explained, "is that you will continue to send, and we will look for people to send to you. We have looked. Who? Who, we ask, could go to North America? We were conquered by all the hard questions. Your church is so old, so experienced. We must find someone who can enter into your church life without causing difficulty. We are still searching. To share is the way it should be. I am still anticipating it will happen."

Kisare is realistic and hopeful when he assesses the future of the Tanzanian Mennonite Church. "I have no fear that the church will disappear or die. I have anxieties about some of the things we discussed but I still have hope that the church will move forward.

"Despite my burdens, I believe that if my life is tied with the life of Jesus Christ, and if I find a brother or sister whose life is also tied to Jesus Christ, then we are tied together. And when Jesus is truly in us, and our life is in him, then the battle is his. And that is enough."

## Elsewhere...

• A series of 1985 Dutch postage stamps features historic buildings in The Netherlands, including the Mennonite Church of Bolsward, in the province of Friesland.

There has been a Mennonite congregation in Bolsward since 1537, the year after Menno Simons' conversion in nearby Pingjum. The meetinghouse pictured on the stamp dates to 1850, and is one of the few Dutch Mennonite



churches with a steeple. It and several other Frisian Mennonite churches are registered national monuments.

A special commemorative version of the stamp costs 25¢ over face value. The additional funds raised go to famine relief, earthquake victim assistance, refugee work worldwide and youth work domestically.



## New Paul Friesen Work to be Completed this Summer

Members of Hesston (Kansas) College Mennonite Church have something besides back-to-school to look forward to at the end of the summer.

That's when Paul Friesen, a potter, art professor at Bethel College in nearby North Newton, and quarter-time member of the church's pastoral team, expects to complete a new piece of artwork.

The piece will hang in the foyer of the church's fellowship hall and has been going up a section at a time over the last months.

The work is an 8x10 clay relief "flat" sculpture, depicting the biblical parable of the ten virgins. The relief is "negative" — that is, carved into the clay rather than standing out from it.

About 2500 individual pieces go into the sculpture, each one cut so it is totally different in size and shape from every other.

The clay pieces are fired but are stained rather than glazed, and will have what Friesen describes as a terra cotta finish.

He has been putting them together in four-foot squares and putting up one square at a time from the bottom up. It is demanding work, much like piecing a quilt in which the most minute mistake in measurement would throw the whole piece off.

The parable is told in two "registers." The bottom shows the ten virgins waiting for the



Paul Friesen and "The Parable of the Virgins"



Don Gering

bridegroom. In the top register, the bridegroom has arrived. The five foolish virgins with no oil in their lamps are leaving, but the five wise virgins, their lamps lit, "face the congregation," Friesen said.

"I thought this parable related well to the whole reason for worship," Friesen said. "Do we come to worship with our lamps full of oil and burning, or with them empty? Do you bring something to worship or come as a spectator?"

Friesen was commissioned to do the work by the church's Board of Elders over 18 months ago. They hoped it would be completed in time for Hesston College's Diamond Jubilee in 1984, Friesen said, but, given the nature of his idea and the fact that he has been working on it during "marginal time" in between teaching and other responsibilities, he knew that was impossible.

He did manage to incorporate the 75th anniversary theme into the piece, however. On the border is what he describes as "an allegory of a vine." Its "root system" is formed by stamping the names of charter members of the Hesston Mennonite Church and then the names of members at the time of the 75th anniversary into the clay. And the "leaves" are actually the handprints of all the children in the church between the ages of one and three.

## Play Speaks to Children About Sexual Abuse

A play presented recently by Bridgework Theater of Goshen, Indiana, has garnered national attention for the sensitive way it addresses the issue of child sexual abuse.

"Little Bear" was written in 1981 by Don Yost, a member of College Mennonite Church and executive director of Bridgework, and Carol Plummer, and has since received rave reviews from over 40,000 children and adults in Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois.

The cast of "Little Bear" consists of four animals. It is about different kinds of touch — the animals show how some touch is acceptable and positive and some isn't. They teach children preventive skills like "saying 'No'" and "telling someone big enough to help."

A videotape of "Little Bear" was produced for national distribution. Both the recognition and the royalty income will help ensure Bridgework's future.

Bridgework, now in its fifth year, is a non-profit organization formed as a vehicle for community education on social problems. Its founders were a group from Goshen College and the community, many of whom had used



theater in worship and had seen how effective it could be in that setting.

Like "Little Bear," many of the plays

Bridgework performs are original, written by members of the company. It has produced and performed plays on prejudice, peer pressure and conflict resolution, among other issues. "Little Bear" is the first to be distributed nationally.

About 75% of Bridgework's support comes through royalties, products (such as videotapes, coloring books and workbooks) and an occasional government grant. There are also about 75 "supporting members" of Bridgework.

Today Bridgework has a three-person administrative staff and hires 10-12 actors and technicians part-time for live performances. Bridgework goes on tour periodically in the Great Lakes region. Yost reported the company gave around 125 performances this year, and he expects the number to be close to 140 next year.

Probably half the people involved in Bridgework, from supporting members through actors, are Mennonite, including the cast of "Little Bear" — Yost, Dave Kortemeier, Kate Schertz Kortemeier and Julie King Keim. □

# On the Boundary

by David W. Augsburger



A Hindu priest, who daily sacrifices to Shiva, talks freely of reading the New Testament and finding his pattern for living in the teachings of Jesus.

"Why, if you follow the way of Christ in your thinking and living, do you remain as a priest in a Hindu temple?"

(The answer is easy to anticipate. The syncretism of Hinduism allows one to add another god to the pantheon of divinities, like another incarnation of Vishnu, perhaps. But my hunch is wrong again.)

"I've decided it is better for my people to have a Hindu priest who lives like a Christian, than one more Christian who lives like a Hindu."

There is constant surprise when living on the boundary. Perhaps that is why you feel most alive at the fault line between cultures, faiths, value-visions. As assumptions get pried up, you stub your toe on old, smoothly-trampled pathways of thought.

Walking on the boundary creates a disequilibrium in thought, a vertigo of world view. But it is a useful unsettledness, a creative rearranging of biases, prejudices, assumptions, that allows you to be surprised by what seemed settled and obvious.

"No Christian can communicate with a Muslim until the Islamic faith is understood so deeply that one is tempted to convert, yet at that moment of decision he or she is still captivated by the uniqueness of Jesus," Kenneth Cragg, the great Christian student of Islam, has often said.

As the vulnerability of being on the boundary triggers anxiety, you back away to the safety of distance. I find I avoid the boundary in automatic, unconscious ways.

First, I compare the worst of the other religion with the best examples of my own faith. I see its abuses in the light of our graces. I reflexively pit the mass murders of the Sikhs in retaliation for Indira Gandhi's assassination against Christian practices of forgiveness. But I must struggle to compare it with the atrocities of Hiroshima, My Lai, Lebanon, Ireland, South Africa to begin the incredible listing of Christian blood-letting.

I note the lack of social concern among Hindus for the people around them in the face of Christian groups who act sacrificially, but I must intentionally compare the many Hindus, who risked their own lives and families to shelter Sikhs in their homes, with the Christians who looked the other way during the holocaust.

I see the lack of compassion for the poor in the teachings of Hindu gurus and compare it with the unconditional love of Mother Teresa. But I do not automatically contrast the Christian lawyers exploiting the tragedy of Bhopal with the capacity to care I have felt in

## Walking on the boundary creates a disequilibrium in thought, a vertigo of world view.

Hindu psychiatrists with whom I have consulted.

From safe inside Christian territory, such comparisons can go unnoticed, but at the boundary, they are transparent.

Second, I contrast the ideal Christianity with the real Islam, Buddhism or Hinduism. I place the internal consistency of Christian theology at its best against the visible contradictions of the popular or folk practices of the other faith.

(I would criticize such argumentation if it were done openly in my thoughts or be embarrassed to hear it done by another, yet I find it in my attitudes, my feelings, my "uh-huh, just what I thought" responses that occur unconsciously.)

I do not want to belittle the other's vision (no humming of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" with its arrogant "Christianity"

as background music), yet I see the other faith's flaws, blemishes, and tragedies of history while clinging to the wisdom and art and beauty of my own tradition. I belittle it by begging the question rather than meeting the other head-on. By hiding in my theology and ethics and stealing long looks at the other's mysticism and practice.

Slowly I become convinced that there is little or no adjacent boundary between our highest theological truths; they lie in very different lands. The most useful metaphor is not that of many paths leading to the top of the same mountain, or the view that all lines converge in one truth at the top. Rather the picture is that of a landing from which many sets of stairs arise in different directions of religious thought and aspiration. In the center of that landing, at the foot of all the stairs, is the cross.

God met us at the one common boundary of all humankind, of all groups and faiths within it. At the point of pain, suffering, struggle, sacrifice, and the living of life in its tragic uncertainties, we touch each other as tender, feeling, hurting humans. The boundary is at the foot of our intellectual philosophical theological stairs. The meeting point is at the place where our abstractions are secondary and the central issue is our experience of the cross.

Where voluntary suffering and sacrifice arise from the love of God and neighbor (as we say), of good and the community member (as the Chinese say), of virtue and the other person (as the Hindu says), we can begin to talk. And there, the uniqueness of enemy-love, as Jesus taught it, can be most clearly seen and richly shared.

(Even here I have chosen the cross as the common landing for all stairs. My faith-bias is always there. To know it and be able to test it with another is to feel the reality of the boundary.) □

*David Augsburger is a professor in counseling, conflict and conciliation at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, currently on a teaching and study sabbatical in Asia.*



# Are Artists the New Priests?

by Julia Spicher



I doubt it. No artist I know would claim to be a priest, unless they actually were. I can't even think of any in this century who would claim the title metaphorically. The most pretentious of the lot might make claims at being prophetic. But they are only prophets in the sense that they call people to pay attention — to look again at experience or the world, and to think differently about it. Even these prophets are rare.

Ultimately, modern art is more concerned with questions of how to cover the canvas or how words attach themselves to meaning than it is with saving souls.

Contemporary art has not looked back, either. The days a poet like Milton could write a work entitled *Paradise Lost* are good and gone. After two World Wars and the boom of egg-headed pragmatism, how can artists think of dispensing metaphysical solutions? It's troubling enough to consider the inadequacy of one's medium and the relativity of one's own experience.

And yet people keep asking the question: Are artists the new priests? Tom Wolfe asked it inadvertently in an October 1984 *Harper's* article where he pokes fun at art worship by comparing museums to cathedrals, paintings to icons, and art patrons to medieval nobility eager to buy social (and spiritual) salvation through correct contributions.

The analogy is a tempting one. The PBS specials, sponsored by Exxon or Mobil, are just modern miracle and mystery plays, formerly sponsored by the guilds. Art tours to Europe are, in fact, spiritual pilgrimages. Prints and postcards are the miracle medals, and those Picasso sheets and Mondrian sweaters that were so hot last year, hoods and wimples. So it's fun to draw facile parallels, Tom, but that's not enough. That may be *Harper's* speed, but symptoms do not constitute reasons for sickness.

The reason urban, educated people worship art is quite simple. Art has been acting like religion these days. People expect art to supply answers to the questions they no longer trust religion to answer. Consciousness has taken the place of righteousness in our society. Final goodness is predicated on one's ability to know his or her own self and experience.

Artists are considered to be the best at that kind of knowing, and are the most articulate with their knowledge. This is quite possibly true, but knowledge of experience without a system of understanding is not adequate. To know *what* is not to know *why*.

Madeleine L'Engle, in *Walking on Water*, writes that good art is good religion, but bad art is just bad art. This is to say art at its best is a continuation of the big and first Creation. Art is religion in that it is evidence of creativity in the cosmos. However, art is not an end in itself; art is not God.

Why are we — I include you and myself, with apology — so sure art will answer

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ultimate questions? For one thing, art is cool. A little name-dropping of foreign film titles, or a gallery poster, will buy the social correctness we seek. More realistically, art *does* ask ultimate questions, and the best experiences with art lead to discovery or recognition.

More often, though, art is mysterious. Our domesticated God may seem less mysterious than the holdings at the Guggenheim. And we're all a little intimidated. In 1980, the Hirshhorn Museum did a survey of its visitors. Thirty-six percent said they had come to learn about contemporary art. Thirty-two percent said they came to learn about a particular artist. Thirteen percent came on tours. And only a weak fifteen percent said they were there to enjoy the art. One person interviewed said, "After coming to this museum, I now feel so much better about art

and so much worse about me."

How evil that is.

Generally, it's supposed fine art is created by one human being to communicate with other humans. Ideally, this communication happens without any mediation or interpretation. However, museum curators and critics of all genres have perverted the process by placing themselves between art and its audience. They push the trends; they sell or sink the shows; they tell us what it all means and how the meaning happens. They can be no less decadent than the medieval priests who placed themselves between God and the people. Of course, they too made a handy profit and names for themselves while frightening the faithful into idolatry.

Shortly after the Tom Wolfe article in *Harper's*, Calvin Tomkin wrote in *The New Yorker* about the re-opening of the Museum of Modern Art. Calling the place "the church of modernism," he justly charged that MOMA has become an educational institution for pilgrims who wish to attain artistic enlightenment. "It is perfectly possible," he noted, "to approach art on a level that has nothing to do with education — or with reverence, for that matter — and everything to do with pleasure." Exactly. It is possible, decent even, to react honestly to art without first considering how you should think or feel.

What are we then to do? As children of the Anabaptists, I suggest we take a few cues from our founders and become "Ana-aesthetes." Kick out the corrupt clergy and approach art directly. Search it as diligently as they searched the Scriptures, asking questions. What is it? What do I like or not? What provoked a mind to create this? Is there meaning here for me?

I'm not advocating ignorance. On the contrary, I advocate only honesty, and a turning from the blind following of critics and criticism. Artists concerned with good work do not fret so much over periods or influence or the scene down in SoHo. They paint or write or sing or act. □

*Julia Spicher is a poet and a recent graduate of New York University. This article originally appeared in Menno News, and is reprinted with the permission of the publication and the author.*

# Have Your Young People Seen—

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We were shocked recently when most of the juniors and seniors at a Mennonite high school said they had never seen HAZEL'S PEOPLE. Is it time for you to rent the film again for your church or school?

The film remains a classic. What is the meaning of change? Will springtime ever return? Can a stranger find a "home" among the Mennonites? Does hope fail when others fail?

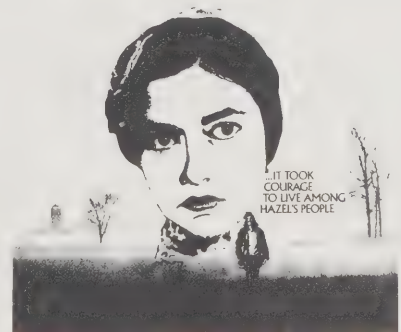
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—Rex Reed

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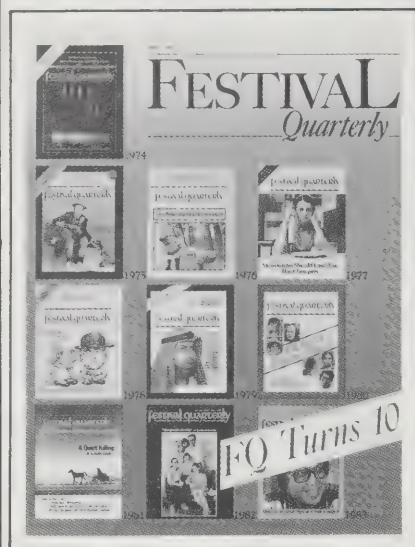


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Mail to "See It Again" Offer, HAZEL'S PEOPLE, The People's Place, Intercourse, PA 17534.



## How to Apply To Receive FQ — Free



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- The Arts Committee of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society recently announced the winners of its first Composer's Competition. Composers were invited to submit either vocal/choral entries with texts based on historic Anabaptist/Mennonite themes, or instrumental music based on traditional Mennonite tunes (in use before 1950).

**Leonard Jacob Enns** of Waterloo, Ontario, won first prize in the vocal category with "Prayer for Peace," while second prize went to "Jubilee Canticle" by **Harris J. Loewen**, formerly of Winnipeg. The winning entry in the instrumental category was "Duo for oboe and piano" by **Leonard Jacob Enns**, which incorporates the tune "So nimm denn meine Haende."

- Vintage Amish quilts and contemporary designer clothing are on display together through September 29 in the **Goshen (Indiana) College Art Gallery**. The exhibit shows how colors from antique Amish quilts are now reflecting, even setting, fashion trends. The Esprit garment company of San Francisco and California clothing designer **Karen Alexander** are the main contributors to the exhibit. **Rebecca Haarer** of Shipshewana, Indiana, is the curator.

- A collection of artifacts representing historic Mennonite communities in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is on display at the **Mennonite Heritage Center**, Souderton, through November 24. "Bucks County Mennonites: Symbols of Their Past" includes such items as 18th-century communion cups from various meetinghouses, 1748 copies of *Martyrs Mirror*, rare birth and baptismal certificates, numerous quilts and coverlets, many pieces of early *fraktur*, several early grandfather clocks and early deeds for meetinghouse lands. A slide show by **John L. Ruth** on Bucks County Mennonites is also available for viewing.

- The **Mennonite Village Museum**, Steinbach, Manitoba, held a festival July 1 to recognize the contribution of Paraguayan Mennonites. Several thousand Mennonites have returned to Canada from Paraguay in the last 15 years, and many are living in Winnipeg and southern Manitoba. Culture, food, exhibitions and history were part of the festival, with a highlight of the day being an interview, chaired by **George Epp**, with Chaco and East Paraguay settlers who went there after World War II.

- The National Endowment for the Humanities has awarded a \$150,000 grant to the **Kauffman Museum**, North Newton, Kansas, to be used for construction of its permanent exhibit. Construction began in July. **Robert Regier**, professor of art at **Bethel College**, designed the exhibit, which was then developed by a planning group.

The exhibit is divided into three theme areas, "Land and Food," "Peoplehood," and "Encounters." Sub-groups of these deal more specifically with such things as prairie, Native Americans, wheat in Kansas (largely a Mennonite story), Mennonite peoplehood (history), homesteading, and Mennonites serving in other cultures.

Museum curator **John Janzen** noted that the display is designed to cater both to those interested in the Mennonite story specifically, and people of the prairie generally.

In addition to the permanent exhibit, work is currently underway to reconstruct a typical Kansas farm in the Russian Mennonite cultural tradition. This exhibit includes a barn, house and windmill, moved from various Mennonite farms and now being restored. Plans are for the barn to be open in time for **Bethel College's "Fall Fest"** in October.

- The April/May issue of *Farm & Ranch Living* featured the three-dimensional wood carving of **Abner Zook**, a Beachy Amish man from Inter-course, Pennsylvania. The two-page spread included six large photos, three in color.

- **Yvonne Dilling**, author of the Christopher Award-winning book *In Search of Refuge* (Herald Press, 1984), was identified as "a woman who makes a difference" by *Today's Christian Woman*. A feature on Dilling appeared in the June issue of the magazine.

- The **Diamond Street Mennonite Church** choir from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, recorded its first album recently in the Mennonite Board of Missions studio in Harrisonburg, Virginia. *All God's Children* contains eight numbers.

- The **Virginia Conference** of the Mennonite Church celebrated its 150th anniversary this spring and summer. Every family in the conference received a 64-page booklet which traces the history of the conference and its expansion into other states — *Enlarging Our Borders*, edited by **Richard Good**. In May, a play written by **Lorna Beth Shantz** and directed by **Dan Shenk** was presented in 20 congregations. *Milk and Honey* tells the story of a family grappling with church-state issues. And at the conference assembly in July, *Discovery — People Creating Community*, previewed. This is an audio-visual presentation developed by **James Fairfield** and **Mike Hostetler**.

- A historical play commissioned by the **Conservative Conference's Historical Committee** to mark the conference's 75th anniversary was presented six times during the conference's annual meeting August 12-16 in Grantsville, Maryland. **Glenn Lehman** wrote the three-act, 90-minute play, entitled *Zamma Kumma* (from the Pennsylvania Dutch phrase meaning "coming together"), and **Laban Miller** directed. A new book, *History of the Conservative Mennonite Conference*, by **Ivan Miller**, was also released during the annual meeting.

- **Goshen College's** communication department is soliciting original plays addressing contemporary peace issues for its 1986 Peace Play Writing Contest. The peace play committee is looking for 15- to 30-minute one-act plays which are previously unpublished and unproduced.

- Three Winnipeg, Manitoba, families, including **Ted and Joanne Klassen**, have developed *The Family Tree*, a game intended to increase family communication by focusing on family stories and events.

- **Goshen College** professor of art **Abner Hershberger** displayed 22 of his prints and paintings at Le Musee d'Art Haitien in Port-au-Prince, Haiti recently. Hershberger was serving as leader of the college's Study-Service Trimester there. ☐

• **Urban Connections**, a new, quarterly, inter-Mennonite newsletter for persons who minister in the city, was launched recently. The newsletter is sponsored by both the Mennonite and General Conference Mennonite churches and has a Chicago-based editorial committee and regional correspondents in Denver, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Toronto, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Winnipeg and Wichita. Robert Weidman is editor.

• The Inter-Mennonite Council on Aging, based in Newton, Kansas, has begun publishing **Pages**, a quarterly newsletter, to provide a medium of exchange between persons and groups with interest in aging issues.

• **The Yellow Creek Mennonites**, written by J. C. Wenger, was released during the 140th anniversary celebration of the Yellow Creek Church near Goshen, Indiana, in July.

• **A Mennonite Tour Map**, listing over 400 congregations, institutions and historical points of interest in southern Ontario, has been published by the Mennonite Bicentennial Commission of Canada. Included are Amish, Brethren in Christ, Mennonite and Missionary Church locations.

• Several Mennonites contributed to the **Evan-gelical Dictionary of Theology** (Baker Book House). Dennis Martin and J. C. Wenger of Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana, and Keith Sprunger, Bethel College professor of history, North Newton, Kansas, each wrote articles. Sprunger also contributed two articles to the **Eerdmans Handbook of Christianity in America**.

• **Der Weg des Friedens — 8. Mai 1945-8. Mai 1948 — 40 Jahre Kriegsende — Mennonitsche Stimmen** (*The Way of Peace — May 8, 1945 - May 8, 1948 — 40 Years After the End of World War II — Mennonite Voices*) was recently released by Agape-Verlag, Mennonite publisher in Weisenheim am Berg, W. Germany. Publication was sponsored by the West German Mennonite Peace Committee. Volker Haury, committee president, who wrote the introduction, hopes that this review of the end of World War II from today's perspective will spark discussion in West German Mennonite churches.

• **Die Chortitzer Mennoniten** is an early German history of the Chortitza Mennonite colony in south Russia. Originally published in 1889, it has been republished and is available from *Die Menno-nitische Post*, Steinbach, Manitoba.

• Volume 15 in the Mennonite Faith Series is **The Church in Mission**, by Wilbert Shenk. Shenk is also editor of **Anabaptism and Mission**, Number 10 in the Missionary Studies Series, which contains essays by C. J. Dyck, John H. Yoder, Hans Kasdorf, Jose Gallardo, Shenk and others. Both volumes are published by Herald Press.

• In a recent special issue of *Christian History*, a quarterly magazine published by the Christian History Institute, Worcester, Pennsylvania, several Mennonite historians reflected on the beginning and spread of Anabaptism. Walter Klaassen of Conrad Grebel College, John Oyer and Nelson Springer of Goshen College, Mennonite Church

archivist Leonard Gross, Grace Showalter of Eastern Mennonite College and J. C. Wenger all contributed — writing or research — to the issue.

• Free-lance photographer Marilyn Peifer Nolt and Jane Hooper Peifer have teamed together to produce three picture storybooks for 3- to 7-year-olds. **Good Thoughts at Bedtime**, **Good Thoughts About Me** and **Good Thoughts About People**, published by Herald Press, are meant to promote positive self-images and relationships with others.

• **Bears for Breakfast**, written by Nan Doerksen, illustrated by Kathy Penner and published by Kindred Press, contains six stories for children, all about a family named Thiessen.

• **Seeds**, a Winnipeg-based magazine begun in 1980, is known as "the Canadian equivalent of *Sojourners*" by its small circle of readers. Editor Les Sawatsky, of Mennonite Brethren background, and his staff have launched major subscription and fund-raising drives this year, hoping to increase that readership.

• Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, now has available a 12-page resource for congregations considering buying an organ. "**Choosing a Church Organ**" by Goshen (Indiana) College professor of music Phil Clemens, originally appeared in the book *Short Hymn-Tune Arrangements for Organ*.

• A new title from Goshen College's Pinchpenny Press is **Common Ground**, 18 personal essays by international students. Randall Miller Jacobs edited the collection.

• Elias Acosta, media director for Menno-Latin Association for Communication, has prepared a **Spanish-language manual** for Hispanic Mennonites interested in learning the principles and techniques of TV production. Copies are available from Mennonite Board of Missions in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

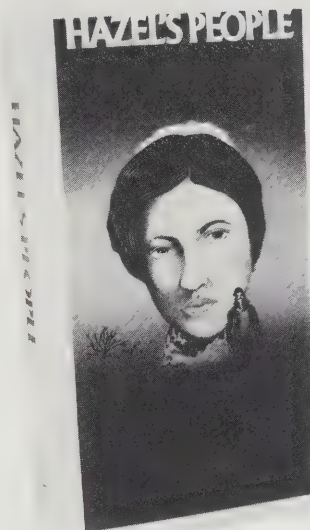
• Veteran Canadian Mennonite evangelist Clarence Ramer has written **God's Unfolding Plan**, published by the Northwest Conference. The book deals with the concept of salvation from the Old through the New Testaments.

• Hans Kasdorf of Mennonite Brethren Biblical Seminary, Fresno, California, authored **It's Sunrise in World Mission**, a booklet giving "a wholistic approach to missions," developed from Scripture, Anabaptist history and the Mennonite Brethren confession of faith.

• **The Life and Thought of Michael Sattler** by C. Arnold Snyder is No. 26 in the Studies in Anabaptist and Mennonite History series (Herald Press). Snyder is also the author of a booklet entitled **The Relevance of Anabaptist Nonviolence for Nicaragua Today**, prepared as the 1983-84 C. Henry Smith Memorial Peace Lecture. The booklet is available from MCC Peace Section.

• Lydia Siemens Ewert, perhaps better known as "Mrs. D. P. Ewert, Hillsboro, Kansas," has published **Lydia's Letters and Messages**, a compilation of her many letters written over a period of 40 years to editors of Mennonite periodicals and to state and national legislators. □

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**And Then There Were Three**, Sara Wenger Shenk. Herald Press, 1985. 224 pages. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Joyce M. Shutt

This book described my own struggles and joys as I've tried to juggle my many roles as wife, mother, student, writer, and person in search of herself. Shenk does this in a way that both opens us to changing roles and patterns, and upholds that which is most sacred and life-giving in our religious heritage.

In spite of her confession that she doesn't break into song over dirty diapers or cleaning house, Shenk still waxes lyrical about the joys of parenting, though in a down-to-earth way that stresses relationships, not roles. Her accounts of her family life and her descriptions of what can and should occur in healthy Christian families can make painful reading for those caught in less "liberated" marriages, however.

This is a book of far more than personal experience. It is a carefully thought out theology of family and home. Shenk documents the kinds of double messages church and society send women that make it harder to function as wives and mothers. For instance, one jarring statistic came from the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, a government publication rating over 22,000 occupations on a skill scale from 1 to 887. Any career relating to the care of young children, including trained nursery school teachers, is listed at 878! (And we wonder why women rebel against staying home with their children!)

This, then, is the context for the feminist movement and the conflict for women, Shenk points out. Women know there is nothing more important than raising our children to be decent, God-discipling persons, but this awareness is affected by our need to be valued as doing something socially worthwhile. Shenk holds out hope in her insistence that women can and should have both career and family if they so choose; that we all (male and

female) must develop all sides of ourselves if we are to be faithful to God, the giver of all gifts.

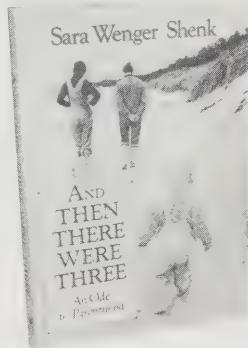
I appreciated her stress on relationships, her sound exegetical work, and her affirmation and insistence that everything flows from a basic love relationship with God. In sharing her own experience, she reminds us women that we cannot find our way by emulating men. We must dance our own dance of heart, soul, mind and body. We dare never deny the nurturing aspect of ourselves if we are to know God.

This is a book for women, and also for men, for it calls on each of us to relate to each other in love and service. Mutuality and interdependence are the true issues of faith, Shenk contends, not submission and authority. And perhaps most important of all, she insists that it is through our intimate relationship with our children that we can discover ourselves and God.

I intend to buy several copies of this book to give as baby gifts. I can't think of a finer gift for either father or mother. Not only does Shenk offer great hope for the nuclear family, she also points the way within our faith heritage to true liberation; the liberation of mutuality and loving relationships between husband and wife, parent and child.

Joyce M. Shutt is pastor of Fairfield (Pennsylvania) Mennonite Church.

**FQ price — \$7.16**  
(Regular price — \$8.95)



**He Came Preaching Peace**, John Howard Yoder. Herald Press, 1985. 152 pages. \$8.95.

Reviewed by Pat Hostetter Martin

This is another Christian Peace Shelf selection. I hoped to find a book that would connect with peace-loving, peace-seeking people in settings such as Vietnam and the Philippines, South Africa and Nicaragua.

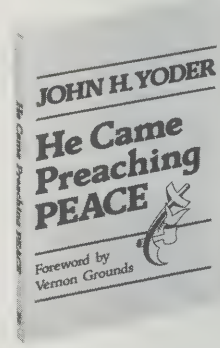
But this collection is intended to strengthen the peace positions and actions of Brethren, Friends and Mennonites — not people in revolutionary settings in the Third World. I did find myself intellectually challenged by Yoder's exegesis of Scripture revealing the God of peace. But my mind kept taking me from these teachings to real life — to actual people who are living and dying examples of the power of weakness.

While living in the Philippines, we requested that the Peace Shelf be sent us. What a disappointment when the 70 pounds of books arrived and few seemed appropriate to share with friends there. The books were heavy with theological language and theoretical arguments — little help for farmers deciding daily how to confront oppressive forces in ways that would affirm the enemy's dignity while maintaining their own.

I kept wishing for contemporary examples to illustrate the powerful message of this book — that "the only way to end the war is to make peace, and for that someone has to die." Those who get closest to hurting humanity understand most clearly the creative power that comes from self-emptying, from vulnerability, from divesting oneself of privilege as did God in Jesus Christ.

Pat Hostetter Martin and her husband, Earl, spent nearly nine years with MCC in Vietnam and the Philippines. They are currently sharing administration of MCC's East Asia programs.

**FQ price — \$7.16**  
(Regular price — \$8.95)



**Who Are the Amish?**, Merle Good. Good Books, 1985. 128 pages. \$15.95, paper; \$24.95, hardback.

Reviewed by E. Morris Sider

Self-styled a gift book, this handsome volume is that and more.

The pictures are many and the text brief. The book does not pretend to replace works such as John Hostetler's. But even for those who know something about the subject, Merle Good offers some helpful insights into Amish life, frequently in images that reflect his background in literature and the arts.

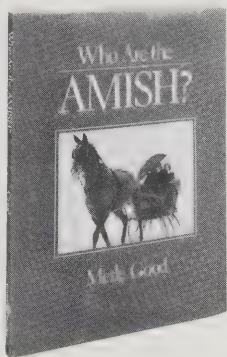
The author's tone is consistently sympathetic. He is always the friend, even when mildly critical. For example, he notes, in defense of the Amish, that growing tobacco creates a year-round activity at which the family works together.

But the photographs are the best part of the book — alone worth its price. All are color, all are graphically pleasing, all excellently support the text. In short, they are superb. "How could so many splendid photographs be taken of such camera-shy people?" the reader wants to ask. Repeating parts of the text in the photo captions seems mildly distracting, but the reader may find that small reservation more personal taste than critical judgment.

This book is a reminder for some of a world, faintly similar, that we have known and lost. The difference between most of us and the Amish is that we are content to enjoy this world in our nostalgia rather than in our practice.

E. Morris Sider, *archivist for the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, is also professor of history and English literature at Messiah and the editor of Brethren in Christ History and Life.*

**FQ price — \$12.76, paper;  
\$19.96, hardback**  
(Regular price — \$15.95, paper;  
\$24.95, hardback)



**Amish Crib Quilts**, Rachel and Kenneth Pellman. Good Books, 1985. 96 pages. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Carla Mast

Here is a collection of Amish crib quilts interwoven with poems and narratives depicting the seasons of life for Amish children.

The interplay of text with photographs illustrates that both Amish children and crib quilts are reflections of their larger counterparts. The pure colors and simple designs of the crib quilts mirror the honest, unpretentious lives portrayed in writings of Amish children.

In the same manner, a similar directness of color and design is evident in the larger quilts, and the quality of the adults' lives is captured in the lives of their children.

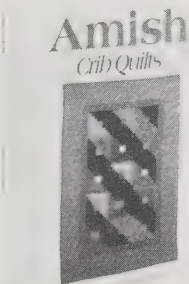
The book illustrates the seasonal changes by successfully placing the quilts throughout based on tonal quality and pattern. Because colors are important in our interpretation of the seasons, we see the progression from spring to winter in all the crib quilts even though they are typically Amish in their overall color range.

The book succeeds in its presentation of an array of crib quilts which are complemented by equally colorful photographs of Amish children. The hand-in-hand approach helps the reader to understand the environment out of which both have grown.

From the background descriptions of quilt-making and the color plates of the crib quilts, to the poems and stories from Amish periodicals, this collection would be appealing to the quilt enthusiast and also the casual observer.

Carla Mast lives in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and manages a local gift shop.

**FQ price — \$12.76**  
(Regular price — \$15.95)



**Mennonite Quilts and Pieces**, Judy Schroeder Tomlinson. Good Books, 1985. 96 pages. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Ethel Ewert Abrahams

After reading only a few pages of **Mennonite Quilts and Pieces**, I found myself slipping into the past. Judy took my hand and opened the door to a world of people I knew — grandmothers, mother and aunts who, in their frugality, converted scraps into works of art. "Waste not, want not" turned bits of used and new scrap fabrics into functional quilts that were a thing of beauty to be shared with and admired by others.

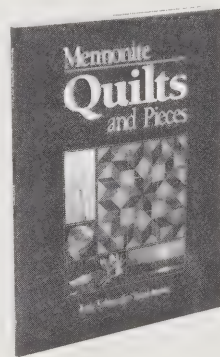
Through the vivid nature scenes and the brilliant color photographs of quilts, I saw the prairie and its people come alive. The author unraveled the experiences of the Amish and Mennonite women and their families through joys and sorrows.

Quilts are people; they tell a story of rugged pioneers. "A quilt is time suspended. Friends and family who signed a friendship quilt are still all together, alive in warm friendship."

"A quilt is an 'Oh yahmer' when you see how much work has gone into the making and stitching of such a marvelous gift of love.... A quilt is a reminder of our ancestors who, because of their faith in God's guidance, had courage to strike out for new lands without knowing what awaited them." I invite you to take this delightful journey into Mennonite quilts and pieces of their past.

Ethel Ewert Abrahams, Hillsboro, Kansas, is an artist and author of numerous articles on Prussian-Russian Mennonite fraktur as well as the book *Frakturmalen und Schoenschreiben*.

**FQ price — \$12.76**  
(Regular price — \$15.95)





**Stumbling Heavenward: The Extraordinary Life of an Ordinary Man**, Urie A. Bender. Hyperion Press, 1984. 304 pages. \$12.95.

Reviewed by Reg Toews

"There's an old leather hat on the Rempel farm. Most of the time, when he's outside, it's on Peter's head. Sometimes it's being thrown at a cow, or stomped underfoot in the corral, or used to beat a stubborn calf around the ears. But most of the time, it's on Peter's head."

This old hat is an appropriate symbol for a complex man. Peter Rempel, immigrant from Russia as a baby, has been a cowboy, bus driver, bear wrestler, student, farmer and preacher. His daring exploits, physical strength, aggressiveness and determination make him a legend. In some ways he is the archetypal Russian Mennonite.

The book traces Peter's life from babyhood, but gives most coverage to the fulfillment of Peter's dream for Youth Orientation

Units, a home and counseling center for drug and alcohol abusers and boys in trouble with the law. Against tremendous odds, Peter established this program in rural Alberta and with his caring, no-nonsense approach gave new hope to young men who had never experienced discipline or love. Here, vividly portrayed, is a passionate, contradictory man, successfully working with street-wise youth while having difficulty with family, fellow church members and church leaders.

**Stumbling Heavenward** is also encouraging because of its honest depiction of the life of faith for Peter (and most of us) — seldom a straight line always leading upward.

The author has written forthrightly and sensitively. To know more is not to love Peter less.

*Reg Toews, Akron, Pennsylvania, is employed by Mennonite Central Committee.*

**FQ price — \$10.36**  
(Regular price — \$12.95)

**The God of Sarah, Rebekah and Rachel**, Barbara Keener Shenk. Herald Press, 1985. 136 pages. \$19.95.

Reviewed by Wilfred Martens

To write one good sonnet is a challenge. To write more than 90, all unified by biblical themes, is a remarkable accomplishment.

**The God of Sarah...** is a collection of sonnets in which the women of the Bible speak. Some are familiar — Eve, Ruth, Esther; others are unfamiliar — Achsah, Rizpah, Gomer. Each poem is accompanied by a corresponding Scripture, making the reading interesting and practical.

The traditional sonnet is a demanding form: each of the 14 iambic pentameter lines

must flow smoothly and naturally. The rhyme follows a prescribed pattern. Shenk consistently favors the English form: four quatrains with a concluding couplet.

A potential problem with using the same form throughout is the similarity of voice for all persons, even though they are as different and varied as "hyacinths and biscuits" (Carl Sandburg). A few sonnets suffer from this problem. On the whole, however, Shenk overcomes this weakness with her creative use of diction and syntax. Most of the women speak with a personal voice, a unique expression.

A wide range of emotions are represented: bitterness, anger, resentment, self-pity, worry. And a variety of poignant situations are reflected: the realization that carelessness has crippled a child; a natural mother giving up her child to another woman; a mother watching for her son to return from war.

The sonnets are interesting and challenging. The collection is a well-written contribution to literature, particularly Mennonite poetry.

*Wilfred Martens teaches English at Fresno (California) Pacific College.*

**FQ price — \$15.96**  
(Regular price — \$19.95)

**Through Deep Waters**, David L. Wagler. Titus Wagler, 1985. 235 pages. \$7.50.

Reviewed by Roger Wyse

**Through Deep Waters** is an Amish father's true story of the tragic diving accident which left his son, Titus, paralyzed for life.

The story takes you up through the pond waters to Titus' rescue, but also into "deeper waters" as Titus, his faithful girlfriend Ruth, and his family try to accept and cope with the shock of reality that slowly sinks in — Titus will remain a quadriplegic. The reader is taken through the trials of total hospitalization care and costs, rehabilitation, and the hurts that are still present today.

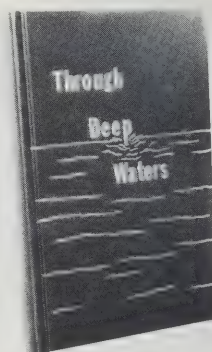
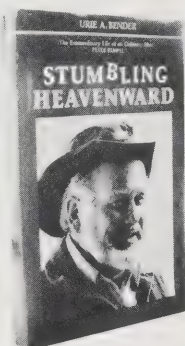
Although the story is about a tragic accident, it carries a positive note as Titus, Ruth and the family come to grips with what happened and look forward. The supportive Amish communities and prayers — even the "English" prayers and compassionate acts — are acknowledged.

Ensuing chapters deal with Titus' returning strength and recurring setbacks, about his marriage to Ruth, their new home, and the "businesses" that provide him with challenges and keep him productive.

I recommend David Wagler's book. It contains anguish and love, and bits of humor interspersed with Amish sermonettes and beliefs. The writer meanders a bit, but overall is successful in his purpose for writing the book. It is gripping in its suspense and human drama — a tale that has touched and will touch the lives of many people.

*Roger Wyse is elementary principal of Davis County Community Schools, Bloomfield, Iowa.*

**FQ Price — \$6.75**  
(Regular price — \$7.50)



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## Acceptance with Joy

by Jewel Showalter



I once heard parents who had adopted a four-year-old after having two of their own say, "We wanted another child, but didn't want to have to go through diapers and sleepless nights again . . ."

We all have things we don't like. Each stage of parenting has its joys and inconveniences. Who of us hasn't said, "Oh I just can't wait until he sleeps through the night, is weaned, starts to talk, cuts that tooth, is potty trained, goes off to school, stops wetting his bed, learns to read, keeps his room tidy?"

I was moved by a conversation in a home where we had Sunday dinner years ago. The family had several children in college and

I can't say I really enjoyed those early parenting years. And neither can I say I'm really enjoying now the early stages of language learning in a new country — the daily humiliation of needing to talk haltingly if fluency is ever going to come. But I need to laugh at my mistakes, move with mirth through this stage, knowing it won't last forever.

Just this week I asked the druggist for *kekik* (oregano) shampoo instead of *kepek* (dandruff) shampoo.

When a group of visiting teacher friends told me I look Turkish or Mexican and asked me about my ancestry, I proceeded to tell

Can we raise responsible adults  
without mopping up spills  
with uncomplaining relish,  
playing chess when we'd rather read?

high school. I enviously eyed her freedom as she served a lovely meal.

"So are you enjoying this stage of your family more than the one we're in?" I laughed as I tried to diaper a squirming infant.

Instantly I saw the pain in her eyes. "No, I can't say I am. At least when they were little and underfoot I always knew where they were and what they were doing. One day they emptied popcorn all over the living room and called me to look at the manna! Now our daughter in university is involved in things I never thought a daughter of mine . . ."

This week our oldest son turned 14 and this month I've babysat a 19-month-old whose mother is preoccupied with the care of a new baby.

I've so much been enjoying our children's increasing independence.

Chad: "Mom, is it O.K. if we go to the pool and then play basketball in the park?"

Rhoda: "I've invited some friends over for a party Saturday afternoon. Can we make pizza? I'll bake cupcakes."

Matthew: "Mom, we organized a picnic in the park. I'm supposed to bring the drink, and don't we have an old plastic tablecloth?"

But then I'd almost forgotten the thrill of cuddling a child, the whole-hearted hug of tiny plump arms.

How I'm learning — and wish I'd learned earlier — to savor each moment. To welcome those cozy snow-bound evenings with hot chocolate and popcorn without pining for spring. To know that after messy diapers, potty training surely will come.

them our horses (*atlarimiz*) came from Germany. (*Atalarimiz* means ancestors.)

Then I told the optometrist he'd probably see us again soon because three people in our family wear *gomlek* (shirts) instead of *gozluk*, (glasses).

But can we learn to talk without making mistakes, to ride a horse without falling off, to swim without getting wet? Can we raise responsible adults without mopping up spills with uncomplaining relish, playing chess when we'd rather read?

The children will grow up whether or not we read them stories. The teeth will come in whether or not we have the grace to spring from bed with joy at 2 a.m. for a comforting drink and rock.

But I wager that the more we're able to pass through each stage, each cycle with joy — learning "the secret of being content in any and every situation" — the better people, parents, we'll be.

Just as freezing temperatures are necessary for the frenzy of pink peach blossoms, enjoying our children fully through each "ugly duckling" stage makes the bond of mature adult friendship with them more probable.

And the lessons of parenthood — servanthood with joy, unselfishness, giving up what we thought were personal rights and goals for the good of others — if we learn them well, make the bond of friendship with our Father stronger. □

*Jewel Showalter, her husband Richard, and three children are currently teaching and studying in Turkey.*



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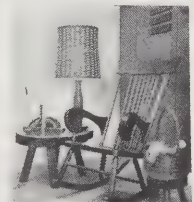
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# Pegleg and Vomity Bill

by Peter J. Dyck

Pegleg was not a vicious pirate and Vomity Bill was not his sea-sick sailor. But my adventures with the two lads did take me across the seas to a distant land where people were in a great deal of trouble. Somebody thought I could help them.

The sun had just risen on the nickel-mining city of Sudbury, Ontario that bright spring morning in 1941, when I noticed a telegram had been slipped under my door. Would I go to England to help war victims? If I was interested, I should meet C. F. Klassen at the railroad station Thursday night.

Trains don't usually wait until a young man has finished asking all his questions about bombs dropping on England, what could he do to help victims, how would he get there, how long would he stay, who else was going, when would he need to start. But when the whistle blew, I already knew in my heart what the answer would be. When I had been a boy of six and hungry in Russia, Mennonite Central Committee had sent food that had kept me and thousands like me alive. It was the same MCC that now asked me to go to England. How could I say no?

So there I was in the famous MCC headquarters at Akron, Pennsylvania. What a disappointment. For an organization that had existed for 20 years, that had sent massive quantities of food and other relief supplies to starving people in Russia, that had all the major Mennonite conferences backing it, that dealt with governments in Washington, Ottawa, London and Moscow, that now wanted to do something about helping war victims in England — for an organization like that to have an office in a bedroom of a family home, to have a secretary who had to bring her own typewriter when she volunteered for the job, and to have a staff who spoke no foreign languages seemed incredible to me.

My orientation at MCC headquarters was brief and vague. "Oh, you will soon know what to do when you get there. . . . Bombs are dropping on the cities and many people need help. . . . John Coffman from Vineland, Ontario is there already and so there will be two of you. . . ." How would I get there? was one of my obvious questions, since there was a war on and overseas travel for civilians was restricted or nearly impossible. "Try leaving from New York," was the profound answer.

I did. Was it a month that I stayed at the YMCA? I don't remember exactly, but every day I tried to find a ship that would take me to England. The answer was always the same — no travel for civilians across the submarine-infested Atlantic. There's a war on.

But one day I did sail. My departure was like a late-night movie. A man from the

Cunard White Star shipping agency visited me at the YMCA and, speaking only in whispers, said they would take me but he wouldn't tell me when nor give me the name of the boat. That was all classified information. Would I be ready when they came for me, any time of the day or night?

And so there I was on the *Kektoria*, sailing for England. Eight days should get me there, I thought, not knowing that years later I would fly across the Atlantic in that many hours. I discovered that this was a whaling boat, the "mother ship" of a former Norwegian whaling fleet. The stern was shaped like a giant slide in the park but instead of children

## My departure was like a late-night movie.

sliding down they would haul up the whales during peace-time fishing. Now the vast containers in the center of the ship, that used to be filled with whale oil, were filled with engine oil to fuel the war machine.

There were ships all around us — 20, 30 perhaps 50 or more. We were part of a large convoy taking war supplies to England. No wonder they had whisked me out of my YMCA room under cover of darkness, taken me to a place I had never seen before, put me on a ship whose name I didn't know, and more than once asked the question, "You're sure you didn't communicate with anyone about your leaving?" Of course I hadn't. Neither my family in Saskatchewan nor MCC at Akron knew what had happened to me. All they knew was that I had suddenly disappeared.

In a letter dated July 11, 1941, Ernest Bennett and Orie Miller wrote to John Coffman in London: "We are awaiting now a report from you or from Peter Dyck of his arrival in London. We inquired at the boat company but could get no information as to his whereabouts or on which ship he sailed."

Imagine a vast convoy, an odd collection of ships, keeping proper distance from each other, maintaining formation in pitch darkness, with no lights, not even the glow of a cigarette, permitted on deck, and all ships having to change course every seven or so minutes. We zigged for seven minutes and then zagged for seven minutes in order to confuse the enemy and not give the German submarines lurking in the waters below a chance to aim their torpedos at us.

We got there all in one piece, even though

it took us 27 days. Slowly I was beginning to understand why, when I had asked how I was to get to England, Orie Miller had simply said, "Try leaving from New York."

And now the work began. Cities lay in ruins, people were killed and injured every night, the air raid sirens screamed, and all hell seemed to have broken loose. For a farm boy from Canada this was not only unsettling, it was frightening. My biggest problem was finding suitable handles for helping people, a way of getting meaningfully involved.

One of the projects we started was "Taxel Edge," a home for convalescent boys. We had 20 of them, aged 6 to 16 and staying from one to two months. None of them were bedfast but many had been discharged too early from the overcrowded hospitals and needed convalescent care. Most of them came from poor homes and bad family conditions with father away in the armed forces and mother working in the munitions factory.

But they were typical boys and we loved them all. We asked the new boys to introduce themselves after the first meal and tell us something about themselves. One boy of eight was so shy we could hardly hear his name. For something about himself he told the group his school had been bombed and completely destroyed a few days before he had left Liverpool and came to us. "Thank God for that," he said, as he sat back happy that his little speech was over and that Taxel Edge was not a school.

Keeping the boys occupied was a constant challenge for us. We kept rabbits for their sake, involved them in gardening, required them to help with kitchen and household chores and generally attempted to provide informal learning situations for them.

Going for long daily walks was something they all looked forward to. But not all were well enough or strong enough to participate. There was "Pegleg," for example, with his splinted, stiff leg, and "Vomity Bill" with his recurring spells of nausea and vomiting.

One day when we were at the turn-around point, the farthest away from home, Pegleg, who had begged to be allowed to come along, declared that he absolutely couldn't walk another step. So we hoisted the big 11-year-old onto my shoulders and I carried him home. Farmers in the fields stopped to look, especially when they heard the boys trailing behind shout, "Please sir, stop and wait. Vomity Bill is at it again." □

*Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife Elfrieda are at home in Akron, Pennsylvania.*

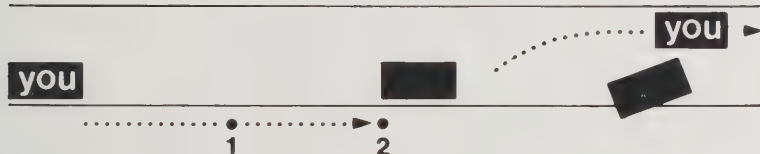
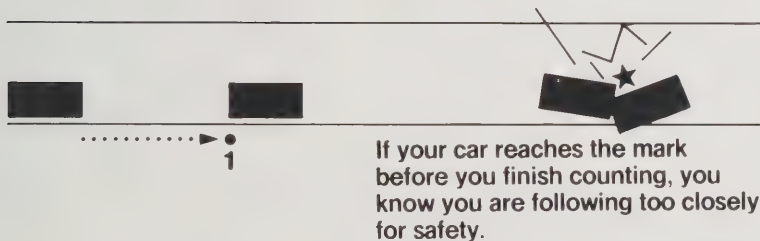
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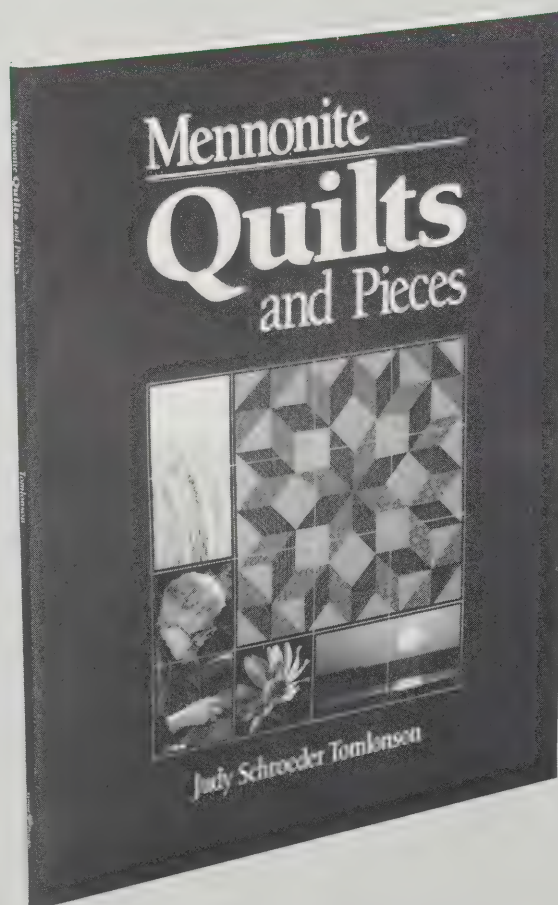
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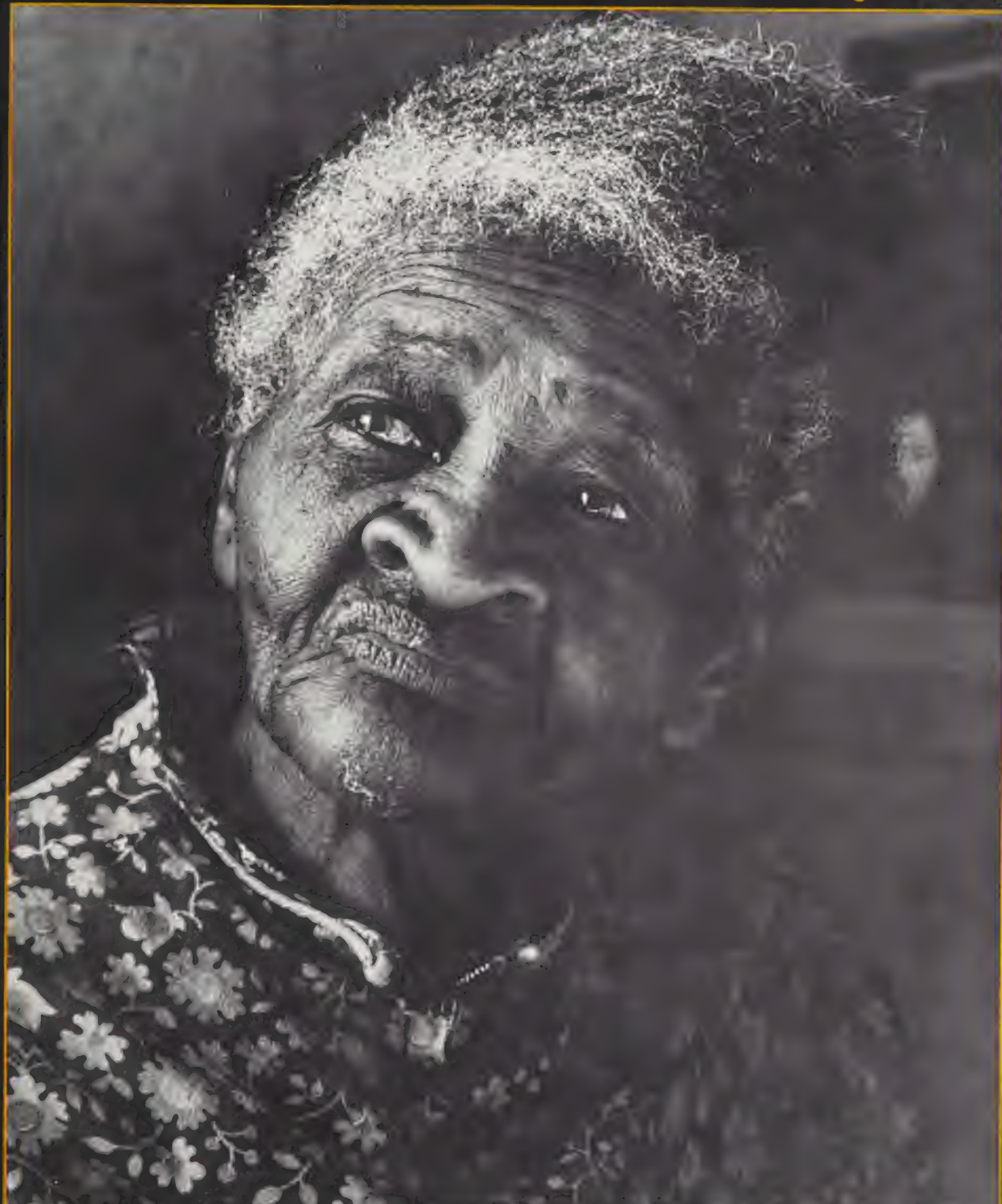
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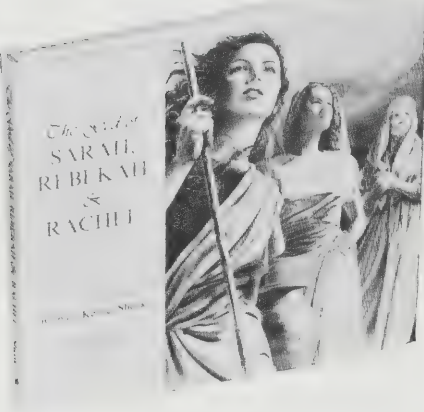


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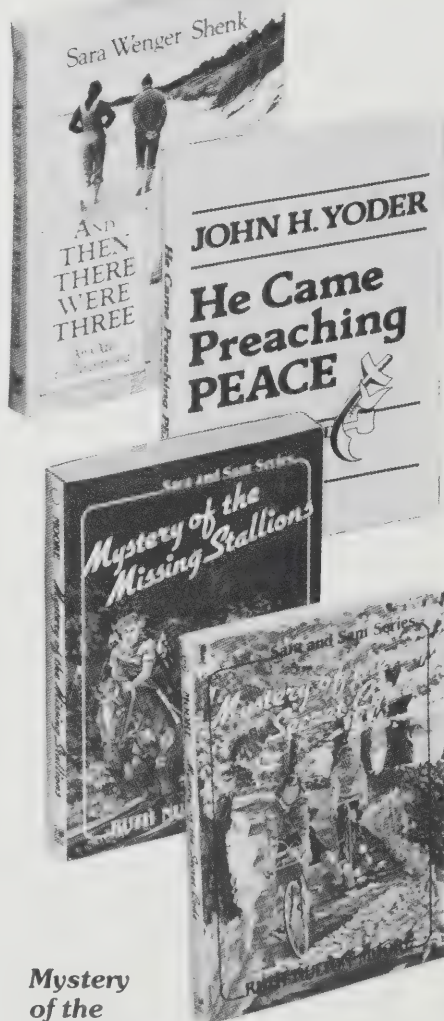
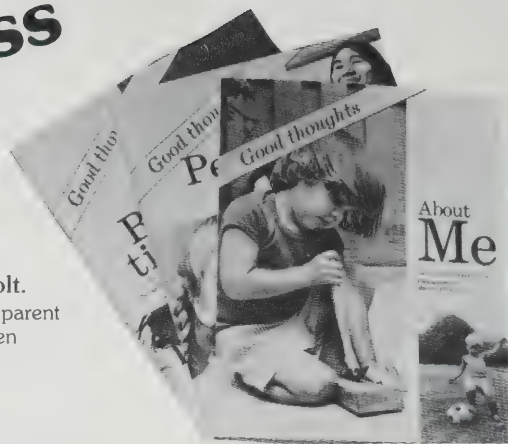
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## Quarterly

On the Cover . . .



David Kreider, now of Harrisonburg, Virginia, is the photographer who shot this year's First Choice photo in **Festival Quarterly's** annual Photo Contest. Kreider grew up in the Middle East and is a full-time artist/photographer. Other contest prize-winners begin on page 19.



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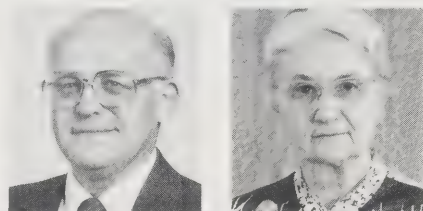


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How I Remember the Mennonite  
Community Vision  
*Guy Franklin Hershberger*

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- To assess the future of Mennonite community life in North America
- To raise an awareness of the importance of community to being human and being Christian
- To study the difficulties and rewards of working at being a community

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# FESTIVAL

## Quarterly

**Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090, ISSN 8750-3530) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith and arts of various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and arts are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good.

## The Nuns and the Amish

The recent release of the movie *Agnes of God* reminded this writer of the film *Witness*.

Artistically, Peter Weir's study of violence against a backdrop of the peace-seeking Amish community is superb. *Witness* will remain a classic for many years.

*Agnes of God* is hardly a classic (although it out-performs its Broadway origins as a play by a good bit). Norman Jewison's study of a young, devout nun who mysteriously gives birth to a baby raises questions which are both fascinating and serious. Add a touch of violence and you have a strangled baby.

Why is such a story interesting? It seems obvious. Millions of persons who have not taken a vow against participation in sexual intercourse are profoundly fascinated by human beings who do take such vows. Many are the stories in novel, drama, and film which include a character who professes abstinence from sex.

These stories take many twists, but the reason for their popularity lies in the sense of wonder on the part of the general public — "I wonder what it would be like to be that kind of human being. Is it a viable alternative to the way I'm living?"

Of course, to study the theme of celibacy without including characters who are active sexually would result in a weak story. The contrast of "the alternative way" against the mainstream approach heightens the drama and delineates the issues.

The same is true with a film about an individual or a group who professes to abstain from violence and revenge. The general public is deeply fascinated — "I wonder what it would be like to be such a person. Is it a possibility for me?"

Likewise, the theme of peace and forgiveness cannot effectively be explored unless it is set against the framework of assumptions accepted by the general public about violence

and revenge. People who deplored the violence in *Witness* missed the artistic and thematic integrity of the story as much as nuns and priests who quarrel with the inclusion of sexually active characters in a piece about sexual abstinence.

One must hurry to point out that the overwhelming majority of the films which include a look at serious abstinence do so in a manner which lacks integrity. There seem to be two general approaches: 1) The flip assumption of most films is that abstinence is for weird, sick para-humans; or 2) humans who are healthy will, in the course of the story, come to their senses and realize that abstinence is both weak and impractical (i.e., the priest marries, the Quaker pulls a pistol).

Mennonites traditionally have joked about other human beings who profess to abstain from sex, but we're hypersensitive about other people joking about the possibilities of abstaining from violence.

One way in which *Agnes of God* excelled over *Witness*, perhaps, was the inclusion of an "Ex." Jane Fonda's performance as the ex-Catholic "scientist" helped to sharpen the issues. Might the same be true of ex-Mennonites and ex-Amish when the peace violence theme is dramatized?

So what's the point? Nothing more than to observe the obvious — those humans who choose an "alternative way" from the main stream of things, on whatever issue (but especially on sex and violence), will be found to be both fascinating and a mite troubling to the general populace. In any age. In any culture.

And this writer believes that storytellers in every time and place will continue to include such "abstainers" in many of their stories, in whatever form. And rightly so. It's a pity so few storytellers are willing to be serious about the task. —MG



Julia Spicher in her stimulating article "Are Artists the New Priests?" (Summer '85) perpetuates a standard confusion between a viewer's (reader's) response to a work of art and one's interpretation of it. She suggests, as have many before her, that one can and should strive for an honest, direct, and pleasurable response to an art work that is unsullied by mediation of the critics' interpretations. That sort of reaction would be lovely if it were possible, but it is not altogether so.

The fact is that every response, even the most unreflective one, is always already an interpretation. That it is spontaneous does not make it any the less an interpretation, and as such it reflects the viewer's/reader's heritage, prejudices, education, etc., and has consequences. This spontaneous reaction may be pleasurable — one would hope that it is — but it is not necessarily therefore healthy or constructive. In Atlanta right now we are witnessing a challenge to one of the county school libraries by a concerned mother who read a passage from Judy Blume's novel *Deenie* (assigned to her daughter's class by a teacher), decided spontaneously that it is a dirty book, and is demanding its removal. This concerned mother, in fact, according to this morning's newspaper, in a meeting with

opposing parents, commanded them "in the name of Jesus" to leave the school premises. She is convinced that she knows the truth about this novel, in other words, and it is that sort of spontaneous reaction to a work of art, direct and honest though it no doubt is, that worries me.

I suggest that there are levels or stages of encounter with an art work. The initial one is generally spontaneous and unreflective. Most of us, I think, are not content to leave it at that but want to reflect on and talk about the experience. Beyond that, one might want to read or listen to a critic's professional opinion. It is possible to do that without blindly following the critic(s). And it can even be pleasurable.

—Robert Detweiler  
Atlanta, Georgia

Your summer issue was excellent.

Enjoyed many of the articles, especially the "Borders" column by Peter J. Dyck.

Keep writing and informing your readers.

—Jean Bowman

We received the Summer 1985 issue of *Festival Quarterly* shortly after we got our copy of *The God of Sarah, Rebekah and Rachel*. While we were pleased to see Wilfred

Martens' review of the book, we were disappointed that no mention was made of the exquisite artwork of Sibyl Graber Gerig. The finely detailed drawings make a significant contribution to the sonnets of Barbara Keener Shenk, and also stand on their own.

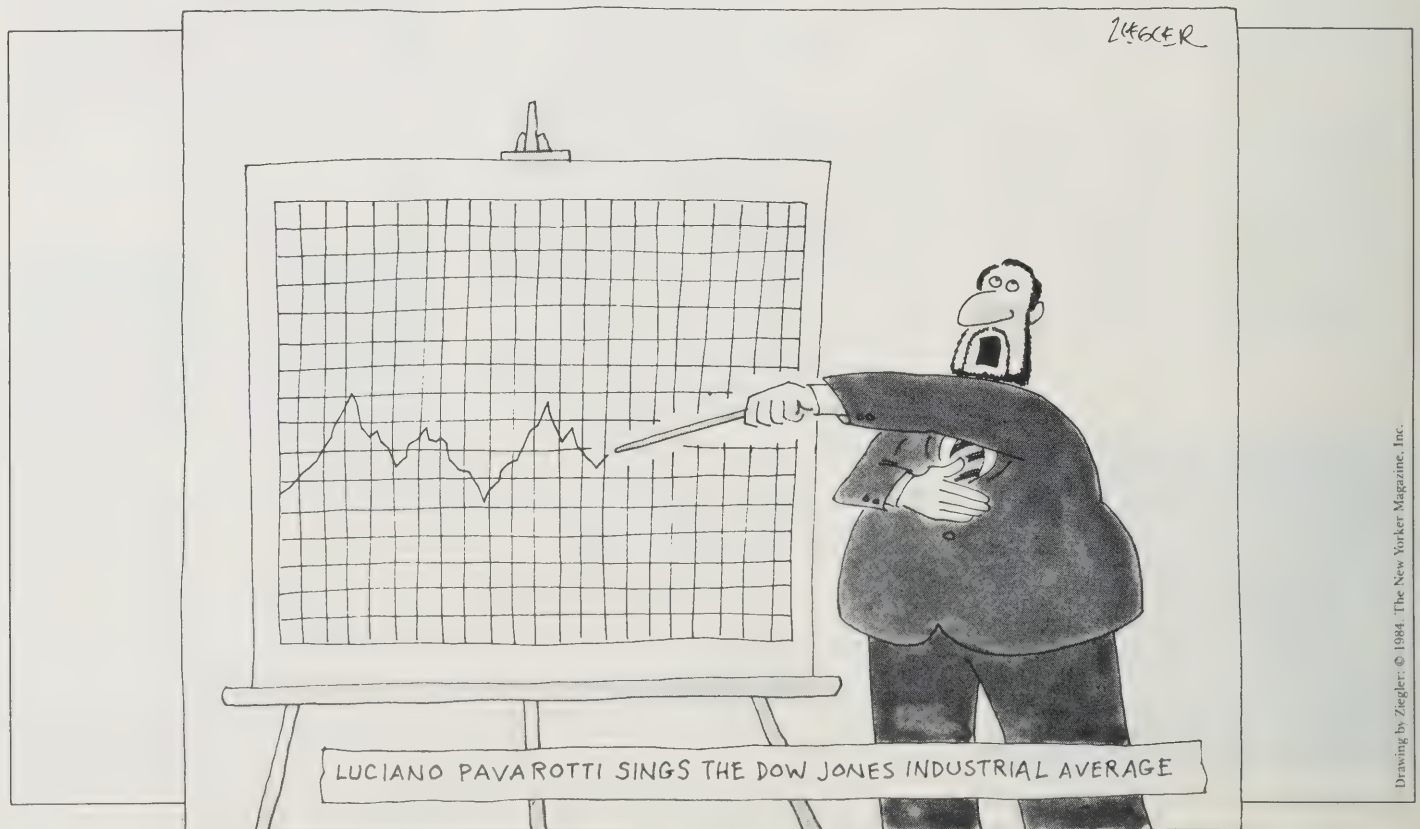
Since *Festival Quarterly* has done such a fine job of advocating Mennonite art, we thought your readers should be aware of this substantial contribution. Thank you.

—Pam and Avery Zook  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

My wife and I just recently returned from two months of volunteer work in East Africa and discovered your renewal offer in our mail. I hope we are still able to take advantage of your offer. We certainly have enjoyed *Festival Quarterly* and yes, we are Muppies.

—Mark Hochstetler  
Indianapolis, Indiana

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to *Festival Quarterly*, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.



# Can Culture Cradle the Faith?



by Paul N. Kraybill

How many Mennonites are here? I heard a whoosh — but from the balcony I couldn't see how many stood. I was sitting in the Moscow Baptist Church, a ten-minute walk from the Kremlin. Filling the benches of that famous old building were the delegates to the 43rd Convention of the Baptist Union.

And in that delegate body were many Mennonites, perhaps 40 or more, who along with a total of 800 delegates and visitors represented the churches spread throughout the sprawling Union that embraces ten time zones.

As I pondered what I saw and felt, I recalled that 30 years ago H. S. Bender, then President of Mennonite World Conference, made his first post-war contacts with Mennonites (Mennonite Brethren) in the USSR. Sensing their precarious future he urged them to join the Baptist Union. Today they number more than 20,000 and are a substantial presence in that body.

I was pleasantly surprised that after 30 years the Mennonite Brethren were so visible, and had not lost their identity. The Union is just that, a union of Baptists, Evangelical Christians, Pentecostals and Mennonites.

Walter Sawatsky





But not all Mennonites in the USSR belong to the Baptist Union. The original group from which the Mennonite Brethren separated 125 years ago is called "*Kirchliche Mennonites*" or Church Mennonites. They suffered intensively, were banished and scattered throughout Siberia and Central Asia. None are left in that idyllic fertile homeland, the Ukraine, where once vast farms, factories and prosperous villages testified to a strong community and a vigorous German heritage.

Slowly, as the Stalinist years receded, these Mennonites began to emerge from the forests and mines to gather in small clusters, often mostly women and children. Was it faith, family or culture that brought them together? They began to meet in homes; later a few prayer houses began to appear and, slowly, at least some of the new congregations found their way to official government registration.

But they were still aliens in a foreign Babylon, hungry for kinship and *Plattdeutsch* community.

For some their faith was real. How else could they cope with the anguish of broken families and years of detention in appalling conditions? But their faith was couched in the familiar cadences of Luther's German Bible. They could speak to their neighbors, even

study in school in the mandatory Russian language. But the comfort of faith, the refuge of prayer and the sustaining spoken words of scripture could never be heard in a language that symbolized suffering and rejection.

Today those who confess their faith in German face a cruel dilemma. Their Mennonite Brethren brothers and sisters have made the transition to the Russian language, in the context of large, vigorous, growing Baptist congregations. But the small, often weak *Kirchliche* congregations struggle to survive.

They persist in using *Plattdeutsch* at home and German in their services. Some of their western relatives see them first as kin, some look critically at their inadequate piety.

They, the almost lost remnant of what has been known to us in the West as the General Conference Mennonites, are indeed in danger of being lost. Emigration to Germany over the last ten years has depleted their membership and leadership. They have no conference or inter-congregational structure. They are isolated and weak; youth are being lost.

They cannot have a union; the question of baptism hinders any urge to join the Baptists.

Should they abandon the heritage that sustained them through suffering? Should they become truly Russian? Can they? Or will the loss of their last tangible remnant of

identity cast them helpless on a hostile society?

This is not the time to point the finger. Was it not their culture that kept the spark of faith alive? Was it not their language that gave them refuge when their world collapsed? Did they not find and nourish their faith in clusters of "related" people?

So now they face the issue. Shall they abandon those things that kept them during the years of suffering? But why not — Russification may now be the key to survival just as they were nurtured and preserved by their old culture in the days of agony. We in the West had as much problem abandoning the German language as they. We did it, with great pain, but we fear they will be lost if they do!

There is no cultural vacuum. The faith is cradled in culture. We in the West, cuddled in our culture, must not resist the full Russification of Mennonites in the USSR. When that happens — the church can once again become a growing vital body, even with, or perhaps because of, its residence in a seemingly alien culture. It lies in the womb of Mother Russia but it is born of the Spirit. □

*Paul N. Kraybill is Executive Secretary of Mennonite World Conference.*



# Can Culture Cradle the Faith?

## Three Responses

### Sharing Experiences, Challenging Faithfulness

by Walter Sawatsky

Faith expression is always cultural because language, thought patterns, and group behavior are culturally shaped. Yet faith is also always expressed transculturally. Much of the complexity of mission and evangelism emerges from needing to find an approximation of my faith experience to which I can invite another person from his life experience to participate.

I have found a simple sociological observation helpful: A free church (or a sect, in sociological terms) usually emerges with an emphasis on nonconformity to the surrounding religious culture and by persuading like-minded people to join voluntarily. For this group to survive with dynamism beyond the first generation, it needs to be able to hold the emphases on nonconformity and voluntarism in creative tension. To put it another way, a healthy free church must be both disciplined and missionary.

Applying this to the Russian Mennonite story, one notes that after 1929, when the Russian Mennonites lost major elements of nonconformist uniqueness (nonresistance, the oath, and isolated colony life), surrogate systems of group maintenance came into play. These were the Low German dialect and a strong sense of family loyalty. Even these were put under severe pressure when Mennonites were scattered all over northern and eastern Russia and Siberia and central Asia. Secondly, the program of Russification forced them to read and write in Russian but the unwritten dialect of the home, Low German, could not be legislated away.

Those Mennonites that joined the Baptist Union often learned their first "God-talk" in the Russian language, since the practice of



faith had been eliminated in their family or region. Others who had maintained their faith through the persecutions got registered under the umbrella of the Union. They never really gained equal status with the Baptists but some of them have been able to be influential in a special way because the vestiges of their Mennonite uniqueness were still operable.

*Kirchliche* Mennonites were unable to get under the umbrella because they did not practice the immersion form of baptism. Therefore, as their fellowship groups re-emerged, language uniqueness became an intense force of cohesion. But it also made missionary outreach impossible. (Those that wished to remain independently Mennonite Brethren have had a similar experience.)

They are the groups that have asked me the most difficult missionary questions. How can

we reach out to the lost about us? Is it authentic to advise new converts to go to the nearby Russian-speaking Baptist church? Won't we lose our cohesion if we adopt the Russian language?

My sense is that there is still enough memory of uniqueness, of family cohesion, that even if they adopt Russian as the language of faith, they will never become fully Russian but always remain a bit of counter-cultural leaven. Mennonites in North America and Brazil who have become part of their new language culture have retained a self-identity, but have opened themselves to the constant tension of reexamining their own values and the values that impinge from outside.

We from the West help the least by telling them what they should do — we should rather share with them our experiences in mission and nonconformity, and the values of the Anabaptists. Surely that requires a readiness to allow them to challenge us to faithfulness in our practice of faith.

We will help them by understanding the role that Low German has played in preserving a sense of nonconformity. We also help by learning to communicate with Soviet Mennonites in Russian, knowing that Anabaptist theology can also be an attractive challenge to Russians, an increasing number of whom have become seekers for authentic meaning and faith.

*Walter Sawatsky is former Europe secretary for MCC, and the author of Soviet Evangelical Since World War I (Herald Press, 1981). He is spending this year as scholar/writer in residence at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.*

### Their Place in the Kingdom

by Anita Lichti

Ten years ago: A 50-year-old Mennonite woman, just recently immigrated to Germany from Russia, answers almost impatiently to a series of my probing questions. "How," she rhetorically asks, "do you think we could have survived as Mennonite people and proven to those around us that we are different, if we had not held onto our German language, our traditional songs and customs?"

Now, ten years later: This woman's now 30-year-old daughter tells me, "I can see

Mennonites and Baptists in Russia amalgamating into a larger, active body. There would probably be more Christ-like life in some Mennonite congregations if they were bigger, stronger. I wish we could do the same here in Germany."

The issue that Paul Kraybill raises is indeed a demanding one. Safely ensconced in our Western Mennonite culture, we tend to give advice and offer solutions too easily, thereby implying that all is not as we think it should be. I often discover myself in just this

role. But do infrequent visits to our faith-kin in Russia, with all the limitations which are thereby imposed on us, both by government officials and by hosts, give us a permit to urge changes on them?

When around 1920 Lenin released the Russian Baptists from prisons where they had been put by the last Czar, they received the "freedom" to form registered churches. Later, around 1957, when Mennonites and Lutherans slowly emerged from banishment, they looked for spiritual homes. Unregistered



house-worship groups were forbidden, so many of these anguished, hungry people found spiritual refuge in the growing Baptist congregations, if their form of baptism and the use of the Russian language paved the way for this entry. Most Baptists welcomed the Mennonite newcomers with open arms. "These are our faith-kin," they said.

The *Kirchliche* church formed its own congregations. Some registered, some did not. Those who have not registered are indeed smaller and often struggling with issues like tradition vs. growth (particularly from younger people). I can appreciate Paul Kraybill's concern for these groups, but should they be judged as "weak," "isolated," "in danger of being lost" because they prefer to exist as they are? I dare to say they, too, have their place in the Kingdom and we are called to accept their existence in love, trusting their future to God.

Some of the *Kirchliche* congregations did register, and are today large, vigorous autonomous bodies. They are fully accepted by the Baptists; they have much interaction and practice pastoral exchange with the Lutheran and the Baptist churches; they are ex-



periencing astounding growth through their own youth and from other churches, including Catholic, in spite of many members emigrating to Germany. Many hold alternate worship services in Russian and German to

accommodate all members. They have accepted the necessity of reforms, opening the way for new life and growth.

The Mennonite church in Russia surely appreciates our concern and our support. Its members want us to know that they take their faith, their discipleship, their belonging to the Kingdom very seriously (just as much as their traditions). The Mennonite church in West Germany is supporting a group of men and women who are visiting Russian Mennonite churches this fall in order to share fellowship and to worship with sisters and brothers who are trying to maintain their identity as they see fit within a structure so different from what most of us have ever experienced. We must continue to visit them, listen to them and support them, but we must allow them the freedom to develop as they see the Spirit leading them.

*Anita Lichti is an active member of the Mennonite Church and the Intermennon Committee in the Federal Republic of Germany. The mother of two, she served as secretary of the Program Committee of the 11th Assembly of Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France.*

## Resurrecting the Ancestors

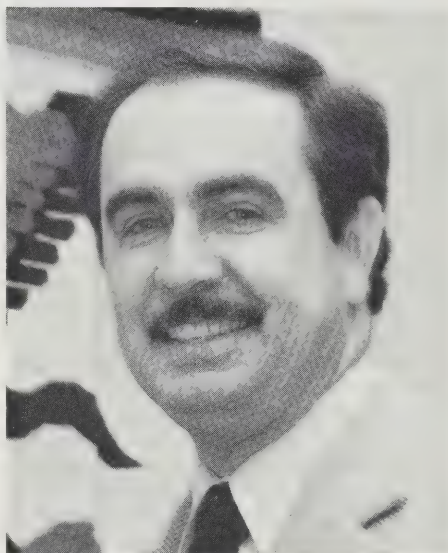
by Jose M. Ortiz

Yes, I must agree with Paul Kraybill. Mennonites living in Russia must Russianize. While in Puerto Rico, I advised Anglo Mennonites to learn Spanish, mix with the ordinary folks, enjoy the "fiesta spirit" of the churches and thus avoid the criticism that the Mennonite communities were serving as "colonies" of the U.S.A.

At the same time, as a Hispanic Mennonite, I am not going to bury my ancestors, discard Spanish nor dispose of my traditions and value system just because "this is America" and "you are now a Mennonite." If I bury my ancestors, someday my grandchildren will ask me to resurrect them in order to tell them who they are.

Mennonites in Russia have been running against the flow of Soviet history for the past century or so. The German language was despised since the Germans were an invader force. Mennonites based community life on biblical terms, while the state's agenda was collectivization of Russian life. Mennonites and other ethnic minorities dreamed of leaving Russia but the closed political system continued to stop the flow of emigration whether into or out of Russia.

The Hispanics in this country are in a different situation than the Mennonites in Russia. As citizens and Mennonites, we have not come to the U.S.A. just lately, as some apparently believe. We have been here since the first Easter season of 1513, when Juan Ponce de Leon discovered Florida (the Pilgrims came in 1620). Spanish is the second most popular language in our school systems and the United States is the fifth largest



Spanish-speaking country. There is an open system of migration of Hispanics to and from the United States. The call these days is to improve English skills but also to learn foreign languages . . . even the Russian language. Hispanics are here to stay, to influence and be influenced as a type of co-existence, thanks to the political milieu.

Mennonites in Russia or any other country must develop certain traits in order to earn the right to stay in a given place. We must begin by first getting rid of the religious folklore that at times is mixed with biblical Christianity. The way Mennonites dressed, worshipped, separated themselves and carried on their romance with the past became a burden

as they shared their faith with non-Mennonites. At times they were confused, or dismissed as "a sect."

A second approach is to express the symbols of faith in terms familiar to the audiences that we want to reach. Luke speaks of Jesus as the "lamb of God," meaning universality; Matthew in terms of the "lion of the tribe of Judah," a Jewish symbol; John in terms of the "logos," a Greek symbol.

A third factor to consider is that the gospel, by its definition, will receive opposition. At times, it will be opposition from the household, the community, or the larger state. Therefore, if at a point a Christian group, whether Mennonites or Pentecostals, is in conflict with the political order and chooses to separate for conscience's sake, some will suffer unto death, others will co-exist. I am willing to live with the decision of the believers in Russia. I pray that in trusting God, we might experience cultural death and that is a painful process.

The apostle Paul was Jewish by birth and education, managed the versatility of the Greek language, capitalized on being a Roman citizen and was transformed by his conversion to Christianity. New Testament Christianity, including Pentecost, is a legacy of an effort to reach and co-exist with others. The Christ-event is God acting or interrupting the flow of history from above but also becoming a part of history. He will finally judge history and all cultures. □

*Jose M. Ortiz, Elkhart, Indiana, is on the faculty of Goshen (Indiana) College.*



# Choosing My Own History:

## Conrad Grebel or Paul Revere



Jan Gleysteen



Blaise Davi



by J. Denny Weaver

Twice in the last year I have walked narrow streets in less than the “best part of town.” Both times I came suddenly upon my destination — a historically significant old house — located on my left hand as I entered a triangular plaza through one of its points.

In Zurich, Switzerland I stood beside the

family home of Conrad Grebel. In Boston, Massachusetts my eyes rested on the house of Paul Revere. The physical surroundings gave me a sense of *deja vu*. There were parallels and contrasts between the two, but what these two houses showed me clearly was the choice I had made about my own historical identity

and, in the end, my ultimate identity.

### The Stories

Conrad Grebel and Paul Revere symbolize two stories. Grebel represents the beginning of the Anabaptist/Mennonite story which provides my religious identity. Revere be-



longs to the origins of the United States of America, the country of which I am a citizen.

Each story involves a bit of mythology. In spite of the attention paid to Conrad Grebel by past Mennonite historians, he should not be identified as the founder of the Mennonite church. While he eventually became a leading figure in the circle of radical Zwinglian Bible readers in Zurich which produced some of the first Anabaptists in the city, other men had more significant roles than Grebel early in the radical movement. Grebel did experience troubled times as a university student. Some of his defiance of Zwingli and the Zurich authorities, however, may have been as much a rebellion against authority figures as it was an heroic intent to obey the Bible. In any case, Grebel was dead several years before the origin of Anabaptism in the Netherlands. That movement began from impulses, largely independent of the Swiss Brethren, and it eventually produced Menno Simons.

Revere's ride benefited greatly from its partly fictitious recounting in Henry W. Longfellow's famous poem. The ride accomplished little in the grand scheme of things. Revere did not actually complete his intended itinerary and, in fact, was stopped by the British and turned back. Furthermore, the revolutionary cause did not originally enjoy overwhelming popular support. The best estimates divide the colonial population into three approximately equal groups — one-third supported the rebels, one-third maintained loyalty to Great Britain, and one-third was neutral. Most colonial Mennonites belonged to the latter two groups.

### Claiming "Historical Identity"

The stories represented by Grebel and Revere provide us with an historical identity. During each of my two visits, people were clearly identifying with the stories represented by the houses, remarking, "When we came," and "Our ancestors," and "When our people . . ."

Both these stories have stimulated many people to invest considerable time and effort in understanding and appropriating them. In Indianapolis last March, several hundred scholars discussed "Revisioning America." There were lots of suggestions on recovering the ideals and the good in "our American heritage," so that it might serve as the basis for correcting the ills in contemporary American society. During the summer at Christopher Dock High School, about sixty scholars participated in the fifth conference on the "Mennonite Experience in America," with untold numbers of comments about "understanding ourselves as a people." Both stories have spawned books and periodicals

on all their facets, past and present.

As far as my personal pedigree goes, I can claim both stories. Most or all of my ancestors were descendants of Swiss Anabaptism. I can even chart my direct descendancy from one individual named in the *Martyrs Mirror*. With some historical legitimacy I can also use the term "we" when I talk about the revolutionary and patriotic struggle. My ancestors number among all those Americans who lived in the colonies "freed from British tyranny" by Revere, George Washington and



Jan Gleyssen

others. At least that is what I learned many times over in history and civics classes throughout elementary and high school.

### American or Mennonite?

My American identity is the one strangers automatically attribute to me. I first learned that in most forceful fashion during three years abroad with MCC-TAP and one year as a student in Germany. In the Belgian language school, I quickly learned that I spoke English with an American accent and that my new French had an unshakeable American flavor. Almost never could I conceal my national identity, once I had spoken to someone. In Al-Asnam, Algeria, where I taught English in the town's *lycee* for two years, I was "the American." Nearly every one of the town's thirty or forty thousand people could identify me, and as I walked along the streets I often heard voices refer to "the American." (Of course, other foreigners in

Algeria suffered the same fate. A number of Russian technicians and teachers also lived in Al-Asnam. I enjoyed it when small children on the street sometimes called me "Russian," mistaking me for a Russian colleague of my height and coloring who lived in our apartment building.)

While I can claim both stories, I am comfortable with only one. Inside I am a Mennonite. During my years abroad, whenever I was identified as an American, I always wanted to say, "No, I am a Mennonite."

For one thing, most Mennonites in colonial America did not belong to that third which favored the revolutionary cause. And they had experiences which put them somewhat at odds with the rebels. Because of their stand of nonresistance and their consequent refusal to drill with the militia, colonial Mennonites experienced occasional harassment, and confiscation of some of their property. A number retained a degree of loyalty to the royal government which had given them military exemptions. The revolutionary forces were originally unwilling to grant them that. Thus revolutionary-era Mennonites were not freed from British tyranny, as the mythology I learned in school would have it. So I have some ambivalence about the American story for historical reasons.

### Grebel, Revere and Truth

However, historical problems are not really the most important reasons for my not identifying with Paul Revere's story. What concerns me more is the claim of ultimate reality attached to Revere's story.

Both Grebel's and Revere's stories make a connection to divine reality. One reference point for the American story is the Declaration of Independence, which refers to the "inalienable Rights" given to "all Men" by "their Creator." The United States government, which protects those rights, claims, in effect, to be God's agent in history. And for the sake of those rights it asks men and women to kill and to be killed. In contrast, the Mennonite story, which claims allegiance to the Bible, sees the church as God's agent in history. The church is to make the love and power of Christ visible through a new society which is an alternative to the state. In fact, people in the church may need to face death for the kingdom of God and the cause of Christ. Never should they forsake the way of Jesus by adopting the state's willingness to kill in the name of its cherished principles.

The American nation and the Mennonite church are each fallible, human institutions. Each makes a claim to an individual's undivided loyalty; each offers a vision of the







kingdom of God on earth, and pursues policies that witness to or express that vision. Neither equates itself with the kingdom of God, but each acts as God's agent in history or at least claims some connection between its acts and divine activity and principles. So ultimately, in deciding whether to accept Grebel's or Revere's story, I am deciding whether the focus of God's activity in the world is the nation or the church.

Paul Revere's story is based on a generalized religiosity, a faith in faith which has no use for the particular story of Jesus. This vision claims that justice treats all people — rich and poor, black and white, male and female — exactly alike. It uses military and political power to express trust in God and to ensure survival of the divine heritage. It hates its enemies and applauds those who kill them. Many of the most important heroes come from military ranks while many national holidays commemorate important military events in the nation's history.

Conrad Grebel's story, on the other hand, claims the particular story of Jesus as its beginning point. In this vision, the aim of justice is reconciliation rather than equal punishment. The poor and weak and powerless rate a greater share of available resources because they need them most. Instead of honoring only the powerful, it claims that the servant is the greatest. Enemies are loved. And instead of trusting military might for security, nonviolent members of the kingdom of God trust God for their continuing existence. Peace-makers rather than soldiers are heroes.

Neither the nation nor the church has exactly lived up to the best parts of its vision. Equality for all rings rather hollow when social programs are cut while already bloated Pentagon spending continues to expand, when school lunch programs for poor children are cut at the same time that the subsidy of the three-martini lunch continues for businessmen.

As a church, we still have much to learn about incorporating minorities into our peoplehood, sharing our wealth, and living together as a reconciled people when we disagree on theology and ethics. Obviously, neither the nation nor the church has succeeded fully in living out its vision. That does not change the fact, though, that each institution represents an ultimate reality, and that those realities differ radically. When it comes to reflecting the biblical story, the church's vision of the kingdom of God wins in a "no contest."

In spite of my reluctance, however, I am an American. Language, customs, tools and contemporary knowledge place me precisely in American society. I cannot escape that. However, I deny it as my highest or ultimate

identity, and I refuse to allow it to define my values.

### **Temptation to Claim "American" Identity**

The temptations, I admit, are great. Does the American identity and agenda really frame my values and my outlook, with church occupying the "religious" corner of my life, getting exercised only on Sunday morning? Or does the church shape my outlook, with "American" left over for those



things like language and food and tools?

It is a question of particularity and of choice. I am choosing the particular story from which I will accept guidance and whose values I will allow to shape me. Paul Revere's story is not more general or universal just because it is more widely known and accepted than Conrad Grebel's story. Revere's story and that of the American revolution is just as particular and "un-universal" as that of the Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition.

We cannot escape particularity. However, we can choose which particular historical identity we will allow to define and shape our values and to provide our ultimate meaning. Leaving the Mennonite church does not enable one to move from a particular to a universal identity. Leaving is rather to choose another particular story — whether religious or secular — which one will allow to define one's values and identity.

Whether "ethnic" or "convinced" Mennonites, we all chose a particular identity. Those who remain with the tradition after being born into it, chose to stay and own it rather than to leave, while those who opt to join from outside chose to leave another particular story for this one. These facts of particularity

and of choice should give comfort to the "non-ethnic" Mennonites — it shows that the ethnic Mennonites are there by choice as well. (If they are unable or unwilling to make a place for newcomers, they are simply not aware of their own choice to belong.)

### **An Act of Faith**

Picking the Conrad Grebel story — the Mennonite story — over the Paul Revere story — the American story — is my act of faith. It is a choice which means going against external appearances. In the sixteenth century it meant choosing the side of the hunted rather than the hunters. The American nation today still looks and feels more powerful and more universal than the Mennonite church.

My choice believes Jesus' resurrection was a visible manifestation of God's kingdom already now breaking into the world. We choose to act, despite external appearances, in the faith that God's kingdom has begun in the world. And, despite external appearances, we are confident that God will act again to preserve his people, even if that intervention may be the future resurrection at the end of time.

The choice of the church over the nation as God's agent in history is faith that the Anabaptist tradition is in line with the story of Jesus, the New Testament, and the early church. Jesus confronted evil nonviolently. He gathered disciples to begin a new society as an alternative to any of the existing options. These disciples answered his call and followed him, and his teaching and example became the norm for the early church. The Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition attempts to do likewise.

The Mennonite church is not the only church which tries to reflect the New Testament. It is, however, one particular manifestation of that tradition. Other particular groups — Quakers, the Brethren, some modern Catholics, to name a few — have a similar orientation. Together these are often called the Believer's Church tradition.

I chose to accept that tradition, specifically the Anabaptist-Mennonite version of it, as the story from which I take my primary identity. When I stood beside the house of Paul Revere and thought about the house of Conrad Grebel located on another triangular plaza, it was for me indeed a religious experience, a reaffirmation of the particular story which I choose as my own.

*J. Denny Weaver is professor of religion at Bluffton (Ohio) College, where he teaches Mennonite history and thought. He has been widely published on matters of Anabaptist and Mennonite history.*



# Africa Wins Again

by Z. Marwa Kisare

*Editor's Note: Z. Marwa Kisare first met American Mennonite missionaries 51 years ago. Here is his African point-of-view of their activities in his world.*



We are sorry if a missionary  
is frustrated because we cannot  
change the things that cut  
his tether rope so short.

Our hands are tied.  
We cannot make Africa  
to be like America.

We Africans have a phrase, "kwa ubavu," meaning literally "by your ribs." The English phrase, "muscle your way through," would closely express the meaning of our saying. Of course the missionary never wins in his struggle against Africa. So they also coined a phrase, "Africa wins again," or just "AWA," to express this defeat.

I am a herdsman. I see missionaries coming to Africa with what a herdsman would describe as a long tether rope. Their rope is so long that they can hardly carry it. A tether rope is what a herdsman uses to tie a goat or cow so they can graze over a certain area. We do not have fences to keep our animals out of people's cultivated fields so we either put a child to watch the animals or we tether them. The resources that the missionary has are his tether rope. He comes with plenty of rope, plenty of resources.

These resources give the people from the West the ability to come here in the first place. Their resources make it possible for them to do their work and for them to enjoy Africa. If you have few resources, which is the case for most Africans, you cannot do very much. You are boxed in. The people from the West not only have money so they can run projects and do things, they also have vehicles so they can travel and they have tools and radios and books.

They are well educated too, so everywhere they turn they understand what is happening, whether it be medicine, religion, development, mechanics — whatever. The missionaries always know what is happening and they get involved. So we see missionaries as people who can go anywhere and they can do anything. This is why I say that they have a long tether rope. Their resources permit them to range far and wide.

But what happens is that Africa keeps cutting off the end of the missionary's tether rope, making it shorter and shorter so that the missionary's sphere of activity becomes quite small. How does this happen?

For one thing, supplies in Africa are scarce so that, even though the missionary may have money, he can't always get the supplies he needs to do his work. Maybe the development officer can't get the right feed for his chickens — so they won't lay eggs. Maybe the doctor can't get the right medicine or doesn't have the right equipment — so the patient doesn't get well. Maybe the builder cannot get cement or nails — so his project stops.

Maybe the mechanic cannot get a spare part — so his LandRover cannot travel. Maybe the teacher has a shortage of books and laboratory equipment — so he cannot fully use his teaching skills. Maybe the vacationer

*continued on page 18*

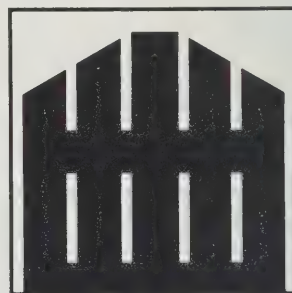
*Mennonite Central Committee*



# These Words Are For You, Grandmother



**I**<sup>i</sup> imagine you sitting on the doorstep,  
your dark braid undone and rippling  
down your back. You are plucking  
melodies from the guitar which  
he made for you, and he is there  
singing along, his arm soft around you  
in the Ukrainian dusk. And now it seems  
that we are both entering the darkening  
house to the pale bed, this bed  
of beginnings and endings, of arms  
encircling and then letting go,  
this bed which you have given me  
by your womb.



**T**<sup>ii</sup> he crude violin, the little organ  
he made of wood scraps and animal bones,  
and your guitar are all silent in the room,  
the strings untouched. His long hand  
slipped from yours after the last embrace,  
after his last gathering of the nine  
young faces around the terrible bed.  
And then the cold light in the room  
and the silence, and heaven so far away.  
The ministers brought shoes for the children,  
flour for your bin. But you were silent,  
your eyes empty, your mouth still.

The photograph tells me that I  
have eyes and hands like yours  
and a mouth with a heavy lower lip.  
Look, I am shaping it for words,  
making sounds for you. I am speaking  
the syllables you couldn't say.  
See my breath is pushing away the cold.

**A** *iii*

fter you hanged yourself  
they buried you outside the gate  
without songs, just a prayer  
in the harsh light. My father,  
ten years old, had found you  
in the barn, your body  
a still dark strip, your face  
swollen and purple. And by that grave  
he could not sing for you;  
he did not speak of you.  
He sealed his mouth with a heavy stone  
and walked away.  
And when he held me in his arms  
he spoke of rivers  
and a black crow against the sky.

Helen of darkness,  
I sing you a song.  
It is like water from a clear stream,  
like a white linen dress.  
I take you down, wash you  
and comb your hair.  
I lay you down beside the man you loved.

**T** *iv*

he small, abandoned graveyard  
lies in tall autumn grass, the markers  
tumbled and covered. Last grasshoppers  
have gone from the nearby stubbled fields  
and a light frost whitens the feathery  
heads of foxtail. I have come  
with my passport, my photograph  
and my name to stand on the unmarked dust  
of your body, and there is no sound  
but the dry leaves stirring in the alders,  
the groaning of roots, and these words  
breathing on a page. □



by Jean Janzen

Artwork by Rodney Harder

*Jean Janzen, Fresno, California, began working seriously as a poet five years ago. When her four children became independent, she completed her Masters degree in English and followed her interest in poetry which she has held since childhood.*

*Reprinted by permission of Jean Janzen from Words for the Silence, published by the Center for Mennonite Brethren Studies, Fresno, California, 1984.*



*"Africa Wins Again,"*  
continued from page 15

can't get fuel — so he must postpone or cancel his trip. Shortage of supplies prevents the missionary from using his skills and keeps him from quickly carrying out his plans. This is one way in which his tether rope is shortened.

No matter how strong or how well trained a missionary is or how many resources he can gather together, he still cannot work without getting help from other people. The missionary has to work with Africans. This is a second way in which Africa shortens his tether rope. The people who work with the missionary are not as well trained as he. They often have less experience. So, many times things go wrong in a project because of the ignorance or inexperience of the missionary's co-workers. Many things go wrong with machinery because the people using the machines are not well trained yet or they are inexperienced. The use of money as a resource in an institution is something few of us have much experience with or training for. So things go wrong and the work slows down, and the missionary often becomes angry.

But it isn't only training and experience that make it difficult for the missionary to work smoothly with his co-workers. Africa is different in many ways from the West. We do not have the same sense of time that people from an industrial country have. We do not think like a Westerner in terms of cause and effect. When we look for causes to problems, we think in terms of relationships. We look for spiritual causes. But the Westerner looks mostly for physical causes.

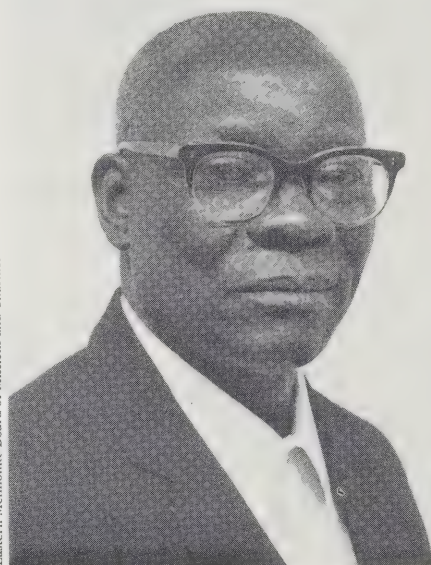
When a missionary becomes frustrated and angry because something was done wrong, because of a physical mistake, he often increases the emotional tension which we see as the cause in the first place for things having gone wrong. So this is a dilemma in the missionary's work, and it is one of the things which slows him down; his sphere of activity becomes smaller just because the human context here is different from what it was where the missionary came from.

Another frustrating thing for people from the West is that for us homes are public places. The more people we have around, the better we feel. But people from the West like their homes private. We keep our front door standing open. The missionary often keeps his door closed. People sitting around in his house, people coming and going frustrate him.

Those resources that a missionary brings with him combined with his need for privacy are yet another cause for his tether rope to be shortened. This is a strange reason because his resources are what give him such a big space to graze in. Yet this very thing also

restricts and frustrates him. So many people go to the missionary for help for so many reasons. People go to the missionary for such things as transportation, sugar, medicine, photographs, money, clothing, tools, help in filling forms, and so on.

In some ways these requests make the missionary feel important and useful. But they also make him weary because all these things take him away from what he sees as his real work. He begins to feel that he is taken advantage of, especially when he is busy and tired. So he tries to find ways to keep people



Z. Marwa Kisare

away from his door. He plans his trips without telling anyone. He may buy a fierce dog. This causes a tension between the missionary and the community. People begin to think that the missionary doesn't like them. All this makes his work go less smoothly. He finds his tether rope shortened.

But there is yet another problem, probably the greatest problem. In the West, where the missionary comes from, everyone is free to do as he likes. There are certain impersonal rules which you must follow, but otherwise everyone is free to do his work as he pleases, according to his skills and resources.

But in African society everyone has a place in relation to everyone else. For example, the only way a missionary can live in Africa is if the church has applied to the government for a work permit. The government knows that the church official who signed the work permit application is responsible for what the missionary does. So wherever a missionary works and lives, there are people responsible for him. If he doesn't know this, then his

work cannot go well.

A missionary who does not know who is responsible for him and to whom he should be responsible will begin to listen to anyone's gossip, *maseng'enyoo*. Consequently, he will be led by the lies and half-truths that always float about in an organization. The missionary then enters a great wilderness where anyone can push him about. His work loses its focus. His efforts become ineffective. This is because in Africa you cannot just do your work with your skill as you do in the West. In Africa, work has meaning only when it is done in the context of a community of people. If a missionary does not see clearly his community of people and their leader, then his time here and his work are meaningless, even though he may think he is doing something.

When a missionary's tether rope becomes so short, he becomes frustrated. We are unhappy to see a frustrated missionary. A frustrated missionary makes us uneasy because missionaries are such powerful people. They write letters home to their friends and to the agencies supporting our work here. They can influence how our overseas partners see us.

When missionaries are so frustrated, we cannot reason with them anymore. They see things only their own way. If there are many missionaries in one place, they can form a power bloc. None of us are present at their get-togethers, a symbol to us of their exclusivity. So they decide what to do, and they then expect us to do things their way. Then things are upside down.

Such a situation is very difficult and requires great patience, because if we react rashly, then our overseas partners will more easily listen to their missionaries than they will listen to us. So we must be very patient if there is a problem like this.

We are sorry if a missionary is frustrated because we cannot change the things that cut his tether rope so short. Our hands are tied. We cannot make Africa to be like America. We are sorry because we need the missionaries to be with us. Without interaction with peoples from the outside, we will not change. Africa needs to change. If Africa does not keep changing, then the stronger nations of the world will crush us.

We cannot be isolated. No part of the world belongs exclusively to only one ethnic group. We must learn from each other. If the missionary is frustrated, then we are no longer learning from each other. Then the purpose for our bringing the missionary to work with us is defeated. □

Reprinted from *Kisare, A Mennonite of Kiseru*, by permission of Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities, Salunga, Pennsylvania.

Festival Quarterly  
Photo Contest

# I Am

Festival Quarterly  
Photo Contest



Mark Beach  
Second Choice



Festival Quarterly  
Photo Contest

Mark A. Kurtz  
Third Choice



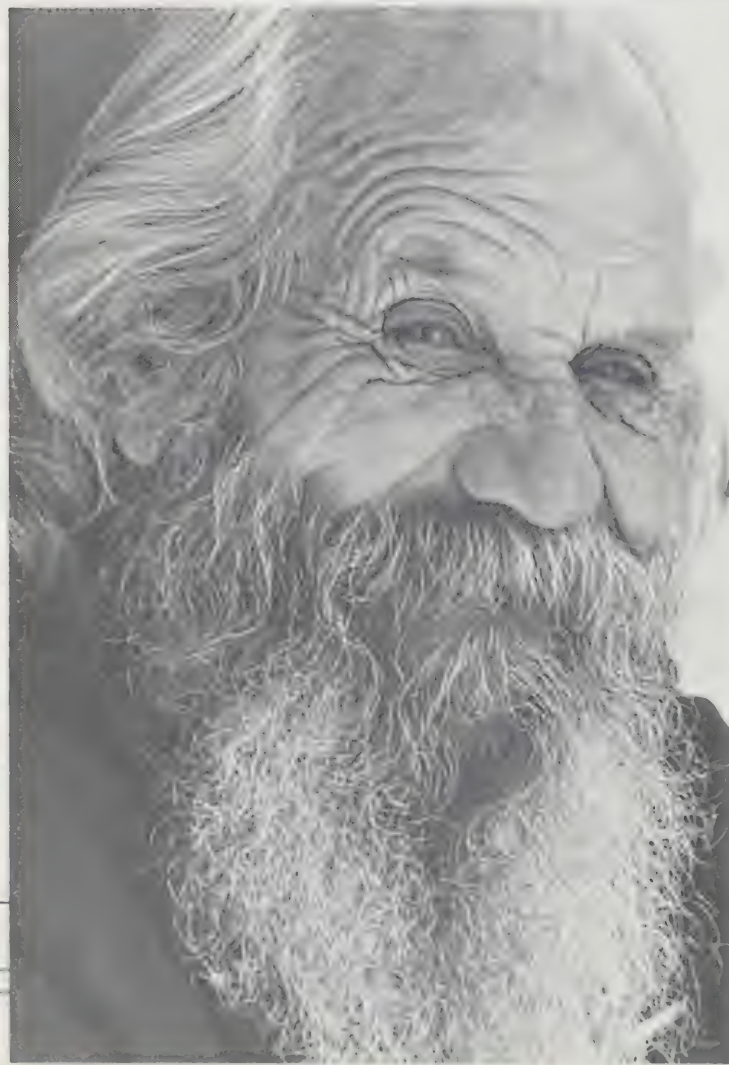




# Festival Quarterly Photo Contest



David Kreider  
Honorable Mention



David Kreider  
Honorable Mention

## "Love Is" — Next Year's Photo Contest

The theme for **Festival Quarterly's** 1986 Photo Contest is "Love Is. . ." Amateurs and professionals alike are invited to enter their work.

Show "Love Is. . ." in whatever imaginary way you want. Perhaps you will find it in people, in the land, in natural designs. We hope the theme triggers you to see life and warmth as you shoot photos and check your files.

Winners will be featured in the Fall 1986 **Festival Quarterly**.

Entries must be black and white, include the name, address, and phone number of the photographer, type of film and camera used, photo title, and a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Cash prizes will be awarded to winners.

Submissions must be made by May 1, 1986 to **Festival Quarterly Photo Contest**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

# Homemade Cookin' . . . Wherever Home's Made

by James and Jeanette Krabill



Some years ago an American Mennonite tourist was traveling by rail through Central Europe. As the man's train crossed the border into Switzerland his excitement grew until finally, no longer able to contain himself, he leaned toward the passenger seated next to him and inquired, "Tell me, sir, what do you local folks think of the Mennonites?" "The Mennonites?" came the unexpected reply. "I have heard talk of them if I'm not mistaken, but . . . haven't actually had the chance to taste one yet."

"Oh, they might," we replied cautiously, "but . . . not necessarily."

"Do their choir members sway back and forth like the Methodists when they march down the aisle?"

"Not many did the last time we noticed . . . but then, that was four years ago."

"Do they dance their preachers home from church like the Harrists after Sunday service?"

"That you likely shouldn't count on!"

"Well . . . then, what on earth do the

If we had our druthers,  
we'd just as soon sit down  
after four years' deprivation  
to a platter of savory Mennonites.

We've been told by many Americans living overseas that the first thing they hoped to do upon returning to the States was to sink their teeth into a McDonald's hamburger. We're probably a bit strange, but if we had our druthers, we'd just as soon sit down after four years' deprivation to a platter of savory Mennonites . . . and then serve up a generous helping of them to our children who, more than likely, wouldn't know what they were eatin' for the nibblin'. Not that they haven't heard talk of such critters from their Mama and Papa in the past four years; it's just that, living in Ivory Coast as they do, they have . . . never really had the chance to taste many yet.

A couple hearty shakes of down-home Southern Baptists, a pinch or two of Methodism (British high-church variety) and unlimited quantities of Harrism (a spicy new religious movement grown only on African soil) — these have been the major ingredients comprising our children's church diet for as long as they can remember. Not that we wish here to complain about the eatin'! We have, quite to the contrary, rather enjoyed the feast! And yet occasionally — at least every four years or so — we figure that it'd do us a heap of good to once again sample a little home cookin' . . . and to be able to share with our children the kind of stuff that fed and bred us when we were but their age.

As departure time for America drew nearer this past spring, our son Matthew became increasingly curious as to exactly what kind of flavor he was to expect from the Mennonites in the months ahead:

"Do they play trombone in church like the Baptists?" he asked one day.

Mennonites do?"

We had hoped that attending Mennonite World Conference in France as a family last summer might begin answering some such questions . . . and serve as a kind of appetizer for the full-course meal coming up the following year. The Conference, at this level, however, produced only meager results. When we asked Matthew at week's end how he enjoyed spending five days with Mennonites from around the world, he replied, "The cookies were great! Same kind we have back in Ivory Coast!"

So much for appetizers. And for parents with their tidy, preconcocted learning experiences. On the other hand, Matthew's comment did manage to raise an interesting point — one which forced us to examine what kind of cookies we as parents were, in fact, serving back there in Ivory Coast.

And then it hit us . . . that if our children haven't enjoyed eating at our table for the past four years, if they haven't begun to acquire a taste for the faith and life values so important to our own diet, then we shouldn't expect of a short States stint the impossible. Furlough (we were gently reminded) was not the time to be introducing our children to their first sampling of homestyle cookin', but rather an occasion for them to indulge in larger, more well-balanced servings of what they had in fact been eatin' all along. □

*James and Jeanette Krabill and their two children are on a six-month furlough in the United States. They will return to Ivory Coast in January, 1986.*

## How to Apply To Receive FQ — Free



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It is suggested that the applicant be active (or interested) in the life of the church (not necessarily Mennonite) and have a fair command of the English language to qualify.

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# Keepers of a Flame

by Carol Ann Weaver

Older than the pyramids, earlier than the Sphinx, is the throbbing of human song. Combined with other expressions such as story-telling, dance, drama, and ceremonies of birth, healing, and death, song continues to be a lifeline for the human race, as necessary for the spirit as oxygen is for the blood.

It has been cited that the monasteries which stopped singing ceased to exist. But what happens to a whole civilization such as ours whose musical activity is mostly *listening* — to recorded music at that — with very little *singing* or *playing* of music by non-professionals? If we have left music to the specialists can they give us back our spirits? Keep alive our flame?

Our hi-tech generation of computer mania and mass media which processes music like cheese has brought us paradoxes the sphinx could not solve. On one hand, technology is producing equipment so flexible and so affordable that everyone is buying it — personal computers, VCRs, digital clock radios to provide music for our sleeping and waking, home and office intercoms to pump music into every room, car stereos which vie with ambulances for sound levels, and of course the constant Sony Walkman to go along for the jog.

All of life, it seems, is on tap, on tape, on disc, on roms and rams, on micro-film, or can be reached by dialing a number. Never before has the human race been so documented, so recorded, so aware of itself and its accomplishments.

On the other hand, technology is leaving in its wake larger and larger numbers of people either who choose *not* to buy into the newer systems or who are unable to cope with life in the fast lane. These people, classed as "developmentally delayed" or "mentally handicapped," are siphoned out of the mainstream early in life and placed in special schools, homes, or sheltered workshops where they perform menial labor for a pittance.

Earlier societies had ways of integrating these "lower functioning" people into a normal environment which had cows to milk, sheep to herd, butter to be churned. But industry, agribusiness, death of the nuclear family, urban values have pushed these people into settings where reading, writing and counting are more important than hugging, singing, and dancing. Curtained off from the rest of society, their contributions are largely ignored or even denied. Yet these neglected people may have more to teach us about vital human expressions — such as making a song — than can our specialized schools of music and hi-tech studios of sound. Perhaps we can allow them to direct us back to our own voices.

Let's take an evening trip to Adult Reha-

ilitation Center (ARC) Industries in Elmira, Ontario. One friend we find there who throbs and bobs with this vital song is D-D-D-Doris. Her speech is delightfully prefaced by cascades of grace notes before each major word — a sound which any electronic music composer would buy a whole synthesizer to find.

Soon her speech gives way to her piano and vocals — truly her own product. Her right hand knows not what her left hand does as it plays a continuous stream of thirds a bit lower than Middle C while her voice creates a sound



Frankie

more arresting than a chorus of crumhorns calling out a cosmic dance. The many excellent voice teachers of art song could never teach what Doris learned on her own, each of her 64 years leaving a special node on her vocal chords, transmitting overtones which resonate with experiences beyond ours.

On the guitar Doris strums faster than the beating of butterfly wings, and twice as exuberantly. But the real fantasy flight for D-D-D-Doris is with her harmonica. Songs known and unknown float heavenward as she lures the tiny mouthpiece into action. No stuttering here: this is the sound of a master.

Then there's Frankie. Could his speech be understood, he would have started a new language. Short on adjectives and adverbs, he centers his energies on a few basic nouns, one of which has recently become a long-awaited possession of his — a guitar. Frankie strums softly with a steady beat the speed of his heart. Above it, almost beneath it, his voice drifts gently, quietly — the envy of any troubadour. Is he singing love or longing, heartache or pain? The ageless Sphinx would know.

A dance has started; Katie could dance all

night to any beat, move to any sound, sway with any partner. Her body has the rhythm of several colliding weather systems expressed on or off her two feet. No one else dances like Katie. Her response to music will outlive the sounds being played because music is planted in her bones and will come out in gestures as ancient as the movements of the planets.

Rhonda waits until the music stops; though she has been singing along, she too must play. Boycotting the punch and Mennonite-baked goodies, she plants her abundant Down's-

syndrome-labelled body at my portable synthesizer for an hour of non-stop, joyful electronic sounds — no two colors the same, melodies and rhythms constantly varied yet unified by a logic too rare to be reduced to theory.

What jazz player would even *dream* of such spontaneous improvisation? Rhonda learned none of her licks or color changes from a teacher. She is playing the sound track for her own human drama, beyond the reach of words.

These four friends from ARC (and many more) hold song in their veins — music which is both prehistoric and current, familiar and uncharted, tonal and polytonal, rhythmic and polyrhythmic. On the Yuppie achievement scale of success, zero to ten, they may rate zero-failure. But as keepers of an ancient human flame — music — they are as indispensable as the very wick on which the flame burns because they instinctively know they have to express their *own* music, whether it is their version of "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" or some untitled original.

Their vocabularies do not contain the

Photos by Lyle Friesen





words "musically incompetent," nor do their minds draw a distinction between "music professionals" and their own roles in music making. They are just as much a part of the music scene as any of the stars they admire—this they know!

The tragedy in our computer age may not lie with those who shun or are shunned by hi-tech, but with those who are enslaved to it, who prefer digitally-perfect recordings to their own voices, who allow technical experts' products to replace their own expressions.



Doris

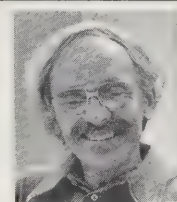
Technology is our creation, but it remains a tool to be used for human and life-giving purposes, not a master who dominates our spirits.

Each of us can share with D-D-D-Doris, Frankie, Katie, and Rhonda a song which *no* technology creates or erases, which only *we* can sing. Or, we can let these songs be silenced by those with hi-tech equipment as we become untimely victims of defeat, incapable of passing on the flame Doris and friends are so eagerly giving to us. □

*Carol Ann Weaver is a pianist, composer and teacher of music at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.*

## The Daily Search for Firewood

by Kenton K. Brubaker



One of the basic survival skills of poor people around the world is locating enough firewood every day to cook their food and heat their homes. The rapid shrinkage of forests, a relatively modern phenomenon, forces a member of the family to spend more and more time each day gathering wood, twigs, and grass for fuel.

In Korea, in areas where wood is no longer available, grass is raked from communal fields for use in the stove. Wood must be hauled by the government to the more destitute and deforested states of India to enable local people to cook their meager rations.

Some people are forced to avoid cooked food because of lack of fuel. For some, the cost of what goes under the pot equals the price of what goes into it. In these parts of the world, buying precious firewood or charcoal is accepted as one of the major expenses of staying alive.

The persistent use of trees and shrubs for fuel without sufficient replacement is devastating the world's forests. Woodlands are also disappearing because of agricultural clearing, commercial harvesting, browsing by sheep and goats, village and industrial expansion, and even climatic change.

Tropical forests such as those of Amazonian Brazil have already been reduced by more than 40 percent. The original primeval forests of the Philippines will be completely cut over by the year 2000 if harvesting continues at the current rate. Only in the modernized nations have replacement and management slowed the disappearance of trees.

Closed forests covered about one-fourth of the earth's land surface in 1950 (3421 million hectares of closed forests); by the mid-'70s this was reduced to one-fifth (2,657 million hectares). By the mid-'80s, due to the accelerated use of wood as the stock decreases and the population increases, closed forests can be expected to drop below 2,000 million hectares or one-sixth of the earth's land surface.

The dynamic of more and more people converging on a smaller and smaller supply can be understood by most people, but those who really feel the impact are the poor, the wood-gatherers of our divided society. Most of us contemplating this article are emotionally untouched by the dilemma.

I tried to experience the importance of firewood last week as my wife and I neatly stacked beautiful, fragrant oak from the mountains near Bergton. The Conleys cut, split, and delivered it for \$65 a cord. I know that a billion of the poorest people of the world must gather their own firewood, and it probably won't be oak. They will carry it on their backs as a daily chore. For them it is a necessity; for us it is an option. □

In our wood consumption process, we hope that the Forest Service and the woodcutters are making sure that the forest is sustained, soil erosion is being prevented and replanting occurs. Wood consumption becomes part of a non-renewable pattern when the soil supporting the forest is lost following cutting. This is exactly what is happening in most impoverished countries.

Another tragic consequence of the lack of wood for fuel in places like India and Nepal is the substitution of cow dung in its place. By failing to return this valuable fertilizer to the fields, grain production may be reduced 20 percent or more. The decreased soil fertility may also contribute to poorer plant growth and diminished soil structure, leading to soil erosion.

How can this worldwide trend, making wood a non-renewable resource, be thwarted? We are beginning to see how it can be done in parts of China, South Korea, and India. Everybody agrees that reforestation is a noble goal for neighborhoods suffering from an inadequate supply, but how is a community mobilized to reverse this typical "tragedy of the commons"? Can communal and cooperative thinking replace individualism in the daily search for firewood?

Individualistic thinking is being replaced by new concepts of an agro-forestry system. Now the strategies focus on "community-based forestry," "social, participatory forestry," and "barefoot foresters."

South Korea has been especially successful in implementing the community approach to agro-forestry. This has been accomplished with government help, through village associations which have managed to co-opt private, unused land for public purpose, with the landowners receiving a share of the benefits. The whole village plants, tends, and harvests the woodlots without pay. The wood produced is then distributed locally, the surplus being sold on the market, contributing cash to the landowner and for further village projects.

Such programs give promise to many persons in wood-impoverished nations that their daily search for firewood could be changed. Agro-forestry on a village level will go a long way toward saving the soil, not only for trees, but also for food. □

*Kenton Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.*



## Keeping the Faith in Zaire

• Four artists have been commissioned by Mennonite Publishing House to create art prints of Menno Simons' writings. **Jan Gleysteen, Ann Graber, Paula Johnson and Gwen Stamm** will produce signed, limited edition prints featuring "illuminated" (illustrated through calligraphy and drawing) Menno Simons quotes. The prints will commemorate the 450th anniversary of the date Menno Simons formally left the Catholic church as well as the 425th year since his death (January 1536). Proceeds from the sale of the prints will go to help produce *Pilgrim Aflame*, a film on early Anabaptist leader Michael Sattler.

• The **Orrville (Ohio) Mennonite Church Deaf Ministries group** has adapted the play "Where Love Is," based on a short story by Leo Tolstoy, so that it may be performed and viewed by hearing-impaired persons. They presented the play for general audiences at the Mennonite Church General Assembly in Ames, Iowa, in August.

• **Nering Huete**, pastor of El Buen Pastor Mennonite Church in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, recently recorded a cassette of Spanish music in the Mennonite Board of Missions studio in Harrisonburg, Virginia. *Asi Comenzo (In the Beginning)* is a resource for people who want good Spanish music and for Hispanic churches who want to produce radio and television programs.

• The Media Division of Mennonite Board of Missions presented its first **Mennonite Video Awards** in August at the Ames, Iowa, Mennonite Church General Assembly. The first place recipient was **Gregory Smucker**, Goshen (Indiana) College, for the video "Bridgework Theater: Preventing Child Sexual Abuse" (see "Quarterly News," **FQ**, Summer 1985). Second place went to **Dirk Eitzen**, a graduate student at Temple University, for "Homeless but Not Helpless: The Committee for Dignity and Fairness for the Homeless." The institutional award recipient was **Goshen College**, "for exemplary commitment to the development of video communication skills among students."

• Anecdotal lectures on Mennonite Brethren missions by long-time MB church leader and historian **J. B. Toews** are the subject of a three-part film series made by **Daystar, Inc.**, of Henderson, Nebraska. *The Mennonite Brethren Church: A Missionary Movement* will be made available to congregations and schools.

• *The Hutterites: To Care or Not to Care* has garnered several awards for its producer, **Buller Films, Inc.**, of Henderson, Nebraska. Among the awards are a CINE Golden Eagle, a Red Ribbon from the American Film Festival, and second place at the National Educational Film Festival. *The Hutterites* was originally released in an hour-long version for public television and has also been condensed to a half-hour version in both 16mm and video formats.

• **Max Wiedmer**, a young Mennonite film-maker from Hegenheim, France, and a member of the Altkirch-Berkenhof congregation, has produced a 26-minute film about the 1984 Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France. **Doreen Martens** wrote the English script, and German, French and

\*Did You Know That...

**Mbonza Kikunga**, president of the Zaire Mennonite Church (CMZ), the largest of three Mennonite "communities" in Zaire, visited in eastern Pennsylvania recently and spoke with **FQ** about some of the problems and joys faced by his fellowship.

He pointed to the question of Mennonite identity as probably "the greatest problem" the CMZ faces today. When Mennonite missionaries first came to Zaire, they showed the people the way to a Christian lifestyle. Now, Mbonza says, his people are asking more

is counselling with other leaders.

"I like talking with them about their life and about leadership," he says. "How to run the church. I spend a lot of time talking with them about 'who we are,' how we can testify to our faith. I would like to see our people, especially our leaders and we who have the name Mennonite, live our faith. I think I am most concerned about that."

To that end, Mbonza says, the CMZ council meetings spend a good deal of time with questions of discipline. For example, he says, "How can we understand the Bible about divorce? If we are Mennonites, what is more important for us — being Mennonite or being Christian? And in each case, what is our reference? I think the reference is the Bible, and how we apply the Bible in our life."

The life of a church leader is not all problems, however. One of Mbonza's particular joys is seeing new members added to the church. According to recent statistics, the CMZ has about 50,000 members, making it one of the largest Mennonite groups outside of North America.

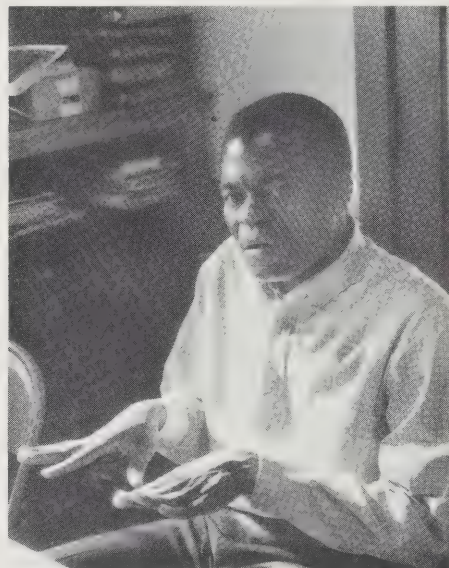
Mbonza is especially happy to see people joining the church "because they believe in Jesus Christ" and not simply because they need a job. Since the CMZ is in charge of so many hospitals and schools, he explains, people frequently see membership as a ticket to employment. At least that was the case 20 years ago, he says, but not so much now.

He is also pleased to see more and more women becoming involved in the life of the church. And he points to a renewal movement, which has occurred among Christian churches in Zaire over the past five years, as bringing new life and energy, as well as new members, into the CMZ as a whole.

Mbonza and the CMZ have many of the same questions and concerns as other Mennonite brothers and sisters in leadership and in the pews, worldwide. He also has some words of wisdom from his African perspective to Mennonites in North America.

"The time has come to look for unity," he insists. "I saw a lot of division among Mennonites [during 10 weeks in North America this past summer]."

"They should testify," he adds, "share the faith. I feel there is more secularism among Mennonites. And third, they have something apart from their faith to tell other churches. Keeping their faith is important, and so is keeping the name Mennonite." □



Festival Quarterly Kenneth Pellmar

specific questions. "How do we live as Mennonites? What does the Mennonite faith really mean? How do Mennonites think differently from all other churches and groups of Christians around the world?"

Related to this, and an echo of a recurring theme at the North American Mennonite Church General Assembly in Ames, Iowa, this past summer, is the problem of education, particularly for young people. "We need our young people to be trained more in Mennonite issues," Mbonza says. "We want to give more and more opportunities to our Mennonite members and to our young people for them to know who they are and what they believe in. We do not want only to be called Mennonites."

Mbonza, now 42, has been president of the CMZ for five years and was recently re-elected to serve another six years. Relatively young for such a high leadership position, he says he is "not an exception," and he seems especially conscious of keeping Mennonite identity strong in the young.

Mbonza describes his position as that of "a general coordinator of all [the CMZ's] activities." These include schools, hospitals and churches. His favorite part of the job, though,



• Lois Yoder, Washington, D.C., has written **Soy for the 21st Century**, a cookbook devoted to the use and consumption of soybeans — in particular debittered soybeans, or “soy fluff.” The book contains recipes for cereals, breads, main dishes, desserts, beverages and much more.

• The journal of Edward Yoder, Mennonite scholar, teacher and writer, was released this summer. The editor and publisher of the book, entitled **Edward**, was his sister, Ida Yoder. Edward Yoder began his journal in 1931 and continued it until his death in 1945.

• The **proceedings from the 11th Mennonite World Conference assembly** in Strasbourg, France, last July, have been published in four languages, English, French, German and Spanish, and are available from Mennonite World Conference, Lombard, Illinois.

• The first of 18 electives for Hispanic church school education is now available for use. **Bases Para la Identidad del Pueblo de Dios (Bases for the Identification of the People of God)** can be ordered from Herald Press, Scottdale, Pennsylvania.

• **The Mennonites in Arizona**, a 200-page history of the witness of Mennonites in that state, came off the press this summer. The book, edited by Henry D. Esch, traces the story from the General Conference Mission to the Hopi Indians in 1893, through the establishment of an Amish settlement in Glendale in 1908, to the opening of a Chinese (Taiwanese) Mennonite church in May, 1985.

• **Footprints of a Pilgrim People**, the story of the Blumenort, Manitoba, Mennonite Church, written by Peter D. Zacharias, is now off the press. The story of this church, founded in the 1920s by immigrants from Russia in Manitoba's “West Reserve,” is sketched against a background of Anabaptist history, the Twenties immigration, the Depression, and World War II.

• The Paradise (Pennsylvania) Mennonite Church's celebration of its 250th anniversary this past summer included publication of a 175-page book, **Paradise Mennonite Church, 1735-1985**, written by Henry Benner along with several other persons.

• Delbert Plett, a Steinbach, Manitoba lawyer, has published **The Golden Years**, an extensively documented book on the history of the *Kleine Gemeinde*. The book follows the group's history from its beginning in 1824 until a quarter of a century later.

• In **Memoirs of Ignatyev**, Oscar Hamm writes of the origins of Ignatyev, a Mennonite colony in the southern Ukraine consisting of seven villages, its development, growth and final dissolution during the Revolution. The information in the book is based entirely on letters, writings, plans and pictures gathered by Hamm and his wife Ruth from all over Canada, and never before published. The book appeared in German in 1979 and now is available in an English translation from Ruth Hamm, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

• **After the First Death** by Richard Stayton, the winner of the Goshen (Indiana) College 1984 peace play award, is now available in booklet form from

the college communication department. The 50-minute one-act play premiered at Goshen College in March and encored at the recent Mennonite Church General Assembly in Ames, Iowa.

• Former *Rejoice!* editor Marion Keeney Preheim has collected a series of 52 worship stories, plays and “guided experiences” into a **booklet for children**. It is available from Preheim (1112 Lorna Lane, Newton, Kansas). She continues to collect worship stories for another booklet, and welcomes submissions.

• **Teens and Sexuality**, written by Hilda Enns, Sue Goerzen and Lois Paff Bergen and published by Faith and Life Press, contains resources for parents and youth leaders, and encourages work with young people.

• Ivan D. Brunk, Sarasota, Florida, is the editor and publisher of **From Bethlehem to Calvary**, the story of Jesus told by taking the four Gospels (from the New International Version of the Bible) and editing and arranging them into a single narrative.

• **Faith Refined by Fire**, by David Schroeder, is a new Bible study book published by Faith and Life Press. It is a verse-by-verse study of I Peter and the first unit in a series of Bible study guidebooks. Marilyn Peters Kliever is the author of the second book in the series, **Have the Mind of Christ**, a study of I Corinthians 1-7.

• William Klassen, dean of Jerusalem's Inter-Faith Peace Academy, has written **Love of Enemies: The Way to Peace**, the latest volume in the “Overtures to Biblical Theology” series from Fortress Press.

• Church of the Brethren pastor Kenneth L. Gible is the author of **The Preacher as Jacob: A Paradigm for Pulpit Ministry**, published by Winston/Seabury. He shows how the preacher/storyteller can confront the “daimonic” (demonic) and tap the suppressed energies of the self to transfer the preaching event into a creative, healing act.

• A book suitable for scholars and seminarians is **Essays on Biblical Interpretation**, edited by Willard Swartley and published by the Institute for Mennonite Studies.

• D. Edmond Hiebert, professor emeritus of New Testament at Mennonite Brethren Biblical Seminary, Fresno, California was one of nearly 50 evangelical scholars who contributed to the supplementary notes accompanying the biblical text of the **New International Version Study Bible**, to be published by Zondervan this fall.

• **To Care for God's Creation** is a 12-page booklet from MCC U.S. which calls Christians to be good stewards of the world's natural resources.

• The Mennonite statement on justice and the Christian witness is now available in booklet form from Mennonite Publishing House. **Justice and the Christian Witness** reflects the work of a study committee that drew up the initial statement, feedback from congregations, and discussion at Bethlehem 83, where the Mennonite and General Conference Mennonite Churches officially adopted the statement. □

English narrations have also been taped. Production of the film was largely a private venture. **Wiedmer** now hopes to obtain a North American distributor.

• As part of the bicentennial celebration of the coming of the Mennonites to Canada, the national **Mennonite Bicentennial Commission** is planning to erect a memorial on the site of First Mennonite Church, Vineland, Ontario, where the first Mennonites came in 1786. The **Commission** is looking for a memorial that tells a story and reflects Mennonite values, stands alone (not attached to another structure) and is simple, durable, visible, accessible and economical. The Commission has invited professional artists within the Mennonite and Brethren in Christ community, or Niagara region, to submit ideas.

• Several hundred people attended the unveiling, in late July, of a monument to Mennonite victims of violence in the 20th century. The marble structure was designed by **Otto Klassen** of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and erected at the **Mennonite Village Museum** in Steinbach by the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society. The four bronze plaques on the monument pay tribute to victims of war and anarchy in Russia 1914-1921, to victims of terror from 1929-1941, and of World War II, and to those buried in unmarked graves on several continents. A fifth inscription recalls the suffering and hardship endured by Mennonite women from 1929 to the end of the Stalin era in 1953.

• An enthusiastic new Mennonite spent the summer between his graduation from Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries and his first pastorate at South Union Mennonite Church in West Liberty, Ohio, telling Anabaptist stories in Mennonite congregations in seven states from Pennsylvania to California. **Lynn Miller** travelled June 9-August 22 with his family on a “working vacation” while sharing stories from the Swiss Brethren and Dutch Mennonite beginnings that contributed to his identity and excitement in becoming a Mennonite.

• Three more videotapes in the “What I Believe” series with **J. C. Wenger** were completed recently and are now available in both video and 16mm film formats for use in churches. “What I Believe About the Devotional Life” and “What I Believe About the Bible — Parts I and II” were added to the first film hosted by Wenger, “What I Believe About Baptism and Church Membership.” The films were produced by **Sisters and Brothers, Inc.**, of Harrisonburg, Virginia. Other resources utilizing **Wenger** are taped lectures on Hebrews and Revelation which he delivered as part of Goshen (Indiana) College's continuing education program. The tapes are available from the Continuing Ed. Office.

• The **Swiss Heritage Society** of Berne, Indiana, has acquired a 140-year-old log farmhouse which was built by Peter Luginbuhl, an Amishman, after he migrated to the United States from France. The farmhouse represents the first step in the proposed reconstruction of a historical village. □



**Theology for a Nuclear Age**, Gordon D. Kaufman. Westminster Press, 1985. 80 pages. \$12.95, cloth; \$7.95, paper.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

Gordon Kaufman, Professor of Divinity at Harvard Divinity School, has carved out an important niche in contemporary theological thinking which he labels "constructive." Theology is not simply reflecting on God or "merely a rehearsal and translation of tradition; it is (and always has been) a creative activity of the human imagination seeking to provide more adequate orientation for human life." This activity utilizes the scriptures and previous theological reflection but its real goal, "a perspective on life," requires such activity to seek an "orientation for itself in the face of new historical contingencies and problems," which should not be viewed as "an embarrassment to be denied, overlooked or ignored."

For Kaufman, Christian theology is first of all "the analysis, criticism and reconstruction of the two grounding symbols of Christian faith, God and Christ." Secondly, the concept of God will be "developed in such a way that it can serve as the ultimate point of reference for grasping and understanding all of experience, life, and the world." Theology as a human activity, in the third place, expresses the "continuing activity of the human imagination seeking to create a framework of interpretation which can provide overall orientation for human life."

Today the singular event, the issue that calls for radical fresh thinking, is the presence of nuclear weaponry and the potential nuclear holocaust. Nuclearism "must signify for us the possible extinction of humanity, an absolutely unique event in human history which can have no redemptive significance for us humans." Received theology was "undergirded by faith in an active creator and governor of history. . . . The end of history . . . was to be God's climactic act." Now with this widespread weaponry, the more likely possibility is "that we humans, by ourselves, will utterly destroy not only ourselves but our species" and all future generations.

The fact of nuclear power and what it portends represents for Gordon Kaufman "total human responsibility for the earthly future of humanity." More significantly, it "calls into question all this traditional talk—held together so tightly and meaningfully in the symbol of divine sovereignty—of

God's power and purposes and love." To put it another way, in the face of such potential human designed disaster, how can one say with the Apostle Paul that nothing can separate us from the love of God in Jesus Christ, our Lord (Romans 8:38-9)?

In this short book, Kaufman begins the reconstruction of the meaning of God and salvation in this new and disturbing historical situation. God, "the ultimate point of reference," provides "an awareness that nothing in our world has reality and meaning simply in itself." The traditional Christian notion of a loving Father which relativizes and humanizes our contemporary existence must now be viewed from a much more this-worldly orientation.

In the face of such an open future, devotion to God means the "resolve to make ourselves fully accountable for the continuance of life on earth." Saving activity is found "wherever a spirit of creativity and liberation and healing, of reconciliation and reconstruction, is at work in the world." The self-sacrificial Jesus continues in this new epoch to be the "paradigmatic image and symbol. . . . (of) the interdependence and self-giving which underlies and makes possible all creativity and life. . . ."

In spite of its brevity, this thoughtful, well-argued book is not easily summarized. The urgent appeal "to bring about a reordering of human life and institutions" surely calls for fresh theological work. Yet I am impressed that the implications of the reconstruction initiated here are not that different from those found in Kaufman's previous work.

Theology, as Kaufman defines it, is historically conditioned in leading to action. We urgently need thinking and writing about the translation of thought into action. Or, to use Hannah Arendt's distinction, to move from "thinking" to "willing." Then we might be fortunate enough to see before our eyes "the salvific work of the divine Spirit" leading to a less apocalyptic future.

*John A. Lapp, Akron, Pennsylvania, is executive secretary of Mennonite Central Committee.*

**FQ price — \$6.36**  
(Regular price — \$7.95)

**The Muppie Manual: The Mennonite Urban Professional's Handbook for Humility and Success**, Emerson L. Leshner, Ph.D., Good Books, 1985. 94 pages. \$4.95.

Reviewed by Phil Baker-Shenk

This little book is so funny it made me, a certifiable Muppie, want to stop, page after page, chuckle and read it out loud to any Muppie within earshot.

It is a manual about and for "Muppies," the Mennonite versions of "Yuppies" — Young Mennonite Urban Professional People. It explains both how to become a Muppie and how to avoid it.

Muppies as a group have grown to the point that we can be defined, as in this, our very own book, by our distinctive garb, jargon, cuisine, music, cars, and all sorts of other comically common traits. Not only are there now enough Muppies to validate this self-description, but apparently there are enough to make publishing a book feasible.

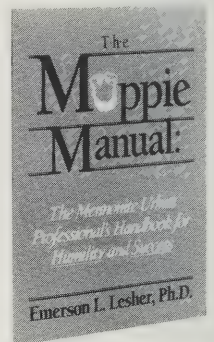
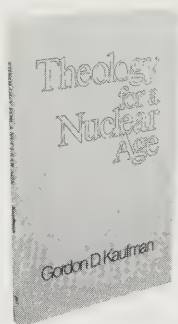
You have to be a Muppie, or close to one, to get the jokes, the self-deprecations, the pointed fingers, the plays on words. You will laugh more heartily if you ever have attended a Mennonite college, loved Woody Allen "films," called noodles "pasta," or said "affirmed," "conflicted," "small group," "intentional," "sharing," and "I hear you saying" all in one paragraph.

Leshner, a Muppie who woke up to how many other people there were like himself, has assembled a delightfully entertaining and very creative little book, borrowing an easy-to-read literary style from the preppie manuals that were a recent book fad.

**The Muppie Manual** takes only an hour or two to skim, but guarantees many moments of laughter and conversation. It also provides a friendly identity for a new and as-yet-unaccounted-for group of Mennonites, formerly uneasily and incompletely dubbed "young adults."

*Phil Baker-Shenk is an attorney who went off the top end of the Muppie scoring scale, mostly because of all the demonstrations he has attended in his hometown of Washington, D.C. during the past nine years.*

**FQ price — \$3.96**  
(Regular price — \$4.95)



**The Blue Jar**, Anne Konrad. Queenston House Publishing, 1985. 225 pages. \$9.95.

Reviewed by Levi Miller

This first novel makes an important contribution to North American immigrant literature, stemming from one family's adaptation to and conflict with its new environment.

A Mennonite family named Klassen, recently arrived from Russia, must come to terms with the cold of northern Alberta. The story is told in the voice of one family member, Annchen, the voice, one suspects, of Anne Konrad as she remembers herself. Although the novel is not a story in the traditional sense of having a plot that moves toward a climax, it is effective as a series of epiphanies in the young girl's life.

The book almost gives the feeling of reading someone's journal, and it is a good journal. The child's observations are acute

and give the harsh world of the '30s on a bush farm in northern Alberta some grace and humanity. Only rarely does Anne Konrad, the writer, lapse outside of Annchen, the girl, with sociological explanations or vocabulary such as "geodetic world," and "vulnerable."

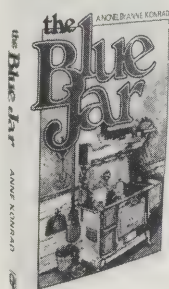
In the various chapters, Annchen introduces us to school teachers and non-Mennonite neighbors. She relates the death of one sister and the romance of another, summer Bible school, baptisms, threshings — the basic stuff of life. (But one measure of the interest such material can evoke from the hands of a good writer is that my 10-year-old daughter picked up the book from my desk and read it in its entirety during the same week that I read it for this review.)

Finally, religiously, one would have to ask whether these Mennonites have a sufficiently articulated or felt theological and cultural base to avoid assimilation into the evangelical mainstream of Canadian Protestantism. The novel does not leave much hope, but that is an issue beyond its scope.

**The Blue Jar** is a well-crafted piece, a good read both north and south of the border for old and young.

*Levi Miller is program director at Laurelville Mennonite Church Center, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania.*

**FQ price — \$7.96**  
(Regular price — \$9.95)



**Good Thoughts About Me, Good Thoughts About People, Good Thoughts at Bedtime**, Jane Hooper Peifer and Marilyn Peifer Nolt. Herald Press, 1985. \$2.95 each.

Reviewed by Jillian Hershberger

Fundamental to a child's well-being is a feeling of self-worth and self-acceptance. These three little books in the "Good Thoughts series" are intended to encourage these good feelings in young children — feelings about themselves and about the people and the world around them.

Large, clear photographs of children — with a nice variety in age and race — are accompanied by a gentle, almost poetic text. The rhythm of picture and text together has a calming, centering effect which makes the books beautifully suited for quiet sharing at bedtime.

The format of this series is that of a large (9 x 12) paper booklet, stapled rather than glued, in a form which the Sunday school Foundation Series material has proved to be quite sturdy. The disadvantages of this format — the ease with which it can get lost on a bookshelf, for example — are offset by the low cost compared to a hardback.

But there is also a kind of aesthetic honesty in the humble, almost self-effacing appearance of these books. They do not claim to be "literature" in the sense of the well-beloved books of Sendak or Margaret Wise Brown. It is as if the books themselves are saying, "It is not we who are important — it is you and your good thoughts that matter." One might almost call them meditation workbooks for very young children!

This series succeeds very nicely in its purpose and can be used to advantage by parent, child and teacher. It is a pleasure to be able to give the books a good recommendation.

*Jillian Hershberger is married to Steve Shapiro and has three children. She is reference librarian at the Takoma Park, Maryland, Library.*

**FQ price — \$2.36 each**  
(Regular price — \$2.95 each)



**Mattie Loves All**, Mildred Grimly Hess; **Gladdys Makes Peace**, Jan Hogan. Brethren Press, 1985. 28 pages each. \$5.95 each.

Reviewed by Marjorie Waybill

These two recent publications from Brethren Press introduce children to several Brethren women from the past who modeled the virtues of love, caring, and acceptance of others.

**Mattie Loves All** by Mildred Grimly Hess tells the story of Martha Cunningham Dolby (1878-1956), the first black sister and among the first women to be called to the ministry in the Church of the Brethren. She was installed December 30, 1911 and preached for several years at churches in southeast Ohio. "Mattie" later served in Methodist and Church of God congregations.

In **Gladdys Makes Peace**, Jan Hogan writes about Gladdys Esther Muir (1895-1967), an outstanding educator who taught for over 45 years at both La Verne (California)

University and Manchester (Indiana) College. In addition to writing on Brethren history, Gladdys founded the Peace Studies Institute at Manchester, the first program of its type in the world.

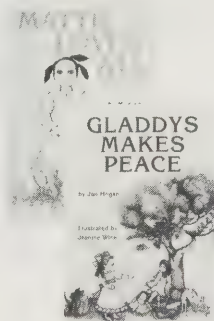
Jeanine Wine has captured the mood of the time with her four-color illustrations in both books. Both are written in rhyming verse. The large print and illustrations lead one to believe the books are for young children, but in **Mattie Loves All** the major theme of accepting women pastors and blacks into the Brethren fellowship is an adult concern.

Writing the story in rhyme often limits the author and can make for an awkward story. Both books would be stronger if they had been written in prose, better yet if they had focused on one event in the character's life and used that in story form instead of trying to focus on their accomplishments.

However, Brethren Press and the authors are to be commended for seeking to share the themes of peace and acceptance with children.

*Marjorie Waybill, Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, is the mother of four children, editor of Story Friends and author of a children's book, Chinese Eyes.*

**FQ price—\$4.76 each**  
(Regular price—\$5.95 each)





**Preparation for Marriage**, Sue Goerzen, Lois Paff Bergen and Fred Unruh. Faith and Life Press, 1985. 153 pages. \$14.95.

Reviewed by Charlotte Holsopple Glick

The **Preparation for Marriage** manual offers pastors and marriage mentors an invaluable resource for the intentional training of couples for marriage. Additional rationale is given for the accountability of the church community to prepare, maintain and enrich marriages. This broader context of responsibility is refreshing.

Persons sensing the imperative to train couples for the task of living together will find in this manual a well-structured host of options and models designed for use in any setting. Busy pastors and premarital counselors are often looking for materials to utilize in their premarital sessions and this manual contains an abundance of such check-ins and forms. The strength of this manual, however, lies in the input on the theology of marriage from an Anabaptist Christian perspective.

The skills highlighted for special treatment here were well-chosen. Communication, decision-making, and conflict resolution are definitely crucial for any relationship, particularly husband-wife encounters all through life.

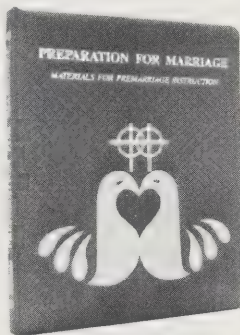
Eight models for training couples are explained and outlined in detail by persons who have created and initiated their approaches. In addition, the bibliography is extensive and inclusive. With this multiplicity of options, pastors/counselors have the opportunity to choose appropriately the materials which could be helpful to any couple.

While questions of sex roles, sexual union and sexual activity are interwoven into the materials at various strategic places, the theological section could have been strengthened by a careful, concise theology of human sexuality. More could also have been said about other conflicting views of marriage being suggested to Mennonites.

This manual is a must for the libraries of all persons and institutions guiding men and women into readiness for marriage.

*Charlotte Holsopple Glick co-pastors Waterford Mennonite Church in Goshen, Indiana and is a visiting instructor at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.*

**FQ price — \$11.96**  
(Regular price — \$14.95)



**Pioneer Publisher: The Life and Times of J. F. Harms**, Orlando Harms. Kindred Press, 1985. 116 pages. \$7.75.

Reviewed by Doreen Martens

J. F. Harms was an unusual man. Mostly unsuccessful as a farmer, the only reasonable profession for a Russian Mennonite immigrant to America in the 1870s, Harms carved out a fascinating career as a teacher, writer, publisher, erstwhile politicizer, famine-relief organizer and evangelist to the primitive pioneer communities of western Canada.

The impact he made on the Mennonite Brethren (MBs) of North America was substantial, as relative Orlando Harms — himself a significant figure in MB publishing — effectively points out. Harms helped launch the *Zionsbote*, an often-struggling periodical that linked MBs living in scattered communities throughout Russia and the new land and led to the establishment of a Conference publishing house.

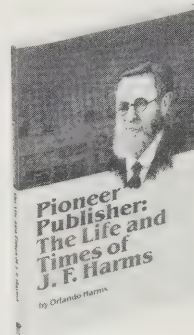
The author draws a picture of a young man whose ambitions for higher education and teaching were thwarted first by the narrow restrictiveness of colony and family attitudes and then by financial failure, who nevertheless managed to carry on "for God and the Conference" (a phrase that appears rather too often for my taste).

Orlando chooses to center on J. F.'s institutional importance. Unfortunately, J. F., the personal man, gets lost in the process. This may be because, as the author suggests in the last few pages, J. F. was at times a harsh and unbending man who appears to have shown little affection to his children and was never able to forgive the disobedience of a son who drowned while swimming on a Sunday. Orlando would have done well to let his imagination fly a little more vividly in describing the setting and personal events surrounding the life of this journalistic pioneer.

Nevertheless, as a history, **Pioneer Publisher** represents a significant contribution to our awareness of Russian-Mennonite beginnings in the United States and Canada. The book is also a testimony to the inherent power and usefulness of the press, however meagre the resources supporting it.

*Doreen Martens works as a writer with Information Services, MCC Canada, and writes a column on television and radio for the Winnipeg Free Press.*

**FQ price — \$6.20**  
(Regular price — \$7.75)



**God Comforts His People**, Eve B. MacMaster. Herald Press, 1985. 182 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Alice Lapp

**God Comforts His People** is Eve MacMaster's seventh book in her self-assigned project to re-tell the Bible stories in a non-denominational but complete and faithful manner. Academic and professional people at Eastern Mennonite Seminary in Harrisonburg, Virginia, checked her stories for biblical accuracy, and childhood curriculum specialists and librarians inspected them for style appropriate to early and middle readers. MacMaster succeeds remarkably well in this as in her previous six books.

Here, she tells the stories of the Israelites' Babylonian exile, and of Ezekiel, Daniel, Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah and other Old Testament prophets who encouraged the Israelites in their years away from, and finally in their return to, Jerusalem.

The stories of Esther, Jonah and Job also appear. Some rate several chapters; some, such as Jonah and Ecclesiastes, only one. MacMaster spins these histories in such a way that the essential story is here without the sometimes confusing details that make some Old Testament stories so difficult — yea, even boring — for the younger reader. Middle school children can easily read these stories themselves. Parents can read them to younger children and both child and parent will be interested in the telling.

The next books in this series will be about New Testament characters and teachings. Not only is the paperback size format convenient for easier holding than were the colossal "complete Bible story" books of earlier years, but also the simple illustrations by James Converse are apt and clear. Congratulations to Eve for a job nicely done. We now anticipate her New Testament re-telling of the early Christian church history.

*Alice Lapp, a former English teacher, lives in Akron, Pennsylvania. She has reviewed books for many years, and writes occasional articles on assorted subjects.*

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# Krehbiel Paintings Highlight Fall Fest

For many Bethel College alumni across North America, as well as for a good number of central Kansas residents, October means Fall Festival time — football, good food and fun for all ages.

This year's Fall Fest, with the theme "Sharing Many Gifts," was held October 11, 12 and 13 on the campus of Bethel College in North Newton. As in past years, it featured a wide variety of activities for children and families, arts and crafts demonstrations, music, drama and storytelling, and historical exhibits.

One particular highlight was the opening of an exhibit of work of "American Impressionist" Albert Henry Krehbiel. Krehbiel grew up in Newton, graduated from Bethel, studied painting at the Art Institute in Chicago and the Academie Julien in Paris, and taught at the Art Institute from 1906 until his death in 1945.

The Bethel exhibit contains many of his vivid impressionist landscapes and cityscapes. It is the first of several exhibits to be prepared over the next few years to make Bethel College's 1987 centennial.

Musical events were part of the "Learning and Recreation Fair" section of Fall Fest. These included two organ recitals, one featuring Bethel's new Dobson pipe organ, the other the historic Deknatel organ housed in the Kauffman Museum. There was also a musical performance for families, "The Reluctant Dragon" by John Rutter, performed by a college choral group, and a special treat from the East, a concert by the Diamond Street Mennonite Church choir from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Storytelling and drama were also an important part of this year's Fall Fest. Robert Kreider and others gave sessions featuring "recollections from childhood" along with some instruction on how to tell stories and weave tales. "Stories from Inside and Around the Barn" highlighted the opening of the Ratzlaff barn at the Kauffman Museum. Descendants and family members of Abram Ratzlaff, original owner of the restored barn, told stories from their family heritage.

There was also a chance to listen to "Stories from Russian Immigrants" at the Kauffman Museum. A special exhibition entitled "From Russia with Trunks: Immigrant Culture of the 1870s" was open during Fall Fest. It featured a selection of the Kauffman Museum's extensive collection of items brought over in immigrant trunks, from elegant samovars to tiny hand-carved hairpins, along with stories from several immigrants themselves and excerpts from immigrant diaries, posted with the items.

Continuing the theme of Russian immigration, a part of the heritage of many of the General Conference Mennonites in Kansas, a group of students from Hesston Middle School performed "Memories of the Russian Immigration." The students wrote the play themselves and won a state competition with it.

Other drama performances included short skits for and by children by the Sack and Act Players, a children's drama group from Wichita, and the musical comedy "A Different Drummer," performed by a college group.

Of course, no Fall Fest would be complete

without ethnic food and crafts. Quilts received special attention at a quilt auction on Saturday and through a "Quilting Update." Beth McMillen from Goessel showed some of her work and talked about the Kansas Arts Commission's Master Artists program, under which she is an apprentice to a master quilter.

The "Fall Fair" section of Fall Fest featured demonstrations and sale of wheat weaving, along with rug braiding, quilting, wood carving, spinning, chair caning and a variety of other crafts. New Year's cookies, sausage, cheese, baked goods, pork barbeque and other Russian Mennonite and Swiss-German treats were also plentiful. □



Albert Henry Krehbiel (1873-1945), *Standing Figure, Three on Ground*.

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## "Practice Hospitality"

by Glenda Knepp

The Witch of Endor did, and so did Abraham — pressed their guests to eat with them. That bond of shared food, important then, continues its value in our day. "There's something special about the fellowship around the table, even if it's just over a cup of coffee," declares my Uncle Dave.

We've experienced that also, having been recent partakers of a loving sister's hospitality. And I return home with fresh resolve, eager to "offer hospitality to one another without grumbling."

### The bond of shared food continues its value in our day.

Even as I plan, I remember the necessities of preparation: the meshing of those tightly-fit schedules, freshening of a house and family, and the planning and readying of our fare. But I think, too, of other possibilities — visiting over that free cup of coffee at the grocery store, early morning talk with tea and bagels, a Sunday afternoon mingle with popcorn and games.

And for those mealtime guests these next hospitable months, I've begun to work with this basic menu:

#### Pizza

#### Green Salad OR Raw Veggies

#### Strawberry Shortcake OR Simple Fruit

Let's think of pizza first. I'm watching for our local deli's special sales on ready-to-bake pizzas. Then at least I'll have pizza in the freezer for that spur-of-the-moment gathering. Other times I may choose to mix up my own pizza dough, spread on tomato sauce spiced just the way we like it, and layer that with our favorite toppings. A dough I often use is:

#### Whole Wheat Pizza Dough

Dissolve:

- 1 Tbsp. yeast in
- 1 cup warm water

Mix together:

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1/4 cup wheat germ
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Stir in, mixing well:

- 1 Tbsp. oil
- yeast mixture

Dough will be soft and sticky. Do not knead. Let rise 10 minutes. Spread in greased 15" x 10" x 1" pan. Spread on sauce and toppings. Bake on bottom rack in pre-heated 425° oven for 20 minutes.

The salad or vegetable sticks I'll leave to your creativity. But I have a marvelous shortcake recipe for you from my gracious sister. Top these shortcake crumbles with generous spoonfuls of fresh or frozen berries, add milk — and it's delectable. The shortcake can bake in that oven still warm from the pizza you're enjoying.

#### Sherrill's University Shortcake

- Stir together:
- 2 cups flour

- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Cut in:

- 1/2 cup shortening

Add:

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1/4 cup water

Roll out and cut as you would biscuits, or drop by spoonfuls onto an ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 450° for 15 minutes. By the way, substitutions of whole wheat flour, oil, and honey are allowed.

Depending on the supply of fruit at your house, you may choose to serve Simple Fruit, which is simply fruit. Son One told a guest, "Oh, it's easy. All you do is mix a lot of fruit together." And that's almost true.

#### Simple Fruit

Stir:

- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice into
- 4-6 sliced bananas

Add:

- 1 can drained pineapple chunks
- 1-2 cups whole frozen blueberries
- 1-2 cups whole frozen sweet cherries
- 1-2 cups sliced, drained peaches
- fresh grapes, halved

In essence, I'm suggesting adding 4-6 cups fresh or frozen fruit, sliced and drained, to sliced bananas. Bananas are the foundation, and the fruit variations are limited only by your larder and imagination.

Hospitality — let's go for it! □

*Glenda Knepp, of Turner, Michigan, is the mother of two sons. She has "great fun running" as a means of following "the way of disciplined grace."*

## A Cry for Help

by Peter J. Dyck

The telephone rang on my desk in the MCC office in Amsterdam, Holland. The strong, confident voice said this was Lt. Col. Stinson, with the American Army in Berlin, West Germany, looking for someone to come to that divided city to identify a group of refugees.

"They claim to be Mennonites," he said, "but we have no proof of that. They say they're from Russia, so we are thinking of sending them back. The problem is they don't want to go. Now if you could come to Berlin and..."

Three days later I was in Berlin. The refugees claiming to be Mennonites from Russia were that indeed, all 120 of them. When Stinson asked how I could tell so quickly without long interviews, I almost laughed. He didn't know, of course, that their *Plattdutsche* language was an almost sure give-away, and if that failed, their family names — Janzen, Klassen, Dyck and Friesen — told the rest of the story. Or five minutes of conversation about their faith and church life almost always confirmed their identity.

Suddenly I had my hands full, not of relief supplies to distribute to needy Dutch people (others continued to do that) but of people in deep trouble. They had all fled to the American sector of Berlin for safety, but their presence there was "illegal," so they had no way of obtaining ration cards. Hiding in a partially-destroyed building, they knew their situation was tenuous.

Then the American Army discovered them. Now, Stinson said with a wave, "Mr. Dyck, they're all yours. Since they are Mennonites and don't want to go back to Russia, you take care of them." Then with great emphasis he added, "Get them out of here. The sooner they leave Berlin, the better!"

In the months that followed, as the group grew to over 1,000, we slowly pieced together the genesis of this unusual story. In the 1940s, an American Mennonite went to Germany to visit his aged parents. Before he could return, war broke out. Since he had not yet acquired American citizenship, he was unable to return to his wife and children in the U.S. Cut off from them, he was frustrated and worried, and began to drink.

He was in Berlin when the war ended. One day he helped a Mennonite refugee family from Russia find temporary shelter in a partially-destroyed building. Soon a few more refugees arrived, and he found shelter for them, too. Then more came and still more. Somehow he found room for all of them. After all, in a way he was one of them.

By this time, he was rather heavily into the bottle and consequently always in need of money. Perhaps more out of desperation and



addiction to alcohol than any intent to harm the refugees, he began to exploit them for his own purposes.

He used a clever trick that always worked. When he needed more money, he told the refugees he had just spotted some Russian soldiers snooping around. The Mennonites begged him for protection. He promised to do what he could, saying that in his experience one of the most effective ways of dealing with the Russians was to bribe them. So they gave him what little money they had and he

Sometimes  
they thought of him  
as a strange sort of  
spider who had caught  
them in his web.

disappeared. So did the Russians — who may or may not have been lurking in the shadows.

A week or so later this drama was reenacted. When the refugees had no more money to “bribe the Russians,” they gave him clothing, even their wedding rings, anything.

Some suspected he was deceiving them when they observed that every time there was a Russian scare, and every time they collected money for another bribe, he would come back intoxicated. Sometimes they thought of him as a strange sort of spider who had caught them in his web, and sucked the money out of their pockets — and yet oddly enough also seemed to provide protection, of sorts.

Then Lt. Col. Stinson found them. The telephone rang on my desk in Amsterdam, and later there was an MCC refugee camp of over 1200 people in Berlin. That is why there was a “Berlin Exodus,” a *Volendam*, and a colony in Paraguay today called “Voldendum.”

It all began with one man and his need for the bottle. Or was it a man and his concern for helpless people? Perhaps they all needed help. □

*Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, are at home in Akron, Pennsylvania.*

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we going  
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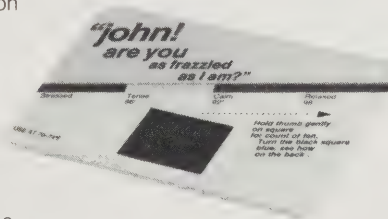
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*(Offer expires December 31, 1985)*

**The Call**, John Hersey, Alfred A. Knopf, 1985. 690 pages. \$19.95.

John Hersey is well acquainted with both the American soul and the missionary soul. With a sweetly sad touch he brings both alive in David Treadup, a hulk of a man, whose zest and zeal exceed even his physical size.

Treadup is the quintessential American — he grows up with character-building difficulties; he is startlingly athletic; and, while a college student, the YMCA captures his imaginations and with little thought, Treadup pledges himself to their program in China. He is to be a missionary; China is to be his proving-ground.

Only one substantial matter stands in David's way — the Y executives insist that he go to China as a married man. With characteristics certainly he meets their challenge and, in one of the most fortunate moves in his life, marries Emily Kean. She becomes his mainstay, although her serene strength alternately baffles and sustains him.

At age 27, David Treadup lands in China, intent on saving the Chinese from themselves, for the cause of Jesus Christ.

Hersey, the author, is never snide nor cynical. He gives the reader access to David the missionary in two ways — by describing, reporter-fashion, his activities and relationships, and by excerpting from his diaries and memoirs about his inner drama.

David is awash in ideas and fueled by boundless energy. He develops knock-'em-flat science demonstrations geared to the intelligentsia; he sets up literacy schools for the peasants. He lacks neither guts nor flexibility. But his flaw, too, is large. His urgency and his inspiration dull and stifle his sensitivity. And as historical events unfold around him, he misses the truth of what is happening to the Chinese people and their land.

It is a saga nearly 50 years long — and in the end, David loses his cause, his faith, his children, and his wife.

David Treadup, the failed missionary, and Willy Loman, the failed salesman, have walked the same ground. They, and countless others full of the best intentions, pour their lives into their dreams, only to come up empty, with no assurance that they've made a clear difference anywhere. What is particularly unnerving the Christians, about David Treadup, is his misplaced passion. Hersey, himself the child of Chinese missionaries, has offered us all a troubling masterpiece. □

**American Flyers** — A two-pronged delight about bicycle racing through magnificent country, and two brothers who have much unsettled territory between them. As the story proceeds the racing becomes the backdrop to the larger matter — how Marcus and David Sommers will accept each other's lives and, possibly, deaths. Tightly honed storyline and acting. (8)

**Compromising Positions** — A fun whodunit, largely because of the common-sense approach taken by self-appointed sleuth, Susan Sarandon. A somewhat restless Long Island housewife, Sarandon latches on to the local scandal, involving the hometown dentist, with a passion that gets her into near-trouble and some unhandy relationships. (7)

**Creator** — Peter O'Toole stars as the mad professor bent on creating life so his wife who died 30 years ago can come back to him. A bit silly and stupid. Also sorta fun at times. (4)

**Crossover Dreams** — This time a Latin musician is tempted to sell all to gain success. Although there is little new here, apart from the Hispanic setting and flavor, it is particularly poignant because it is told from within — rather than about — the Latin Community. (5)

**Dance with a Stranger** — Human passion clashes with reason in this portrait of a nightclub hostess. Based on the historical character of Ruth Ellis, the last woman hanged in Great Britain, this film gathers about itself the atmosphere, madness, and sheer destruction that Ellis chose. A triangle love affair with class and economic overtones gives the whole obsession depth. (6)

**Dim Sum** — It's an oft-told story, but a rarely used setting. Chinese-Americans in San Francisco are caught in a generation gap and uncertainty about how much to blend into America. The characters, although intriguing with an authentic "feel," are only slightly developed. (5)

**Jagged Edge** — Teddy Barnes (played by Glenn Close) has stopped practicing criminal law. But she caves in to her commitment to stay out of that world when a young, wealthy newspaper magnate needs an attorney. Uncertain about whether or not he killed his wife, Teddy finds herself captured by his charm. A clever thriller. (7)

**Key Exchange** — Ho-hum. A retreat about marriage and commitment among Yuppies in New York. What are they willing to sacrifice for whom is the question in this yarn, which makes neither freedom nor

marriage look attractive. (3)

**Maxie** — A Glenn Close showcase in a plot more weird-sounding than the outcome that materializes. What if those who die young could return to earth and pursue their goals in someone else's body? Maxie, an aspiring actress, tries. (6)

**Pee-Wee's Big Adventure** — Don't try this unless you're primed about Pee-Wee. Even then, the thin plot about an adult-sized baby who has his bike stolen requires patient viewers, willing to be intrigued by unusual visuals and wacko comedy. (2)

**Volunteers** — Not quite comic, not fully cynical, *Volunteers*, is aptly timed for the Peace Corps' twenty-fifth anniversary. Most "helpers" have mixed motives; most "improvements" brought by Americans to other cultures are of dubious value, says this hardly profound picture. (5)

**Year of the Dragon** — No, it's not brilliant, but Cimino's not as lousy as they say. A violent thriller about the incorruptible cop in Chinatown. Uneven. (5).

*Films are rated on an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.*

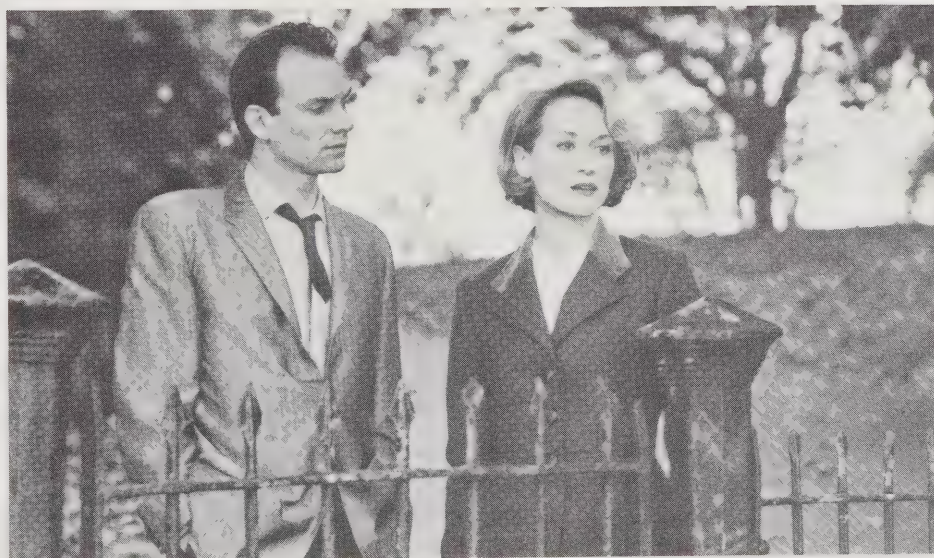
## Provocative *Plenty*: Bulging with Delights and Despair

John Cheever's statement is more than adequate when paralleled with the themes of *Plenty*, "The main emotion of the adult American who has had all the advantages of wealth, education and culture is disappointment."

*Plenty* is a movie you will hear about again when Oscar time rolls around. Meryl Streep certainly has a chance at her third, John Gielgud should be a supporting contender and Fred Schapisi lengthens the list of brilliant Australian directors. In total, this international cast deserves plenty of recognition.

The screenplay is fragmented and may frustrate novice moviegoers. It sweeps, sometimes jolts, its viewers from country to country. Time is also periodically ambiguous. But the script demands its audience follow closely and become inescapably noosed into the cultural and emotional issues of an altruistic English woman who participated in the French Resistance.

David Hare's screenplay must be lauded for successfully bypassing the standard syrupy



sweet script that so often sticks troubled heroines in melodrama. Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) is a disillusioned woman whose passion and idealism are dashed in

postwar Britain, in Jordan and in bed.

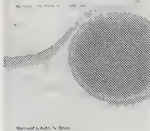
This provocative film bulges with delights and despair, dreams and destruction aplenty.

— Kenneth Pellman □



# BARGAINS!

The Sun and the Wind

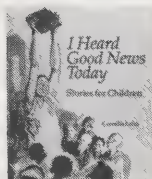


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by Cornelia Lehn

A delightful retelling of Aesop's fable.

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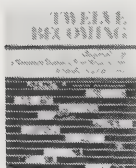


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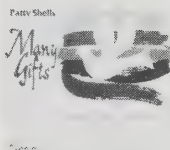


## Sara's Trek

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# RECLASSIFIED

## Menno Awards Ceremony

By Katie Funk Wiebe



I propose an annual Mennonite awards ceremony to give people a headstart into the fall. I admit that handing out medals is not our strength. We prefer nameplates.

At conferences you're handed a sticky label which says, "Hello! My name is . . ." It isn't a real badge, or medal, as if you'd saved someone from drowning on the way to church. It's merely a way of saying, "You can call me by my first name if you can read this before the edges curl over my name or I lose it." Here are some needed affirmation awards:

- A discount coupon to be spent at the local MCC thrift store goes to the woman who bought back her husband's old brown tweed jacket each Friday last year in time for him to clean the garage in it. She returned it each Monday morning. Her award is for generous giving and for skill in marital peacekeeping.

- A dictionary and a course in etymology goes to the seminary student who was determined to take the sexism out of "Mennonite." He divided the word into "men" meaning adult males, "non" meaning negative, and "ite" meaning belonging to a people or tribe. He came up with "tribe of non-men."

- A badge with "McMennonite," meaning true son of Menno, goes to all patrons of Mennonite soul food. McDonald's boasts its billions of hamburgers sold. If we add up all the Mennonite food eaten at church suppers, at relief sales and at conference, we'd have McDonald's beaten by several billion.

- A Polaroid camera and fingerprint identification kit goes to the family with three teen-agers who never saw one another across the table all summer because of work, recreational and church activities. When they finally sat down together for brunch one September morning (television wasn't working), they didn't know where the extra family member with the sun-bleached hair had come from. The camera should help with regular identification pictures.

- I lay a fistful of red, white and blue balloons at the tomb of the unknown Mennonite who wanted to be at the forefront of the peace movement and joined the "peacekeeping" forces.

- A down payment on a main-frame computer goes to the young entrepreneur who computerized all prayer and money requests from all Mennonite agencies, institutions, congregations and individuals. The program is called "Crownstar" and can be used on any personal computer.

- A change machine for quarters goes to the inventor of the Anabaptists Hunt-man video game, fine-tuned for Mennonites who don't want their children subjected to TV bloody violence. In this game you try to outwit the state church Hunt-man. Knowing the right Bible verses helps. The choices of destruction at the end are boiling in oil, drowning in the nearest river, or burning at the stake. Color is optional. Self-destruction doesn't count to win.

- I offer an endless supply of yellow legal pads and fine-tipped ballpoint pens to the person who can list the most memberships in boards and committees when the fall season begins. After five years, he or she is eligible for the self-renewing Grand Cushion award. □

Katie Funk Wiebe is a writer of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.

The editors invite you to submit humorous stories and anecdotes that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes — we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, Tabor College, Hillsboro, KS 67063. She will give credit to anecdotes she selects.

# How Novelists Think They Ought to Live

by Melvin Maddocks

*Festival Quarterly tries each quarter to feature speeches or essays from the larger world which, because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.*

In his witty new work, "Flaubert's Parrot," the English novelist Julian Barnes sets up rules for other novelists. He wants a partial ban on novels about growing up (one per author), a 10-year ban on novels set in colleges or universities, and a total ban on novels in which the main character is a journalist or a television personality.

These are fair and reasonable requests that could not help but reduce the number of novels flooding the market, while improving the quality of those remaining.

Mr. Barnes is careful not to outlaw novels written about writers in particular or artists in general. Such a condition would cost us the pleasure of his book, and a great many other novels of this century as well.

It is the vocation of storytellers to dramatize struggles, but the modern novelist has given up the classical forms of struggle that pitted, say, the Greeks against the Trojans or Ahab against the whale in favor of the struggle of the Artist vs. Society.

The story the modern storyteller chooses to tell, above all others, is how the story gets written in the first place — and this turns out to be the hardest struggle of all. Writing is the most demanding of callings, more harrowing than a warrior's, more lonely than a whaling captain's — that, in essence, is the modern writer's message.

For the novelist of the 20th century, writing has become such an intense, such a dedicated, struggle that Joyce, and a lot of others, have not hesitated to describe the writer as a kind of priest. To choose art means to turn one's back on the world, or at least on certain of its distractions.

The radical choice becomes an either-or one; to write or to live. Flaubert, the father of the writer-as-his-own-hero, made the famous decision that a dedicated artist could not afford the distraction of a family, concluding, as Mr. Barnes reminds us: "If you participate in life, you don't see it clearly."

What news this would have been to Johann Sebastian Bach, father of 20 children! What news this would have been to almost any pre-modern artist, accepting himself as an ordinary member of the community, assigned by his skills to express the sentiments and shared experience of that community.

By contrast, the modern novelist has seen his struggle directed precisely against the temptations of middle-class life. To be a reader of the modern novel is to be subjected, again and again, to portraits of the artist as a young man — and at every other age — heroically fighting to keep himself pure and apart, even at the cost of alienation.

At the same moment that the literary scene is abuzz with Mr. Barnes's sophisticated tribute to Flaubert, the patron saint of the modern novelist, Mary Gordon's new work, "Men and Angels," has arrived, reminding us that the latest theme of the novel is the portrait of the artist as a young woman — and at every other age.

The patron saint of the modern woman novelist, Virginia Woolf, may have come to somewhat the same ascetic conclusions as Flaubert, conveying in "A Room of One's Own" the suggestion of a priestly cell where one could retreat to one's calling. But subsequent women novelists, like Miss Gordon (and Joan Didion and Joyce Carol Oates and

Alison Lurie and Edna O'Brien and Alice Walker), have not chosen to make their books their only children, according to the old metaphor. Mary Gordon has a husband, two children — and a cabin study of her own, in which to be a modern novelist. An artist (and a mother) is one of Miss Gordon's protagonists. Rather than regarding family life as a distraction, Miss Gordon and the others accept it as part of their nourishment, and their subject matter.

Does the male novelist, embarking on his lonely quest to scrutinize that quest within mirror after mirror, show a peculiarly male vanity? It is easy to become sexist, in one way or another, considering such questions. But Margaret Drabble, another novelist, another mother, saves us from complacent simplifications. In reviewing "Men and Angels," she finds Miss Gordon taking "an artistic life, a family life" and "reaching for a sense of wholeness, for the possibility of inclusion rather than exclusion, for a way of connecting the different passages of existence . . . . Her book disturbs, rather than reassures, for it demonstrates that family life itself, that safest, most traditional, most approved of female choices, is not a sanctuary: it is, perpetually, a dangerous place" — perhaps the ultimate risk as well as the ultimate opportunity.

Women novelists today, like men novelists today, may not match Flaubert at his art. But they seem to be broadening and enriching his severe prescriptions for the artistic life that have served as the governing model for more than a hundred years.

One can almost hear the sound of a cell door opening. □

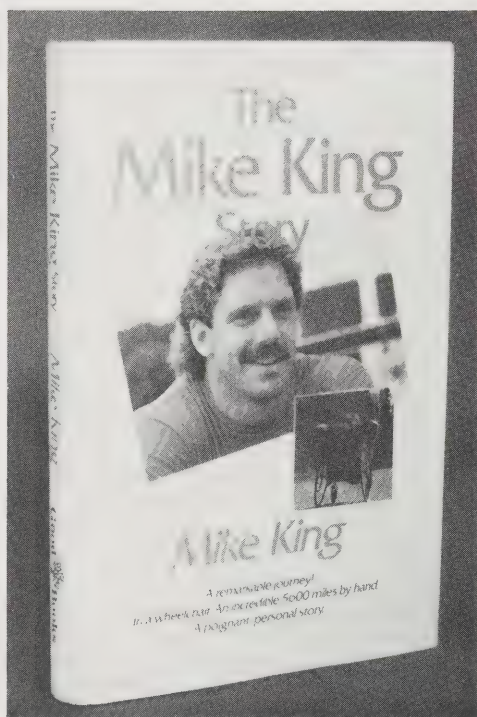
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Winter 1986

# FESTIVAL

## *Quarterly*



Stephen Shank on  
"Theater and  
the Church"



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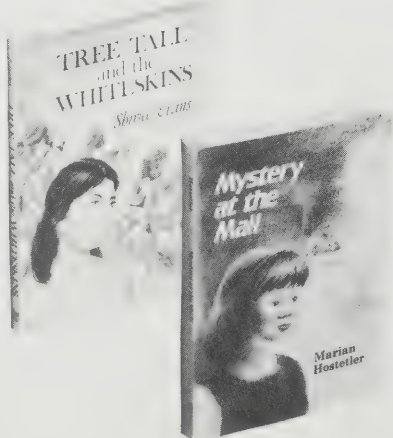
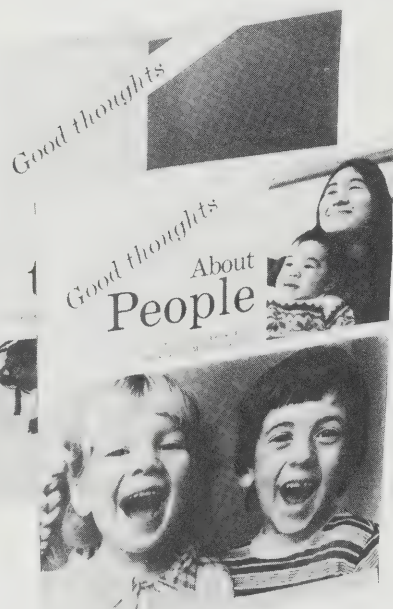
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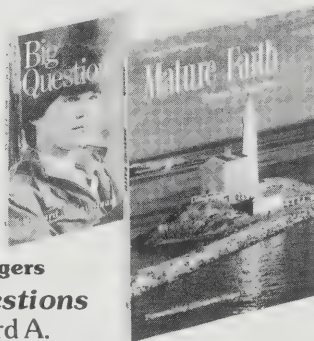
## **Mystery at the Mall**

by Marian Hostetler

Jalinda Beam wants to be a detective and what better place to begin than at the mall, where her father is the manager. As she explores her first case, the missing coins from the Coin Shop, she encounters a trail of missing items that leads to a boy hiding in the mall. She is not sure if he is really a thief or whether, as he claims, he is a kidnap victim. With some unexpected help from her handicapped brother, Lyman, and Mr. Milton, a senior citizen who comes to the mall each day to exercise, Jalinda solves the case. Paper \$3.95, in Canada \$5.35

## **Tree Tall and the Whiteskins** by Shirlee Evans

The story of Tree Tall, a young Indian boy who learns that there are both kind and ruthless white people as pioneers settle the Oregon forests. When he and his family are moved to a reservation and forced to take on the white man's customs, Tree Tall leaves to find Jerome, a white boy from a Christian family that treated him well. Through Jerome and his family, Tree Tall comes to know the Great Spirit of the white man. Paper \$3.95, in Canada \$5.35

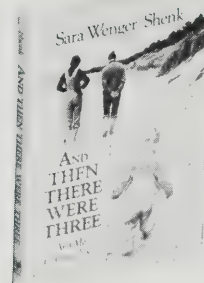


**For Teenagers**

## **Big Questions**

by Richard A. Kauffman

How can I cope with failure? Does belief in God make sense? Why do some people suffer? Why am I tempted? Does God have a plan for my life? And do miracles really happen? In some form all youth answer these questions by the courses they take in school, the clothes they choose to wear, and the way they spend their time. Here is a discussion of these difficult questions for youth from a thoughtful, Christian viewpoint. An excellent graduation gift or discussion starter for any youth group. Paper \$2.50, in Canada \$3.40



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## **And Then There Were Three**

by Sara Wenger Shenk

This ode to parenthood is a "life- and family-affirming book (that) should be welcomed by mothers and mothers-to-be, by feminists and nonfeminist, by men and women," says Katie Funk Wiebe in the foreword. Sharing her own experiences, Shenk speaks to parents who have struggled to balance family concerns and professional pursuits. She shows that the most important thing in life is to build strong relationships with God and with other people rather than to strive for success through position, power, money, or material goods. Paper \$8.95, in Canada \$12.10

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# FESTIVAL

## Quarterly

On the Cover. . .

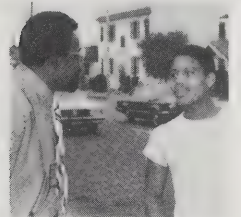


Can actors (or any other artists, for that matter) be faithful to their craft and the church, at the same time? Faith and creation go hand-in-hand, says Stephen Shank (pictured) on pages 7 through 9.

Illustration by Craig Heisey.



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# TAKE COURAGE!

"THE MIKE KING STORY—A candid account of one man's inspiring courage!" —Booklist

People everywhere are touched by anyone who, by sheer grit, triumphs over great odds. Mike King, a Pennsylvania farm boy with athletic promise, became a paraplegic as the result of a motorcycle accident when he was twenty years old. His story about making peace with that fact is moving.

But what makes Mike truly unusual is the remarkable journey he completed this summer. In late April he pushed out of Fairbanks, Alaska—in his wheelchair—bound for Washington, D.C. He arrived one hundred twenty days and 5600 miles later.

This book tells, with touching candor, about his struggle to accept his limitation, his

road through therapy, and his summer-long trip over mountains and gravel roads, through oppressive heat and humidity. The adventures are gripping, but of equal interest is Mike's spirit. He is honest and he is firm about how able-bodied people might better relate to the handicapped.

Eight albums of photographs are spread throughout the volume, adding drama and personality to this poignant story.

(Mike is embarking on a national author's tour with extensive television appearances and radio and newspaper interviews in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Washington, D.C.)

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# FESTIVAL Quarterly

**Festival Quarterly** (USPS 406-090, ISSN 8750-3530) is published quarterly by Good Enterprises, Ltd., at 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The **Quarterly** is dedicated to exploring the culture, faith and arts of various Mennonite groups worldwide, believing that faith and arts are as inseparable as what we believe is inseparable from how we live.

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Merle Good, Phyllis Pellman Good.

## Baggage or Luggage?

Say "baggage" to a group of at-least-second-generation Mennonites, and see if titters spread around the room. Chances are you won't need to say more, but you'll learn plenty.

It's a routine I'm downright sick and tired of. For years, Mennonites who have grown way past their teens, have entertained themselves with terrible tales about the baggage they bore because they were Mennonites.

I'm ready to grant several points to these burdened brothers and sisters of mine. But I'm also after a few answers.

First, my concessions:

1. For some, the Mennonite way, resplendent in distinctives, was too heavy a load. Different clothes, cars, language, food, and furnishings set certain souls further apart from the world than they thought necessary. In fact, the symbols of their separateness wiped out their sense of self-worth and thwarted their itch for independence.

The warm embrace of a defined community became a strangling grip.

2. Leaders are not always able to tell whether a tradition has died, or simply needs more tending. In this case it seems that a good many leaders got the death message too late. They kept trying to feed a corpse. That led to frustration, ridicule — and a still-dead tradition.

But I have a few questions:

1. How long do the people, who were caught in this dismal resurrection effort, need

to get over their anger?

2. When will they understand that as long as they snicker about their people and their past, their own children will find it nearly impossible to love *both* their parents and their church?

3. What if, instead of cherishing Mennonite "baggage" tales, we could find the grace to dwell on "luggage" stories? It's funny how refreshing a new image can be. In a recent editorial in *Mennonite Mirror*, Victor Doerksen suggested that we may have been so sapped by our tangle with tradition that when we decided to unload our "baggage," we lost a good bit of our luggage as well. What that seems to suggest is that we've also lost the capacity to decide between what is essential to our faith community and what isn't.

On a recent Sunday morning a panel of relatively new Mennonites were explaining why they had joined our church. When asked at the close what wish they had for the Mennonites, each expressed the same urge — "Slow down your flight from your past . . . Soon you'll be like everyone else. . . We joined you for the disciplined ways you've worked at living your faith."

It was an echo of John Perkins' statement to the Mennonites gathered at Ames during the summer. "Claim your strengths. Stop cashing in your community and family values."

It is time.

—PPG

## Much Ado About Something

"We'll be looking for the article," my sister-in-law called after me, laughing.

"What article's that?"

"Aren't you turning 40 in a few months?"

Funny relatives I've got. Do they think that birthdays bother me enough to sit in front of a blank piece of paper and pretend it's a mirror? Isn't it a sure sign of the decline of Western civilization if people so segment their lives that they are traumatized by crossing from one artificial compartment to another?

Incredible, really! Her husband and his

brothers used to forget about these things in the old days, until maybe after supper ("Oh, well, let's pull his ears quickly and get to the barn"), so why fuss now?

It makes me kind of mad that they suppose I'll have a pile of feelings about this. Am I that fickle? Sure, I wrote an essay when I turned 16 and another when I turned 30. Who says I'm in a rut? After all, I'm older now.

Let's change the subject before this becomes something.

—MG



I appreciated your editorial in the Summer issue entitled "Two Questions." I thought you captured the lightheartedness and yet seriousness of the discussion very well. It was exactly how I felt at that time.

If you would grant permission to do so, I would like to reprint this editorial in our church newsletter. It should help us prepare for international and inter-cultural dialogue as Mennonites in preparation for 1990.

Keep up the good work in your **Quarterly**!

—J. F. Pauls

*Mennonite World Conference Vice President  
for North America  
Winnipeg, Manitoba*

That's a stunning cover — D. Kreider's photo — on the new issue [of **Festival Quarterly**].

—Muriel T. Stackley  
*North Newton, Kansas*

I receive an occasional **Festival Quarterly** second-hand. Being a Mennonite removed

from the Mennonite mainstream I find it interesting reading. In the Summer '85 issue I read the review by Joyce M. Shutt of the book *And Then There Were Three*.

In the review Shutt writes, "Shenk documents the kinds of double messages church and society send women that make it harder for them as wives and mothers." She goes on to cite an example of a "jarring statistic" taken from a government publication in which the skill involved in over 22,000 occupations is rated on a scale of 1 to 887. In this rating "any career related to the care of young children" is listed at 878 and Shutt adds, in parentheses, "And we wonder why women rebel against staying home with their children!" The "double message" became more complicated than "double" the longer I tried to sort it out.

If I'm correct in my assumption that the book and review are addressed primarily to believers it seems a "double message" to find a secular statistic "jarring." From whom are we deriving our values? To whom are we an-

swering? Whom do we serve?

I find similar conflict in a statement in the next paragraph. "Women know there is nothing more important than raising our children to be decent God-discipling persons but this awareness is affected by our need to be valued as doing something socially worthwhile." In my understanding the "but" negates the "know." Does our "know" come from a taught "awareness" or a God-given conviction? From where do we "feel the need to be valued as doing something socially worthwhile"? Is a life yielded to God in the home not "socially worthwhile"? If not, who told us this? Should we accept it?

The review goes on to say that "Shenk holds out hope in her insistence that women can and should have both career and family if they so choose; that we all (male and female) must develop all sides of ourselves if we are to be faithful to God, the giver of all gifts." What is the "hope" held out? To whom is it extended? What motivates the "insistence"? Have we as believers mixed our values from God and the world? Who has told us "we must develop all sides of ourselves"? How many sides do we have? How are they developed? Is it taught in scripture that "we must develop all sides of ourselves if we are to be faithful to God"?

I trust my questions are neither argumentative nor rhetorical. They come from concern. Had this review been an isolated instance of presenting the ideas questioned, my concern would be considerably less. I'm not requesting a personal answer but feel that we as a denomination need to examine what seems to be a recurrent theme as it relates to scripture.

Thank you so much for your time and consideration.

—Melody Landis  
*Mountain Home, Idaho*

I will take this opportunity to tell you what a marvelous job Jim and I think you do. We look forward eagerly to each issue and I usually read it all in one sitting the day it arrives. I particularly enjoy the contributions of David Augsburg, Mary Oyer and your editorials. **Festival Quarterly** is the only place where I can read of the activities of Mennonite artists and writers.

—June E. Bixler  
*Ann Arbor, Michigan*

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to **Festival Quarterly**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.



"Something goes around something, but that's as far as I've got."

# STONES IN THE MIRROR

## Theater and the Church

by Stephen Shank

A long, eight-hour rehearsal was coming to an end. Four weeks of rehearsal were over. Three more were left before opening night. Three clowns were retelling medieval mystery plays. The clowns were playing everything from Adam to God the Father, including Mary the mother of Jesus, Lazarus and the street-walking Mary Magdalene. Clown work is no joke when you aren't a clown. It's tough. We were moving along slowly, but we were moving.

The designer for the show had not yet sat through a full rehearsal. That afternoon he did. We waited for his advice and criticism. "It's worthless. What have you been doing for the last month? And you," he pointed to me, "you are zero. I thought you could act. This is not acting. Find something fast or cancel the show."

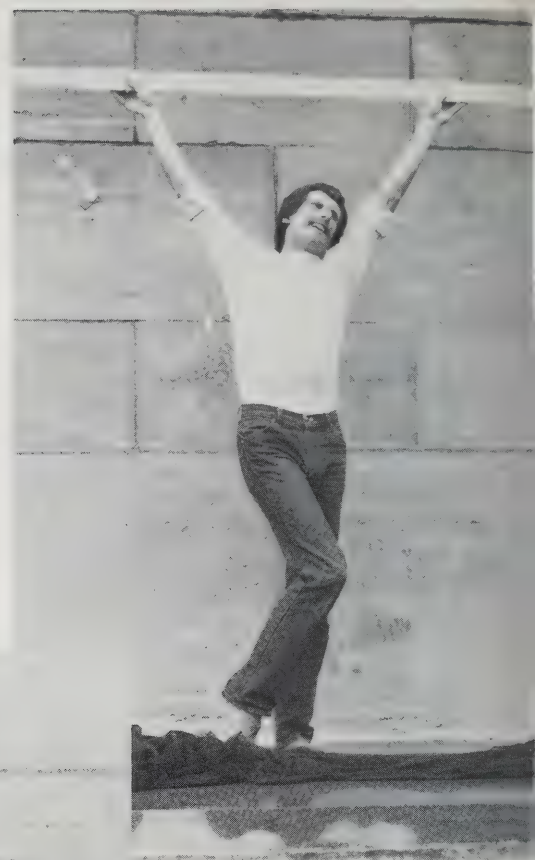
I had thought I had found something. I had also thought that I could act. I knew there were still three weeks to evolve, and I planned to, but I had never imagined it was that bad: zero.

The following week I spent all the time I had reading about clowns, looking at pictures of clowns, learning more about the history of clowns, trying to interview clowns. Three weeks later we had a show. The

Mario Mocenni



Mennonites may not  
always perceive quality  
work, but they do  
recognize junk when  
they see it.



audience rolled in the aisles watching the clowns and then wept at Mary's loss.

I remember another show, another rehearsal. The character I played suddenly becomes his mother recounting the death of her daughter. "Your hands must become the mother's hands. Use those hands, use them," urged the director. I used them. "That's it! You've got it! Yes, yes, yes, that's it!" And each time those hands became the mother's hands I could hear the audience's breath slowing down and waiting. They suddenly saw a mother speaking of her child and were moved.

The final product of stage acting is not like writing, painting or sculpting. In all of these you labor over your work, make correction upon correction, and then offer your work selectively. But in stage acting you must also then set it in time, and call people to believe in a moment. If in that moment you slip, you cannot erase it or wipe it out. If in that moment you remain in control and believe, you then have the privilege of seeing others believe.

The only tools an actor has are old and worn out ones. As with all artists, the means have been used over and over again, be it the voice, the body, paint, stone, words or musical notes. The artist's task is to take those old elements and recombine them into something new that will take us by surprise and make us reach beyond that which we have come to expect of ourselves.

Mennonites are a tradition-bound tribe and, as such, they might appear to not be prone to respond to surprises. They can be unwittingly vicious, too, as when they ask, "What do you do?" and you say, "I'm a musician," and they answer, "Yes, but what do you really do?"

Mennonites are very discerning people, though, perhaps more discerning than some of us would like to admit. There are times when Mennonite artists have felt rejection from the Mennonite community for their artistic production, when the unknowing Mennonite had simply correctly perceived that the work was not quality work. Mennonites may not always perceive quality work,

but they do recognize junk when they see it.

On the other hand, in a community where the artistic production is limited, people are too quick to call great the mediocre, too fast to name "artist" the novice explorer.

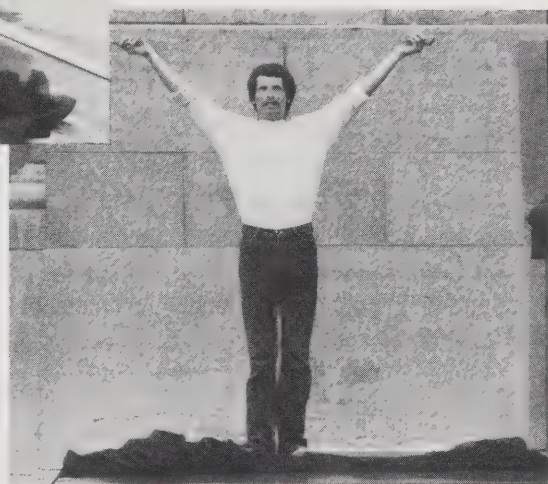
Artists are sign builders. Somehow, in expecting its community to be a sign to the world, the Mennonite community has forgotten the importance of individual sign builders.

When the people of Israel crossed the Jordan into Canaan, God asked them to place stones as a sign, a reminder. Large, abstract boulders became heavy with the sweat and tears of Egypt, with the hunger and thirst of the desert, with the revelation of the law, with the grumblings of rebellion. "And when your children ask, 'What are these stones?,' you will answer, 'We were slaves in Egypt, but...'"

What are the stones we've laid out? Who are the people we've chosen to lay stones out for us? Who will remind us of our sweat and blood, of our lives and our death?

Perhaps those of us who have felt chosen





have gotten caught up with the stones and have forgotten Egypt. Perhaps too many artists are caught up with their medium and too frequently the medium is all that is perceived. When Jesus stood up in the synagogue and spoke the old worn-out words of Isaiah, people didn't see the medium (the familiar text of Isaiah). They saw and heard a man who spoke words in such a way that the words became incarnate: loaded with fundamental significance. And jaws dropped. That was a creative act, an artful moment.

A metaphor for such a moment is described by Rainer Maria Rilke, as he writes about his childhood in the guise of fiction, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*. Malte recalls his first discovery of the existence of masks in the attic of his home. He slips one on and runs to a mirror — and looks in. The mirror imposed upon him an image, he recalls. "No, not an image — a reality — which penetrated me in spite of myself. For now the mask became the strongest and I was the mirror."

Simone Signoret, after a rich acting career, once said that Rene Clement gave her the

biggest compliment anyone could give by saying, "If I gave a diving mask to Simone and told her to dive under the table because it is the sea, she would do it; because she would believe it to be the sea."

That is the place of the artist: to take people sailing out to sea under a table, to move mountains. It is then that we as spectators are caught: we look, we listen, we are moved. *It is then*, when Rachel Lapp's (Kelly McGillis) face, as she discovers music, dance, elation and a man in her father-in-law's barn, becomes a *Witness* to our uncertainties about our elation about the world, about letting go. She mirrors our confusion so well that she becomes our confusion, and we are the mirror that weeps back. *It is then*, when in Michelangelo's *David* we feel ourselves standing naked, bold, sure of ourselves and defiant in front of those giants who would keep us hidden and silent. *It is then*, when we discover in Brahms' *Requiem*, as the soprano sings with the chorus: "I will comfort you as a mother comforts," that God is truly like a comforting mother.

The power of such works resides in the fundamental acceptance by these artists of their limitations. They assume: "I do not know, and because I do not know, I search. I hunt, I gather, I explore, I discover." "Seek and ye shall find" is the key to the work of the artist. It is the key to all creative process.

Life as it is lived by all too many a well-intentioned Christian is an assumed "find" without the "seek." Yet faith is the greatest creative venture ever. Where there is faith there is room for new creation. Faith and creation are both casting oneself into the unknown; they are desperately hunting for the meaning of clowns; they are noticing and becoming signs as commonplace and natural as stones. □

*Stephen Shank is currently serving, along with his wife, Jean, and family, under Mennonite Board of Missions in Belgium. He has taught drama at Goshen (Indiana) College and performed widely for Mennonite audiences in North America and general theater audiences in Europe.*



# On Silencing

by Will D. Campbell

Shortly after the spring thaw of 1573 a woman prayed for her children: O holy Father, sanctify the children of Thy handmaiden in Thy truth, and keep them from all unrighteousness, for Thy holy name's sake. O Almighty Father, I commend them unto You, since they are Thy creatures; care for them, for they are Thy handiwork; so that they may walk in Thy paths.

She was a cousin to some of us. Her name was Maeyken Wens, an Anabaptist woman of

death. Included in the sentence read by the court was the instruction to the executioner that her tongue should be screwed fast to the roof of her mouth so that she might not testify along the way to the place of burning.

The next day her teenage son, Adriaen, took his youngest little brother, three-year-old Hans Mattheus, and stood on a bench near the stakes so that her first and last issue might be present at the moment of her death. When it began Adriaen fainted, and was not able to witness her parting. But when it was

men and men alike in other roles of ministry and service (Titus 2:1-10) he excludes women from pastoral leadership (I Timothy 2:12) to preserve a submission God requires because the man was first in Creation and the woman was first in the Edenic fall. (I Timothy 2:13ff.)

The remembrance of that act brings no exultation to many of us who wear the Anabaptist alias, Baptist. I have heard of no 15-year-old sons picking up the paper clips



Antwerp, who had been arrested a few days earlier for proclaiming the Gospel of Christ as she understood it from her personal reading of the Scripture, and from study and discussion of it with others of her sisters and brothers.

Cousin Maeyken withstood the inquisition of ecclesiastics and the bodily torture of those in civil authority. When she would not recant after six months of imprisonment, and would not promise to cease her spreading of the Word, she was sentenced on October 5 to

over and the ashes had cooled he sifted through them and found the screw with which her tongue had been stilled. Three other women and a man died that day for the same offense. The remembrance of them makes me exult in my heritage.

Four hundred and eleven years later, June 13, 1984, many thousands of Maeyken's spiritual relatives gathered in convention in Kansas City and resolved that women should not be ordained as ministers.

WHEREAS, while Paul commends wo-

from the discarded resolutions which recommended the silencing of their mothers. Perhaps it is just as well. For that resolution will no more stop their mothers and sisters from declaring the mighty acts of God, with or without the laying on of human hands, than the tongue screws stopped those daughters of Sarah in the 16th century. Or my Mississippi grandmother who in 1932, and with no apostolic sanction, stood in the finest prophetic and priestly tradition and said to an angry group of men about to beat a black

# Our Finest

... women are still adjudged unqualified to be ministers because they discovered sin first. One might think that since they have been at it longer they would be more competent in identifying and casting it out.

child with a gin belt, "He's 14 years old and you ain't gonna beat him." And they didn't. Again, I exult.

Many, it should be said, deny the kinship between contemporary Baptists of twentieth century America and that tough and radical little band of left-wingers called Anabaptists. But increasingly the scholars acknowledge and affirm the nexus. Among them are William Estep of the Southwestern Baptist Seminary in Fort Worth, Eric Gritch of Lutheran Seminary in Gettysburg, the late

had no intention of doing so. He refused the oath, refused to hold his right hand up in obeisance to a court of human law, declined to say, "Your honor," or to respond in any fashion other than the biblical yea or nay. There was no talk of racks, drowning, or burning. But the suspicion of the state of those who dare to be different was much in evidence. Testimony showed that the buggy, with the reflective tape designed by the Amish, could be seen at night for almost 600 feet. The issue did not appear to be safety. The

dunces riding into the city on their watermelon trucks to fight over who would get their picture on next year's Sunday School quarterlies. Baptists are now a middle class and accepted people. The preachers of the victorious faction, largely unaware and uncaring of their antecedent, preach from Hebrew and Greek texts. The laity come from the professional elite, the major protagonist being a prominent Houston judge. (In the days of Maeyken Wens he would not have been allowed membership by virtue of being



Illustration by Craig Heisey

Roland Bainton of Yale, and Donald Armentrout of St. Luke's Episcopal Seminary.

A few weeks ago I sat in a hot and crowded courtroom in Glasgow, Kentucky and watched the continuing persecution of Maeyken Wen's people. A young Swartzen-truber Amish man was on trial for not having the state-mandated red emblem on his buggy. To do so, he testified calmly, would be a sin. To him it would be a violation of the second commandment, and he made it clear that he

issue was Caesar's prescribed emblem. I observed this tiny vestige of where I came from with gratefulness.

One week before the courtroom scene 45,000 Baptists convened in Dallas in an atmosphere of shame and held a four-day shouting match over which faction of the denomination, the conservatives or the slightly more conservative, should be entrusted with the tattered coat of Christ. The duly ordained reverend president was flanked by armed guards. They were not country

a magistrate. In 1985 he lobbies on the Phil Donahue Show to take it over.)

Though there is considerable opposition to the resolution on the ordination of women passed by 58 percent of those voting a year ago, the effort to rescind it did not make it to this year's agenda. To preserve the spirit of alleged harmony women are still adjudged unqualified to be ministers because they discovered sin first. One might think that since they have been at it longer they would be more competent in identifying and casting it





out. But logic has never carried much weight where mischief and foolishness reign.

The percentage of women clergy in my holy mother church is less than one percent. But if those who did not spring from the left wing of the Reformation are looking down their sophisticated noses at backwater Baptists and are gathering boulders, they might first consider some relevant mote. Among Episcopalians and United Methodists the ratio is about thirty to one. And among Roman Catholics it is . . . well, never mind.

All of us might also hear some words of Kenneth Chafin, a Baptist seminary professor known for neither toadying to special interests nor knee jerk liberalism, words of both warning and hope. They should be heard by Nashville, Rome, Canterbury, and the rest.

The best students I have at Southern Seminary are women. They've got better minds and better backgrounds. They are better at preparing sermons than anyone else I have in the class. And yet the most ill-prepared, uncommitted, limited man I

have has a better chance for ministry in our denomination than some of the most brilliant people I teach. Until the pulpits of this land begin to deal with that, we are wasting not just half of our gifts, we are wasting probably 60 percent of our gifts.

There are today almost 60,000 students involved in some theological degree program. Twenty-five percent of them are women. Where will they go? The number being trained is multiples beyond the number of professional jobs currently open to them.

Of personal concern to me in all this is that my first-born daughter entered divinity school this fall. I don't want her bruised by institutionalized tongue screws nor silenced by resolute bigotry.

Of concern to the steeples should be some words of St. Paul:

. . . and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? □

*Will D. Campbell was ordained a Baptist minister in Mississippi 44 years ago.*

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# IF "THEY" ONLY KNEW

by Hubert L. Brown

**D**ark, ominous clouds hung low in Iowa as I prepared to leave Ames '85 and return to Los Angeles. Before I left I scratched a few notes on my program booklet:

"Ames '85 is now history and I am left to weigh the effect of a full week of participating in the Mennonite Church General Assembly. As usual the experience of a conference like this is marked by joy, sadness and pain at times. The vast number of contacts with old friends, church writers, thinkers and leaders was quite overwhelming and delicious. Equally impressive were the number of meetings, workshops, business and mass sessions. I was challenged and renewed having been here.

"My only question is what did I really receive from Assembly that will significantly impact the issues I must face when I return home?"

This question always haunts me after attending Mennonite meetings. I am so much aware of the fact that a vast cultural chasm exists between Blacks in urban America and most non-urban Mennonites, preventing us from really communicating on common issues. I can never shake loose the fact that we are so different — miles apart. Here I am a Black-born, Mennonite-bred pastor in a rather conservative evangelical denomi-

Jonas Miller







Jonas Miller

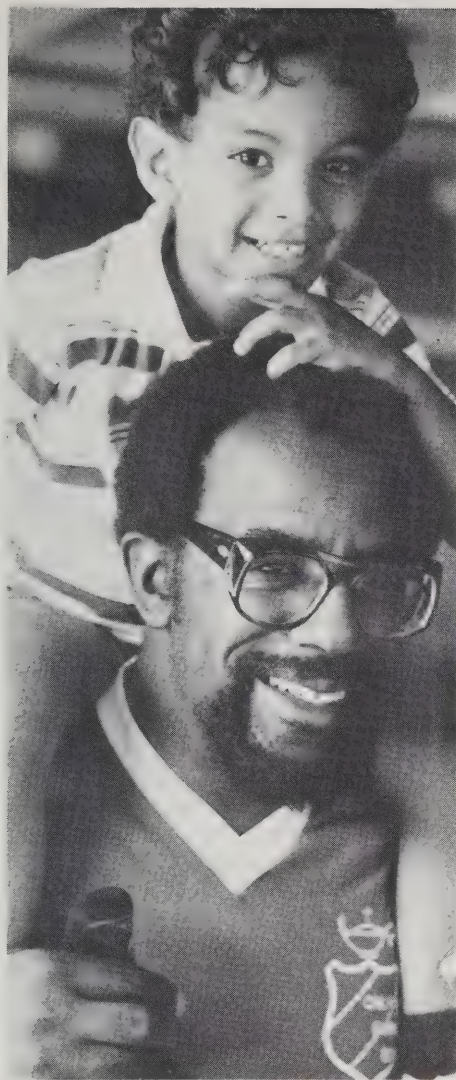
nation. I am something of an anomaly. This uniqueness has placed me in a dilemma. My allegiance is split.

My long and enriching experience with biological Mennonites has led me to a commitment to many of the same tenets of faith held by most Mennonites. At the same time, I am grateful to God that I am an Afro-American, and I realize my deep concern is tied to that of the Black community. Being Mennonite is my voluntary choice. Being Black is my fate. Both identities demand my time and attention.

The quandary I face is two-fold. First, since

I have chosen to be a pastor in a White denomination, how can I serve the Black community? The issues faced by the two groups are obviously distinct and often very different. And, second, how can I inform Mennonite people of the continuous pain and struggle of the Black experience in White Mennonitism, something most Mennonites are tired of hearing about? It would be simpler for me if these communities overlapped or encompassed one another, but they don't because we have our own brand of apartheid. How am I to grapple with the issues of two apparently exclusive groups?

My personal predicament leads me to address the general problem of the apartheid nature of our church. There were only five Black Mennonite pastors at Ames. In fact, there were only a few Afro-Americans at Ames overall. It reminded me of a number of meetings I attended back in the 1950s. And, yes, while we had a Black speaker at Ames (who warned Mennonites not to give up their garb), we really did not have any significant numbers of Black people there. Certainly having the meeting in Ames was one of the drawbacks. But I think a major reason is that the issues we face as Blacks and Whites are so



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different.

I live and minister in urban America where life is as varied as the beautiful variety of skin colors represented. We have small churches sandwiched in between a row of deserted and dilapidated buildings with half-spelled announcements hidden behind chipped paint and broken glass bulletin boards; we have fine, well-built edifices occupying larger corner lots along boulevards, and well-manicured streets. Our church is one of those large abandoned edifices built for middle-class Whites, located on a quiet and well-groomed street. But the people who attend are Black and urban. By urban I mean those whose lives are in daily direct confrontation with poverty, pain and crisis.

In 1978 I came to Los Angeles to pastor Calvary Mennonite Church. Since 1980, a short five years, I have had more funerals than I ever imagined. Seven of them were untimely deaths — three murders, three car accidents, and one drowning. I would venture to say seventy-five percent of my congregation has been victimized by a crime of violence or theft in the last year.

What do I say to a family left to grieve the murder of a loved one? Just this past Sunday I spoke to a father whose son was victimized by a violent murder. I told him some of the feelings I had, the anger at such a senseless

murder. He shared that he too has had to deal with his strong feelings of frustration and rage.

We reflected on how well his wife held up under that extremely traumatic situation. Her courage was startling as she addressed the assembly at her son's funeral telling the young people there not to hate but to love. Later, during the court hearing and in the presence of her son's assailant she told that young man she did not have hate in her heart. I was touched by her strength and deep Christian love. I recall when she went through a deep crisis of faith, and said to our prayer group, "I just can't talk to God. I just can't pray."

Crime destroys people in such a devastating way. The urban world drains a person. The sickness, poverty, violence, gangs, drugs, fear and despair drain me. But I attend very few Mennonite meetings where I hear issues of poverty, violence and gangs addressed. Our worlds are different. I am concerned about farm issues, and the crises farmers face. I am concerned about conversations on faith, the ordination and use of women in the church, human sexuality, and the drop-off of biological Mennonites attending Mennonite schools and colleges. But of great concern to me are other issues affecting my life among my people here in urban America.

Today, one-half of all Black families live in poverty and the unemployment rate for Blacks continues to spiral upward. At the same time the Reagan administration projects even more cuts into important entitlement programs which Blacks need. I heard nothing at all at Assembly about the plight of the urban poor. Nothing was said in any of the sessions I attended on the adult side about apartheid in South Africa.

Perhaps at no other time in our history is the need to pull together being tested more than now. In the face of our present segregated Mennonite Church situation we are audaciously projecting doubling our membership in the next ten years, and we are saying we want to build particularly in urban areas. If this is what we really want to do, then we must turn our attention to urban concerns, Black issues and matters affecting other racial minorities.

We Christian Mennonite people desperately need each other — as much as we need honesty among ourselves — in our increasingly urban world. □

*Hubert Brown is pastor of Calvary Mennonite Church in Inglewood, California. He is the recently retired moderator of the Southwest Conference of the Mennonite Church and the author of Black and Mennonite.*



W

illis Wilson didn't like his landlord. When

old Eby drove to the village the first of every month to pick up the rent, Wilson made a point of being out until Eby's black buggy had time to disappear back into the countryside. When Wilson hadn't left his wife enough cash to pay (Eby wouldn't take checks), Wilson didn't come home until nine or ten.

"He said he'd be back Monday," his wife

for electricity.

Wilson was happy enough to be on the crew helping to dig and set up poles, and his wife, who came from steadier stock than Willis, liked having a regular time for

# OLD EBY

White-haired and planted like a locust tree, the old man was waiting for them on his property line.

would say, "and if you want the cistern cleaned and the roof fixed, he said the rent is low enough that you should do it yourself."

"Cheap flat that," Wilson would mutter and add a few more remarks about Mennonites, especially prosperous and particularly conservative ones like his landlord. "The house is falling down around our ears, and all that old cheapskate wants is his money. One of these days I'm going to tell him what I think." But he made sure he had the money when Eby came around next.

Eby's principles were strict even by Mennonite standards. He kept a buggy when the deacons and bishops had shifted to black Fords, and he never spoke English unless he had to. A grizzled widower, he lived on a farm east of Strasburg with a tenant family on the other side of the house. Word was that he'd never gotten over the shock of his three daughters marrying men who couldn't speak German. "As if English isn't good enough when he wants his money," Wilson would grumble, and look around for jobs so that he could raise money towards the next month's rent.

Wilson worked at whatever jobs he could get. After they finished the railroad underpass at Bird-in-Hand he was late on his rent a couple months until the electric company hired men to put up poles and string lines through the county. By spring of 1928 the towns and villages had electricity, but the farms around the countryside still used wind pumps and lit kerosene lamps in the evenings. Farmers who weren't Amish wanted the lines to go through, looking forward to the convenience. Even the Mennonite church in Strasburg was wired

supper, not to mention the steady pay. It was dependable work, even if at first the crew tangled with some Amishmen who didn't want lines going up on their property. But word came from their bishop not to obstruct the civil authority, and work went on.

Until the crew worked its way east and hit old Eby's farm. White-haired and planted like a locust tree, the old man was waiting for them on his property line. "I won't have electric lines crossing my property," he said.

The crew boss said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Eby, but we're coming through anyway. It's a matter of eminent domain."

"Vas is das?" asked Eby.

"It means the government has first claim on all the land in the nation," said the crew boss, "and the law says you have to let the lines go through whether you like it or not."

Eby raised a white eyebrow. "If the law says this is so," he said slowly, "I can't stop you, even if this goes against everything I was raised in. I've worked this land all my life and paid the taxes on it. But if the government can do this, then they're saying the land isn't mine. Caesar is Caesar," he said as he turned away, "and he's taken my land."

The old man slowly walked across the field, while Wilson watched, gleeful that his landlord had got his comeuppance, till the boss said, "Start digging," and Wilson was too busy to think about old Eby.

That job lasted three months. On the first of each Eby drove to Strasburg in his buggy and collected the rent from Wilson's wife. When Wilson came home, she mentioned that their landlord seemed older and was beginning to look frail. Her husband grunted that it served him right when Eby wouldn't clean out the cistern and fix the roof.

"He said he made the rent low because he expected us to make repairs," his wife said, but she didn't say more.

Wilson was late with his rent the fourth

by Sara Stambaugh

month.  
Then, through a second cousin who was postmaster, he was hired to help collect back taxes. He drove the tax man to half a dozen farms before he was told to get thirty five dollars worth of stock from old Eby.

The morning he drove up the lane to Eby's farm Wilson had mixed feelings. He wasn't happy at having to confront his landlord, but he smirked that the stingy Mennonite had to answer to the government. The countryside had been hit with a week of rain, and he'd had to get up in the middle of the night to move the bed from under a new leak in the roof, then try to sleep while the drip plunked into a bucket beside his ear. By the time he and the tax collector drove up Eby's muddy lane, Wilson was in a mood to lead the cheering section while the old farmer's barn burned down.

He pulled up beside the barn and blasted on the horn till he saw Eby at the stable door. Carrying a pitchfork, the old man waded towards them through the mud and peered through the truck window while rain poured off the brim of his black hat and ran down his shoulders. "Mr. Eby," said the tax collector, "our records show that you haven't paid your taxes this year. That right?"

"If that's what the government says, I guess it must be," Eby answered. When the tax man asked whether he was going to pay the thirty-five dollars he owed, Eby's face relaxed into what was as close to a grin as Wilson had seen on him.

"I reckon not," Eby said softly. "If you want taxes off me you'll have to take them yourself." His hat and coat were shining black now from the pouring rain. He thumped the handle of his pitchfork into the mud. "As a matter of principle, it seems to me I can't give the government anything when it already owns all I got," he said. "They told me I don't own my land, so I guess I don't owe any tax money for it." He pulled up the fork, turned deliberately, and sloshed towards the barn.

"You know we gotta take some stock then," Wilson shouted after him, but Eby disappeared into the barn. "What'll it be," Wilson asked the tax man, "a pig or a calf?" The tax collector studied his list and said that

a couple of stoats should settle Eby's account.

Wilson jumped from the truck. "Hey, kid!" he called to one of the hired man's children, who was staring at him from under the barn overhang. "Where's the pigsty?"

The boy said something in German through the stable door. "It's there," Eby said, head, shoulders, and pitchfork appearing at the door. He pointed his chin towards a small building on the far side of the barnyard. Wilson turned up his collar against the rain, opened the barnyard gate, and trudged towards the shed, the mud from the barnyard sucking at his galoshes.

Wilson's cap didn't protect him as much as Eby's black hat, and the rain poured down his neck while he unfastened the top of the double door and looked inside at the animals, two sows, a boar, and a dozen odd little ones. The sows heaved up to stare at him, and the piglets squealed and ran for the far side of the shed where the boar slept. Wilson didn't like the looks of those sows, but since he hadn't much choice, he opened the bottom door and stepped inside. There was a warning grunt from one of them as he sidled past her, grabbed a piglet, and backed towards the door, the animal wriggling and kicking.

It was raining harder now, and Wilson got soaked as he ran with the pig to the truck, where he shut it inside a crate before he started back for the second one.

When he got back to the shed, the piglets were milling and squealing, and one of the sows was waiting. As Wilson opened the door she charged and knocked him flat in the barnyard mud. Flinching at the rain, she backed into the sty, but not before half a dozen of the brood had burst through the door and galloped over Wilson while he flailed at them from the flat of his back.

"Get the gate, Elam!" he heard old Eby shout in German to the boy. Wilson sat up and looked around the barnyard. Piglets leaped around him. Frightened, they squealed like wounded rabbits and made frantic hops like bucking mules, then sank into muck up to their bellies before giving more leaps and falling back into the mud.

Wilson struggled to his feet and made a lunge at one bemired piglet a yard or so away, but it jack-rabbitied into the air, Wilson's foot slipped, and he fell on his face. He struggled to his feet, wiping the mud out of his eyes. The first thing he saw was old Eby standing under the barn overhang, leaning against his pitchfork and laughing.

Wilson slogged across the barnyard towards the old man, so angry that he could hardly talk. By the time he was facing Eby he'd let loose some choice names for his

landlord, and Eby had stopped laughing. Wilson pressed a finger against Eby's chest, sputtering mud in his rage. "You laughed at me!" he shouted. "You got me into this because you're too stingy to pay your taxes, and then you laughed at me!"

"No," Eby said, but Wilson wasn't stopping now. "You and your principles! You're too much of a skinflint to pay your taxes, and you're too tight-fisted to keep the house I live in from falling around my ears, but you're not too holy to take my rent every month—that's how many principles you've got!"

Eby's face was as much a mask now as Wilson's under the mud. "That's not right," he said and had his mouth open to say more when Wilson wheeled away. Coated with mud like a mountain man stalking a chicken coop, he made his way towards the barnyard gate, pounced on a piglet sheltering in a corner, and rushed to his truck. He wouldn't talk to the tax collector and nearly tore out the gears before he rocked clear of the mud and careened down the lane. When he went home to clean up he didn't tell his wife what had happened.

Wilson was sprawled in the front room a week later when she stuck her head through the door to say that old Eby was in the kitchen and wanted to see him. He told her to talk with him and didn't leave his chair until he'd heard the door shut ten minutes later.

His wife was at the dish bench scouring pans. She didn't say anything, and Wilson had to ask her what Eby had wanted. "Something about taxes and the government," she said, "and about you bringing him to examine his ways." She dipped a pan in the rinsewater and commented that Eby was looking better than he had for a time.

Finally she wiped her hands and turned to her husband. "He said that you'd brought him to examine his principles," she said. "If the government owns his farm, it owns all he has, including this house. That means he hasn't any more right to it than we have. We might as well stay here as anyone else, he said, but if he's to follow his principles, he has to wash his hands of it. And he can't take any more rent."

Wilson stood for a full minute taking it all in. "Why that cheap flathat," he finally exploded. "He's taken my rent all these years, and now he's fixed it so I still have to clean the cistern and fix the roof!" □

*Sara Stambaugh is the author of I Hear the Reaper's Song and professor of English at the University of Alberta, Edmonton.*



# The Family That

by Leanne Eshleman  
Benner



What began as big dreams for a family vacation on a houseboat has now become memories and a trip we will never forget. The idea was one of Dad's creative vacation plans and was in the talking stages for about two years. Finally realizing that we would never find a time to suit all four of us children plus spouses, Dad announced, "Mom and I are going to Lake Champlain next summer. Anyone who wants to come along is welcome!" So planning began and July 1985 came with all five couples able to go along.

We talked about it for months with great expectation, realizing how special it would be for the whole family to participate. Our unspoken questions were, "What if it rains—ten people on an 8-person houseboat?" "What conflicts may arise?" "What will it be like to be brothers and sisters (family) again in such close proximity?" The questions were there but we were willing to risk it. We acknowledged that there would be conflict. We joked about it, too, and designated Dad's sailboat as a getaway to let off steam.

While Dad said there was only one rule for the trip, two rules actually emerged: 1) You may do anything you want, and (2) don't set

your expectations too high. The resulting event went beyond all our expectations. The weather was perfect. The food was fabulous, the sailing incredible, and the fellowship warm and sensitive.

This was OUR adventure! We loaded our belongings with great festivity, much to the amusement of some native Vermonters. We speculated about neighboring houseboaters and their contrasting solemnity. Two of our crew members were taught how to run the boat, anchor, etc. All of us were briefed on safety, buoys, and weather. Then we were off!

To look around the cabin, we truly looked like an organized crew — all belongings hidden in the minimum of storage space available. Over the next few days bits and pieces would emerge which gave clues to some of the expectations of the trip. Bird books, umpteen pairs of binoculars, stacks of reading material, games (Dutch Blitz, Trivial Pursuit, cards, Scrabble, Rummy-O), crossword puzzle books, crocheting, suntan lotions of almost every kind and sunscreen number, guitar, and Dramamine.

Little did we know at the beginning of our trip how much a part of our boat we would become. Suddenly we were more group-oriented than couple-oriented. There was

only one opportunity to get on shore so, except for an occasional swim in icy waters, the boat was our world. We rocked as we ate. We rocked to sleep. We rocked to fish and read and play. And soon rocking was a natural part of our world, too.

Because we were always in close proximity to someone else, group activities were the most satisfying even if that only meant sitting together on the upper deck and watching the beautiful shoreline go by. Trying to find private time and space usually brought frequent interruptions or a feeling of missing "part of the action." We read two books together—one for devotionals and one for leisure. Taking turns reading aloud made it an anticipated ritual.

The logistics of the boat itself and navigation were fascinating. Each person had a turn at the helm, making sure to keep to the Vermont side of the red buoys and to the New York side of the green ones. Our "pet," the sailboat, tagged along either in tow or by full-fledged sailing-at-its-best. Using the marine toilet was an art in itself but by the end of the trip we had learned to maneuver in what felt like a broom closet and to flush successfully! We put aside meticulous habits as we tried various ways of cooking for ten on



# Floats Together...



Illustration by Craig Heisey

a 3-burner stove and washing dishes for that many in a kitchen sink measuring 6" x 10".

Gunkholing (finding our own private cove in which to anchor) was a major event of each day. We pored over navigational charts and listened to our "Cube" (weather box) to make sure depths and conditions were appropriate for anchoring. We were definitely novices at this job, as evidenced by all the effort and time we spent doing it, but it was well worth the peace and beauty not found in the marinas. Our one experience in port for pumping out and refueling quickly enlightened us to the fact that rented houseboats are among the lowliest of water-going vessels. So we were quite content to anchor away from the pomp and elegance of luxurious yachts and modern conveniences.

Our adventure would not really have been complete without one "near miss." The trip itself was uneventful. Orientation put the fear of God in us when we were shown pictures of boats rammed by other boats, broken propellers, storms, and the "results" of Lake Champlain's local monster, Champ. But we had no such misfortune until our last night when a calamity was prevented by the incessant banging of our sailboat against the houseboat.

We had bedded down around midnight after our popcorn and "The Reading"—most of us wondering where the four days had gone and wishing we had more time to do what we brought along to do. Gradually the wind picked up and our cradle became a churn. The banging of the sailboat boomed inside the cabin and we were afraid Hurricane Bob was finally arriving!

Eventually Keith, my oldest brother, got up

**Our adventure would not really have been complete without one "near miss."**

to see what he could do about the noise and abruptly called my youngest brother, Rodney, to man the boat. We were all up with a start, curious and wide-eyed. Our anchor had unhitched and we were rapidly making headway in mid-channel!

We maneuvered back to our cove in the dark, reanchored, and speculated on what could have happened—especially when a big barge chugged by about an hour later. Time

and again we repeated how glad we were that it happened the last night instead of the first or we would have been uneasy the entire trip.

Friday morning came and we squeezed every drop of our time on the water before needing to redock. Cars loaded, we stood and reminisced (already), hating to break up the party. It was only then that we realized how much a part of the boat we had become. We were still rocking! We rocked for the next three days, which is much more unnerving on land than on water. Gradually it eased up until we were only rocking in the shower with our eyes closed. Now the rocking has ceased but we have created a memory which has drawn us another step closer.

Our family has always derived enjoyment from memories and reminiscing. This was one more grand one to add to our list. It taught us that we can work and play together now better than ever. So... we will look back and remember this vacation as one that has reinforced the bond we love to call "family."

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*Leanne Eshleman Benner lives in Keezletown, Virginia, and is a social worker at the Bridgewater Retirement Center.*



When volunteers talked about their genuine turmoil, their bodies showed a marked relaxation.

# Confiding in Others Improves Health

by Daniel Goleman

Confession, whatever it may do for the soul, appears to be good for the body.

New studies show persuasively that people who are able to confide in others about their troubled feelings or some traumatic event, rather than bear the turmoil in silence, are less vulnerable to disease.

The belief in the value of sharing one's deepest sense of guilt and turmoil with others has always been a basic tenet of some aspects of religion, psychotherapy and folk wisdom. But like so many attractive beliefs its value has been assumed largely in the absence of scientific scrutiny. This is changing, as a handful of behavioral scientists start to report their findings.

The findings about health are emerging especially rapidly now because of the work of James Pennebaker, a Southern Methodist University psychologist well known for his contributions to behavioral medicine. In a series of studies soon to be widely reported, he has demonstrated that confiding in others, while often painful, seems to have long-term health benefits.

Pennebaker's research appears to show that the act of confiding in someone else protects the body against damaging internal stresses that are the penalty for carrying around an onerous emotional burden, such as unspoken remorse. Bereavement, for instance, when it is a sense of pain borne alone, seems to be linked to physical ailments, but when it is shared it seems to do far less damage.

Along similar lines, psychologists at Harvard University have pointed to a possible physical mechanism that accounts for the better health of those who can confide in others. They found that people whose approach to life made them less able to share intimacies also had less effective immune systems.

None of the new research is meant as an argument for any and all self-revelations. "It does not mean that it's always good to say

whatever is on one's mind, indiscriminately," said Robert Wallerstein, chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of California Medical School at San Francisco. Confiding, when done for the wrong reasons, such as an effort to make the listener feel guilty, "can be mischievous or even antagonistic," he said. Also, people who confide too freely sometimes betray a self-centeredness that can antagonize the sympathetic listener, who comes to feel used.

Nevertheless, there is now clear evidence for the health benefits of confiding. In a study to be published in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, Dr. Pennebaker used coroner's records to contact the surviving spouses of men and women who had committed suicide or died in auto accidents in a large southern city.

A year or more after the accident, those widows and widowers who reported constantly thinking about their spouse's death also had many more health problems than did those who said they were able to put the death out of their mind.

But those who said they had confided their thoughts and feelings about the death to someone else also reported ruminating about it very little. Moreover, they had no increase in health problems after the death.

Not confiding one's troubles, Pennebaker said, requires a physiological effort that combines with the normal upheavals of the trauma itself to produce the most stress, and over time, he proposes, that combined stress can lead to disease.

This process, he said, is similar to the psychological defense mechanism called suppression, in which a person actively tries to put disturbing thoughts out of his mind. As Freud proposed, Pennebaker said that such psychological inhibition requires an active mental effort. That effort, he writes, "is the central feature in the connection between life trauma and illness."

Supporting evidence for this has come from a series of studies at Harvard University on the reactions to stress of people who, as part of an overall personality pattern, keep

*Festival Quarterly* tries each quarter to feature speeches or essays from the larger world which, because of their subject, unusual sensitivity, or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

*continued on page 39*

# On Being a Teacher

by Jose M. Ortiz



I cherish brief memories of being a teacher. They are like a collage of faces carved in my memory bank. Hearing twenty-eight third graders in Betania School in Pulguilla, Puerto Rico "singing praises unto the Lord," taking junior high students from Academia Menonita in San Juan to La Perla, a city slum where Oscar Lewis' *La Vida* was researched, being lectured by black students in Philadelphia at Simon Kratz High School on soul music, and corresponding with a doctoral student from our church Sunday school. All are precious moments that don't fade away.

Teachers perform miracles as they camouflage their personalities according to their

that system is known as the banking system of education.

Greek schools were highly regarded at the time of Christ. In fact, Greeks were so gifted in education that Greek teachers were taken as slaves or hired throughout the Roman empire because of their advanced pedagogy. From that tradition we still carry the terms sophomore and sophistication; these last labels indicate a deviation from genuine education. Teachers like Socrates and Plato tried to redeem those departures from genuine education by nurturing good relationships between the teachers, the disciples and the general public. They advocated that knowl-

data which they share and control is a form of educational heresy. Images of education as a series of deposits and withdrawals and the view of learning as a commodity preserved for a few privileged ones are out of order. In a sense, the teacher and the student bloom together as they discover the liberating truth that empowers them to find meaning for life and to shape their history.

Such a teaching experiment took place near the village of Emmaus where current events and pressing needs became the lesson for some followers of Jesus who were disoriented. Their sojourning led them to a room, where they were confronted with the

... colonial images of teachers as reservoirs  
of data which they share and control  
is a form of educational heresy.

surroundings. At times they surface as prophets of the future, proclaiming the virtues of utopia or the emerging new order. At other times they show themselves as the curators of history and the defenders of the old venerable traditions, folklore and myths. They may be architects of the status quo, but at times they are the catalysts for change.

In no time they will identify with conservative politics of the Republican party and within a twinkling of an eye we can see them as liberal Democrats with an agenda to rock the establishment. Some have the taste to rule as feudal lords and students are at their mercy for the grade-point averages. Others will be group facilitators in a smooth tone. They may picket for higher salaries while their students complain that they do the work and the teachers get the money. "If you think that education is expensive, try ignorance" are their bargaining chips at the negotiation tables with the school boards.

In spite of the many hats that teachers wear, our society seeks their advice and consent and they are mostly honored. Teachers try to bridge the past and the future, but usually they do so in tension with the present.

Contemporary teaching styles reflect three historical influences. We have borrowed from the Hebrew and Greek traditions of education. The rabbinical schools that emerged out of the Old Testament, especially those committed to the teachings of the law via Talmudic teaching, have not faded completely. Theirs was an intellectual task of perpetuating traditions through a transfer of information from teacher to disciple. Today

edge leads to practice and both to wholesome living; for others knowledge and morality were not necessarily congruent.

A third influence on us teachers is Jesus' method. He approached his students as disciples. His followers were more than students; "matheses" means a follower who honors the cause of the teacher. In this case the teacher, "didaskalo," was Jesus himself.

The disciples' assignment was more than to listen to the teacher; it was also to dialogue with and follow Him, which they did. Jesus as teacher demanded more than a transfer of information like his predecessors, the Pharisees or the Greeks. He became a force, "dynamis," by which disciples influenced their communities.

Jesus' approach to student recruitment was a plain, "Follow me." He avoided having dropouts by warning his followers that without Him, "nothing can be done." That radical call to discipleship provided a network of followers that turned the New Testament world upside down, far beyond what the Greeks and Jews were able to accomplish in a longer period of time. Basically those three models have shaped our teaching efforts at home, church and school.

As I look into contemporary education, I am very impressed with the contributions of Paulo Freire, a Brazilian educator who has become a household name as a result of his book, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. He calls teachers to place the student central as they set the curriculum and make the immediate environment a laboratory. By contrast, colonial images of teachers as reservoirs of

resurrected Lord, and once they were empowered, they became agents of reconciliation in the early church communities.

Their "being with the Lord" was a guarantee that they would be a different type of teacher. Jesus' emphasis is on being... being with the people, being present-oriented, on being agents of liberation, on being on behalf of others. This cannot be accomplished by computeaching or programmed learning. I can't think of my future grandchildren being taught by a brother of PacMan nor parents holding conferences with the tube on behalf of a student with learning disabilities or in working for role modeling.

For the Jews, immortality was secured by having children; for Spaniards, by writing books; for Christians, by virtue of the risen Lord; and for teachers, immortality is secured by influencing their students through ideas and relationships. Quite often that calls for both teachers and students to ascend to the mountain of transfiguration and share alarms and visions to be tested in the valleys of history. Whether at the Emmaus Road or the Mount of Transfiguration, let teaching continue alert to its students' contexts and on behalf of others. □

Jose M. Ortiz, Goshen, Indiana, teaches at Goshen College.



# The Girls' Home

by Peter J. Dyck



My sister told me to come in and sit down, but I was hesitant and apprehensive. When she served me a cup of cocoa and a cinnamon roll, she really had to persuade me to take them.

I had never been in a modern kitchen in the city. Electric lights, gas stove, running water and a refrigerator, which hummed softly while I drank my cocoa — in my wildest imagination, I hadn't pictured it that beautiful. Everything was spotlessly clean and shiny. Through the open door, I could see the soft furniture and carpet in the living room.

"I earn 30¢ a day," my sister told me, "and when I come home for Christmas I'll be able

the breakfast table she told me excitedly about J. J. Thiessen and the Girls' Home that he and his wife, Katherine, had started in Saskatoon. "It's the most wonderful thing," she said, "and there are so many Mennonite girls like myself there. We always meet on Thursday afternoon, our day off."

The plan for a Girls' Home in the city where many Mennonite immigrant girls were employed as domestic help had been approved by the General Conference held at Berne, Indiana, in 1926. That was a year before our family arrived in Canada. While I was placed on a farm, several of my sisters immediately began working in the city. (In-

group. Others read, played the piano or did handwork such as knitting and embroidery. Frequently, Thiessen told them stories of their Anabaptist beginnings and the mission outreach of the church. The lonely and sometimes bewildered girls soaked it up eagerly and always looked forward to the next Thursday afternoon and evening.

The plan had been for Thiessen to commute to Saskatoon from Rosthern, 45 miles away, to serve the single girls and minister to the scattered Mennonite families in the city. He was to spend four days in Saskatoon and three days in Rosthern. For transportation in the city, he had a bicycle, and the girls met in

## While I was placed on a farm, several of my sisters immediately began working in the city.

to give Father almost \$40." She seemed happy and confident. She was able to contribute her share to paying for the farm we had just bought in Saskatchewan. (Ultimately, we had to abandon the farm, and lost all our investment in it, but that's another story.) Learning to speak English was still a problem, she said, but most of the time she could understand Mrs. McDonald, her employer.

And then her face lit up, and leaning across

casually, I was not as fortunate as my sister: she earned 30¢ a day, but all I got after a long, hard summer was an Eaton's catalogue.)

On July 23, 1930, J. J. Thiessen met for the first time with the Mennonite girls working in Saskatoon. He led them in Bible study, and there was a lot of singing. While the group enjoyed the fellowship, Brother Thiessen could be seen off to the side consoling a weeping girl or counseling with a small

his rented apartment.

It was soon evident, however, that the work demanded a full-time person and roomier meeting facilities. The Home had started with 60 girls, but that number increased rapidly in the months and years that followed. More Mennonites were moving into the city. In 1928 about 50 families lived in Saskatoon, but by 1930 a total of 400 persons attended the Christmas service.

Sometime in the '30s I also came to the city as a student at the university and was promptly nabbed by J. J. Thiessen for church extension work. So off I went every Sunday to teach a class at what has become, I believe, the Mayfair Mennonite Church, with a current membership of 292. At that time, we were a motley collection of a dozen adults and a crowd of 25 or so unruly children.

I have never forgotten my first visit to Saskatoon, my feeling of awe when sitting with my sister in the McDonalds' spotless kitchen, drinking cocoa and eating a cinnamon roll. Nor have I forgotten the light on my sister's face when she told me about J. J. Thiessen and the Girls' Home he had started. Over 500 girls came to that home through the years, finding encouragement, guidance and inspiration. It was the beginning of many good things to follow. □

*Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, Pennsylvania.*

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# Doing the Lord's Work, Singing the Lord's Song

by Alice W. Lapp

Liberated and assertive young women are not just a 1980s phenomenon. Many congregations include women who through the years did Kingdom work in more than traditional housewifely roles.

One of these women, now a rosy-cheeked, 92-year-old great-grandmother, is Ada Leaman Leed of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Ada sang hymns on her own weekly Lancaster radio program at a time when radios were forbidden by the Lancaster Conference, during the 1930s.

Born in 1893, Ada grew up in Lititz, Pennsylvania, and graduated from the high school, continually developing her skills in both piano and voice. Frequently other churches invited her to sing solos, especially during summer vacations when their choirs were disbanded.

Ada also worked in the community as a canvassing volunteer and did a variety of ecumenical needlework projects around town and at the Lancaster General Hospital. Here the children on the pediatrics ward listened to her lively reading of stories — it was well before television and radio provided entertainment for these little shut-ins.

Mrs. Leed, now living in a pleasant, sunny cottage at Landis Homes near Lancaster, where she organized and still sings in the Ladies' Choir, beams when she recalls that she always felt she was doing the Lord's work. In 1934, she began a 15-minute public service hymn-sing on WKJC in Lancaster, broadcasting from the Kirk Johnson Piano Store. Little did she dream that she was a pioneer for what later became nationwide, indeed international, Mennonite radio ministries.

Her idea came as she listened to the radio and noticed that there were no religious programs to speak of. First she had to convince the station owners, who were certain no one would be interested. Soon her weekly "Morning Hymn Sing" began receiving dozens of letters with requests for "The Old Rugged Cross," "In the Garden," "Face to Face With Christ My Saviour," and others. She usually sang accompanied by a friend on the piano or organ, but sometimes by herself.

In 1935, the station changed its call letters to WGAL and her program title to "The Friendly Singer." Letters kept arriving from Conowingo to Willow Street, from Harrisburg to Lebanon, from Elizabethtown to New Holland, many from invalids who in those early days of radio relied on that medium for entertainment and inspiration.

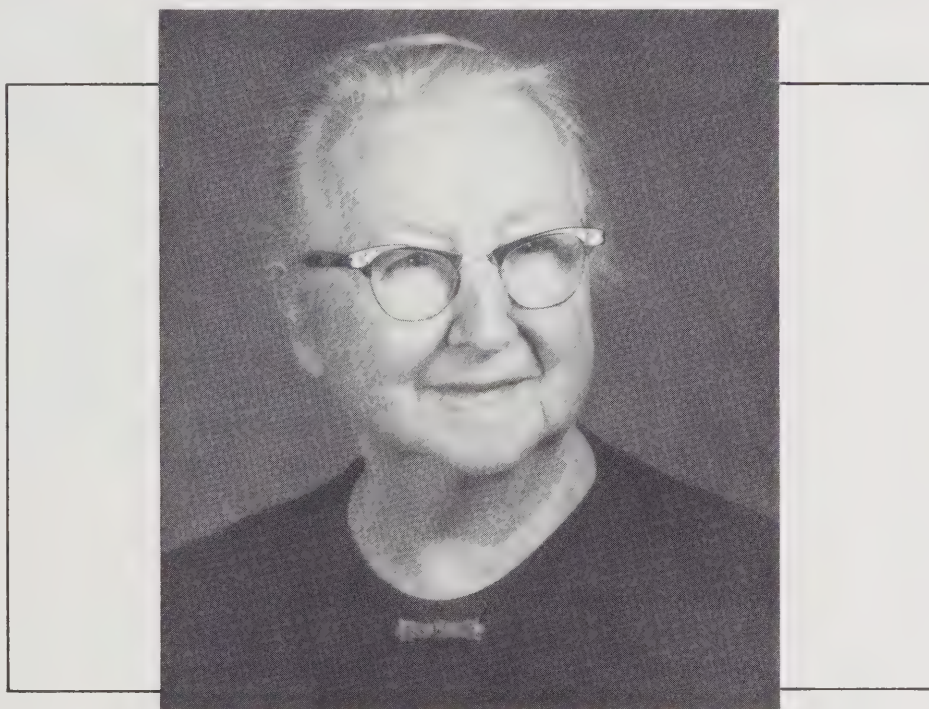
In those days, Lancaster County Mennonite leadership, considering radio "worldly," banned it. So how did Ada get away with singing on the radio? One day a bishop from another district collared Jacob Hershey, the

minister of the Lititz church at that time, and demanded, "What are you going to do about Ada Leed? I understand that she is singing on the radio." Hershey smiled and replied, "She can sing as long as she likes. I won't do anything to stop her. She is doing the Lord's work."

Ada continued to broadcast until 1938 when she and her husband sailed on the *Queen Mary* to Europe with Orie and Elta Miller for a summer visit to possible Mennonite Central Committee locations. While they were gone, WGAL joined a national network, and sponsors were needed for what were now expensive time slots on the

Mennonite congregation when it formed in 1906. In 1913, she married Jacob Leed, a businessman, became an official member of the Mennonite Church as was the custom then after marriage, and soon began raising two sons and two daughters (a third daughter died after a childhood tonsillectomy). These four children have long since all moved on to responsible professions and parenthood. Now Ada enjoys 14 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Along with her domestic duties, Ada made time to teach children's Sunday school classes. She says she got promoted through the years until more recently she taught the



air. So this particular mission became defunct.

Ada kept lending her voice to community causes. And some say the congregational singing at the Lititz Mennonite Church has always seemed to "go better" when Ada is among the singers. The congregation voted her to be chorister at least three times during the 1940s, but each time the bishops sent the deacon to ask her to resign, as they considered it unseemly for a woman to lead a mixed group.

She did form and lead a mixed chorus at Lititz in the 1960s which sang, among other things, music by Alice Parker. She also formed and directed ad hoc choirs for occasional funerals at the church over a period of some 30 years.

But Ada did a great many things besides singing. She began attending the Lititz

elderly women of the church. Now some of her former child pupils sit in the same older ladies' class with her. "Time does indeed level the ages," she twinkles.

How did Ada feel about the criticism which came her way? She shrugged them off and went on doing what she felt was God's will, supported by her husband and her minister. Never once did it occur to her to leave her denomination or even to change congregations. Ada Leed still encourages young Mennonite entrepreneurs and others who have a mission to witness, however unusual or untraditional that mission might be. □

*Alice Lapp, a former English teacher, lives in Akron, Pennsylvania. She has reviewed books for many years, and writes occasional articles on assorted subjects.*



## The Choraleers Celebrate 25 Years

• **Ned Wyse**, a 34-year-old grain farmer from Camden, Michigan, has an unusual hobby. He travels the Midwest in winter and early spring to give recitals of Robert Frost poetry to school, church and civic groups and even to other farmers. **Wyse** memorizes poetry while working in the fields. When he gives his presentations, he assumes the character of a New England farmer in flannel shirt, overalls and work shoes, coffee mug in hand, leaning on a walking stick or an old-fashioned scythe.

• Canadian poet **Patrick Friesen's** stage adaptation of his dramatic poem "The Shunning" opened the 1985-86 season of Winnipeg, Manitoba's, Prairie Theatre Exchange. *The Shunning* played at the Exchange October 10-November 1.

• **Mennonite Media Society (MMS)** of Canada has been incorporated as a nonprofit organization with the aim of using film and video media to help Mennonites share their faith and culture with others and to help Mennonites better understand themselves. **MMS** is currently involved in developing two feature films, *Amish Adventure*, based on Barbara Smucker's novel of the same name, and *The Radical*, a depiction of the beginnings of the 16th-century Anabaptist movement. **MMS** executive director David B. Dueck and his wife Toni produced the 1984 film *And When They Shall Ask*.

• The largest retrospective ever granted a single artist at the Vancouver, B.C., Art Gallery featured the work of Mennonite artist **Gathie Falk** during October and November. She works in a variety of media, including ceramics, painting and "performance pieces."

• A painting done by Waterloo, Ontario artist **Peter Etril Snyder** was presented to England's Prince Philip by the Canadian Prime Minister's office. "The Homesteaders," which shows a pioneer family on the trail headed toward the Canadian Rockies, was given to the prince when he came to Canada last summer to help celebrate the centennial of the establishment of Parks Canada. **Snyder** has built his reputation on paintings of rural and Old Order Mennonite life.

• **Eastern Mennonite College**, Harrisonburg, Virginia, has released an album representing various musical expressions and styles found on campus. *Glory Thy Glory* includes hymns recorded in college assemblies and selections from the EMC Chamber Singers and music faculty playing piano and organ, along with a Bach cantata for choir and orchestra.

• The song commissioned by the Virginia Mennonite Conference for its 150th anniversary celebration in 1985 has been produced on a cassette recording. **Wanda Teague**, minister of music at Trissels Mennonite Church, Broadway, Virginia, wrote the music and lyrics for "Answer His Call." She also co-produced the recording, which features three other works by **Teague** and two hymn arrangements.

• The Mennonite Community Orchestra of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the Steinbach (Manitoba) Bible College Oratorio Choir premiered "Glorious Kingdom," a new work by **Bill Derksen** on October 19 in Winnipeg. **Derksen**, a music

\*Did You Know That... continued on page 34

On Thursday nights for the last twenty-five years, **Arnold Moshier** has gone out to his garage to rehearse with the Choraleers. Just back from a four-month North and Central American tour with the group, neither **Arnold** nor his wife, **Maietta**, expressed exhaustion about the demands they've often met as leaders of a teenage choir. "I don't get tired of the kids," he says. "They excite me!"

"Special music was a big issue back in 1960," **Moshier** recalls about the atmosphere out of which he formed the original group. "Bart Mennonite Church, where we attended, usually gave a program at the Lewisburg (PA) State Penitentiary on a Sunday morning

he still looks for people who enjoy music, who are trainable musically, who have good character "since we spend so much time together," and who make and keep commitments "since the glamour of giving programs wears off quickly."

Although he wants musical excellence, he places a higher priority on a person's ability to be part of a musical team. "I've not invited some people to join Choraleers because they do more professional singing and would find it hard to be part of a group. We don't do a lot of solos. We really want the kids to work together."

**Arnold** considers his Choraleers' involve-



FQ/Kenneth Pellman

and afternoon in the spring. They asked me to put the program together that March so I invited 24 kids from school [Lancaster Mennonite High, where he was a new teacher] to sing. The school approved of that kind of 'special music' since we weren't going to be singing in a church."

Mennonite sociology and discipline were changing rapidly in the sixties. In many parts of the Mennonite church, music sung by select groups was thought to be a temptation to pride for the singers and could be perceived as "performing," an inappropriate activity for church. Setting aside the "good singers" from the rest of the people was seen to endanger the life of the community.

"But," **Arnold** recalls, "in 1959, Lancaster Mennonite High School (LMHS) gave its first Christmas music program. Crowds of people came and that opened the door further for change. The time had come."

After giving the Easter program at the Lewisburg prison in 1960, **Arnold** asked the chorus he had assembled whether they wanted to do some more singing together that summer. "They said 'yes' so we went to my home community in upstate New York where special music was more accepted."

Choraleers had been born. Initially **Arnold** drew his singers from LMHS students. Today

ment a ministry. That is reflected in the kind of music he chooses for the group, as well as the places they sing.

"I've tried to be sensitive to the changing styles of music, and yet be true to what the church stands for," he explains. "I try to keep in mind the now crowd and the classics. I'm interested that the *music* says something — both the melody line and the tempo. So I look for material that meets the needs of the singers and the people we sing for."

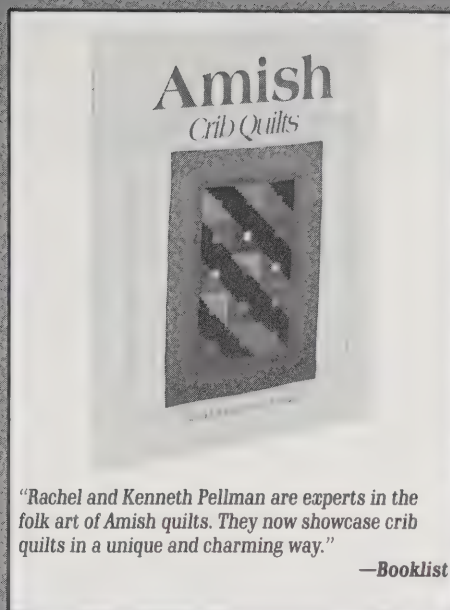
Although the group uses piano and guitar accompaniment, a major portion of their repertoire is sung a cappella. "We always capitalize on the voice over the instrument," **Arnold** admits his bias. "I simply don't like voices belching in the mike so we haven't used amplification. We haven't lost any invitations because we don't use drums!"

"I like the pure voice. And we can sing anywhere with just the sounding of one small note!"

The Choraleers do sing almost anywhere. "We try to hit the places that are out of the way and hungry for music. And people say, 'Will you come back or are we too small?'" On their recent (and eleventh) visit to Central America, no village was too little or distant to visit. The Choraleers is a tradition that's likely to continue.



# Do you have these classics?



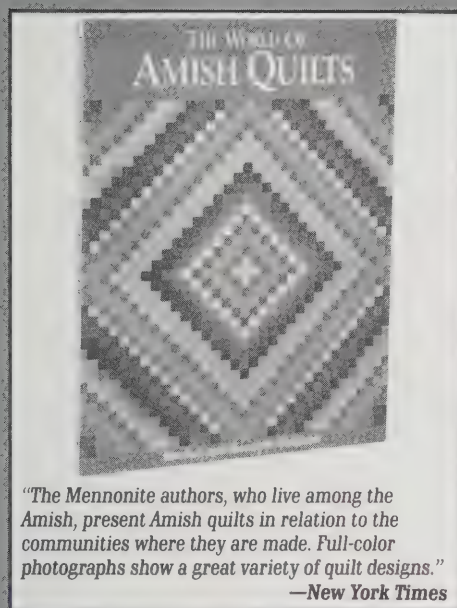
"Rachel and Kenneth Pellman are experts in the folk art of Amish quilts. They now showcase crib quilts in a unique and charming way."

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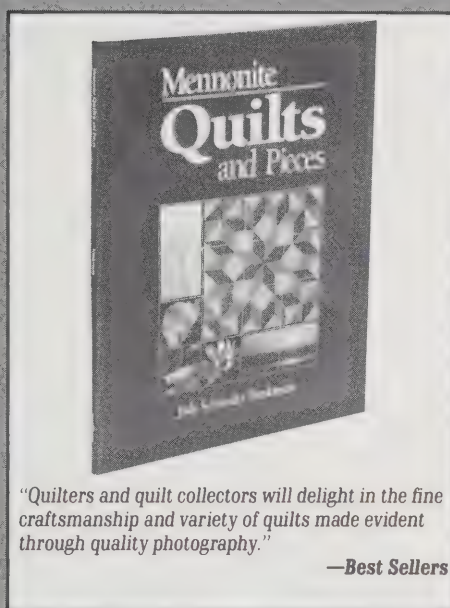
"An excellent book for the beginner as well as the advanced quiltmaker."

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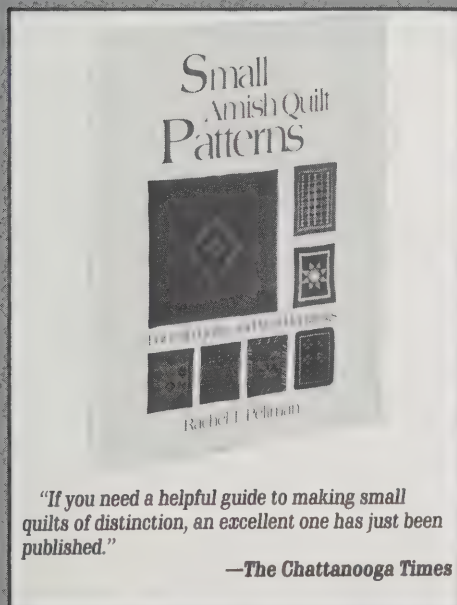
"The Mennonite authors, who live among the Amish, present Amish quilts in relation to the communities where they are made. Full-color photographs show a great variety of quilt designs."

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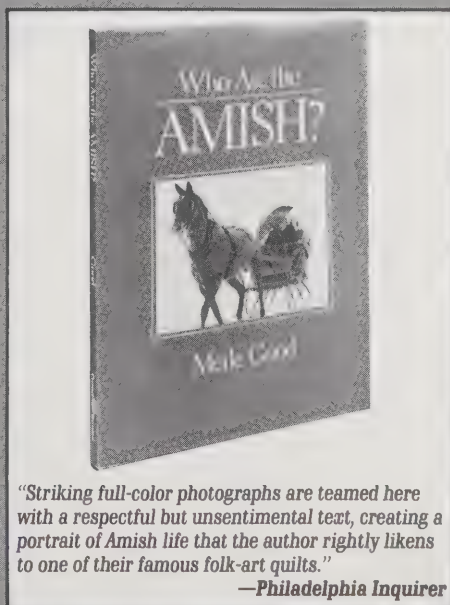
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—Philadelphia Inquirer

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# French Mennonite Meets Herself in America

by Carl R. Good

When Kate Peterschmitt came to the U.S. for a year of study, she brought many questions from her faith experience in Europe. Kate and her family are French Mennonites, although for the first part of her life they lived in Germany and attended a Baptist church.

Recently she came to Goshen (Indiana) College after attending a secular French university for three years, where most of her acquaintances were not Christians. But it was in that setting that she developed interests in peace-and-justice concerns, women's issues and political involvement that were not encouraged in church.

"I never combined my political concerns with Christianity, however," she says. "I marched for peace in Bonn and had an interest in politics in school, but never in church. I just assumed that my political interest would always be separate from my church involvement."

It was in the Mennonite college and seminary setting that she began to resolve some of the difficulties of combining those two spheres. She calls Stanley Shenk's Biblical Literature class "an eye-opener for me in seeing the Bible as being able to communicate with symbols as well as with literal truth." And she became "fascinated" with combining justice issues with Christian faith.

At Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries (AMBS), "I didn't take theology," Kate says. Her classes, instead, centered on women's concerns, peace and missions. "I went with questions, ready to share and listen with others."

But even as she found answers, Kate knew that much of what she was learning would not necessarily mesh with her experiences in European culture. "I knew I couldn't import these ideas, as they were, back to France," she explains.

One problem was that although the Mennonite church is fairly well-established in the U.S. with colleges, seminaries and big churches, in Europe it is not. "There are 2000 Mennonites in France," she says wistfully. "You sometimes feel powerless there." She adds, "It's hard for the few French Mennonites to think of themselves as the salt of the earth in the face of nuclear arms."

Kate met regularly with other European students at the seminary to discuss how to use their new understandings in Europe: how to show people that military power is not the way to peace; how the church can be a peace witness; how to explain biblical peace to people who don't believe in God; what the Bible's position is on women in the ministry; how to explain frequent Mennonite sexism to

non-Christians in Europe; and what it means to be a Christian servant.

How did Kate find answers for her own culture from that of the American Mennonites? "I learned like I learn from stories of Old Testament prophets," she says. "The stories are culturally removed from the present, but the prophets and other faithful followers of God are good role models — I'm taking back many role models. I've discovered that you can be a Christian and be politically active, a feminist and Christian, and that you

amid things she could have been critical about. She liked the emphasis on God's power and the Holy Spirit at some churches, the openness of the people at others, and even the frank pride in being American at many of the churches.

"They didn't have much concern for peace and justice and social issues," Kate explains, but she liked them for a different reason. "I needed to get more into American culture, because I had been very critical of it before." She also liked their openness for other



Tyler Klassen

can share faith without imposing on other people — that's what I'll take back."

After a semester at the Mennonite seminaries, Kate began to itch for something different, wishing to see another side of the United States. Her curiosity drew her to a semester at Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, California, and the unique cultural environment of southern California.

"I always went to a new church on Sunday," she says. She visited many churches whose styles were new to her, going with an open mind and looking for the good she could find.

At Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral she sat and deliberately enjoyed the building, the music and the organ. "I like the idea of ministering to tourists, the rich, the non-attenders." She took her open mind to other churches and found things to appreciate

churches: "It was something I felt was lacking in the Mennonite churches I had seen."

"If you would ask me if I would want to stay in these churches, I would say no," she admits, but "they are ministering to another part of society that Mennonite theology doesn't reach, because it is a theology that is too radical or nonconformist for some people."

But Kate still feels very attached to her identity as a Mennonite. She returns to France excited about relating to the Mennonite church there, ready to talk with French Mennonite church leaders about the issues she has dealt with, and eager to get involved with the European Christian peace movement. □

*Carl R. Good is a student at Goshen College, studying this year in England.*

- A new book from Brethren Press is **She Hath Done What She Could**, by Pamela Brubaker, the history of women's struggle for full participation in the life of the Church of the Brethren, published during the 100th anniversary year of organized women's work in that church.
- C. F. Plett, long-time Krimmer Mennonite Brethren (KMB) pastor and leader, is the author of the **A History of the Krimmer Mennonite Brethren Church**, published by Kindred Press. The book was commissioned at the time of the merger of the KMB and Mennonite Brethren churches, 25 years ago.
- Willard H. Smith, an Illinois native, Goshen (Indiana) College professor emeritus of history and author of *Mennonites in Illinois*, has now completed a book about himself. Smith said he wrote his memoirs, entitled **The Trail to Santa Fe: A Pilgrim's Progress**, for his family, "to share a rich life" with friends and former students, and as "a testimony of [his] faith."
- **Diary of Anna Baerg, 1916-24**, translated and edited by Gerald Peters and published by CMBC Publications, Winnipeg, Manitoba, is "an eye-witness account of the turbulent revolution and civil war years in Russia from the pen of a young woman."
- **Beyond Those Mountains**, written by Dick Thiessen and published by Kindred Press, is the story of Isaac and Liese Wiens' struggle during the Russian Revolution.
- A new novel from Hyperion Press is **My Harp Has Turned to Mourning** by Al Reimer, which traces Mennonite immigration from Europe to North America.
- A volume of poetry by Victor Jarrett Enns, entitled **Correct in This Culture**, has been published by Fifth House.
- Raymond F. Wiebe, Wichita, Kansas, recently wrote and published **Hillsboro: The City on the Prairie**, a history of the Hillsboro, Kansas, area. The book recounts the history of the five cultural-ethnic groups who have lived in the area, including Dutch-Low German Mennonites, and also gives the history of the area's five Mennonite churches.
- Wayne Nafziger, a Mennonite economist teaching at Kansas State University, has written **The Economics of Developing Countries**, a college textbook that is accessible to lay readers.
- Shantilal P. Bhagat, director of education for discipleship for the Church of the Brethren, is the author of **The Family Farm, Can It Be Saved?** Published by Brethren Press, the book is designed to be used as a guide for church groups studying the current farm crisis.
- **Media & Values** is a quarterly magazine providing a values-oriented perspective on today's "Media Age." It is published by the Media Action Research Center which includes cooperation from the Church of the Brethren, the General Conference Mennonite Church, and the Mennonite Church.
- The first booklet in the Biblical Heritage Series planned by the Harrisonburg, Virginia-based Fellowship of Concerned Mennonites is **Biblical**

**Inerrancy and Reliability** by J. Otis Yoder and Harold S. Martin.

- James N. Poling and Donald E. Miller, professors at the Church of the Brethren's Bethany Theological Seminary, are co-authors of **Foundations for a Practical Theology of Ministry** (Abingdon Press). The book proposes a specific method for doing practical theology and describes its success in typical congregations.
- **The Priestly Kingdom** is a collection of essays by John Howard Yoder addressed to people who make their living "doing" ethics. The book is published by the University of Notre Dame Press.
- The Committee on Ministerial Leadership of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada has published **Accountability in the Church** by Helmut Harder, a study guide on leadership and authority for congregations.
- Elizabeth S. Martin and her son Raymond S. Martin are co-authors of a biography of Jonas Martin, bishop of the Weaverland Mennonite Church in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania when a conservative faction in that church, led by him, split off from Lancaster Conference to form the Old Order Mennonite Church. **Bishop Jonas H. Martin: His Life and Genealogy** is published by Gateway Press.
- Dennis Stoesz is the author of the 25th anniversary history book for Home Street Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. The book is entitled **The Story of the Home Street Mennonite Church, 1957-1982: Responses to the Urban Environment**.
- Betty Barkman has written **Anna**, the story of Anna Wiens, an Evangelical Mennonite Conference missionary to South America. The book is published by Kindred Press.
- Isaac Horst has written and published **Why, Grossdaudy?**, a booklet explaining Old Order Mennonite rules, customs and traditions, as a follow-up to his *Separate and Peculiar*.
- From Hyperion Press comes **From Russia With Music** by Wesley Berg, a study of Mennonite choral music in Canada from 1870-1960.
- The new **Canadian Encyclopedia** includes articles by three Conrad Grebel College (Waterloo, Ontario) faculty members. Walter Klaassen wrote on "Anabaptists," Frank Epp on "Mennonites," and Rod Sawatsky on "Evangelical and Fundamentalist Movements."
- MB Missions/Services is now publishing a four-page English-language newsletter. **Mennonite Brethren in World Mission** comes out bimonthly.
- Barbara Smucker has written a new novel for young readers which focuses on Native concerns. **White Mist**, published by Irwin Publishing, tells the story of May, an Indian girl in the transition to young adulthood.
- Mennonite Central Committee recently released a reader and study guide on the Philippines. **Spirit in Struggle** was written by members and friends of the MCC Philippines team. □

# Welcome!

When you visit southeastern Pennsylvania, be sure you visit the town where **Festival Quarterly** is published — a quaint village named Intercourse. Our staff also operate the following establishments in the town, all along Route 340 east of Lancaster:



**The People's Place**, a person-to-person information and heritage center, featuring a three-screen documentary about the Amish, a hands-on museum, a well-stocked book shop, and a feature film set among the Mennonites.



**The Old Country Store**, featuring the finest in handmade quilts and local crafts by more than 250 Amish and Mennonite craftspeople.



**Old Road Specialties**, featuring antique reproductions of Amish quilts, furniture, dolls, and other folk art.



**Small and Beautiful**, a gallery featuring art by Mennonite artists. Also a large exhibit of the works of P. Buckley Moss.



**The Village Pottery**, featuring pottery by a dozen superb Mennonite potters.

All of the above are open daily (9-5) except Sundays and Christmas Day. Call 717/768-7171 or write The People's Place, Intercourse, PA 17534.



**La Iglesia Menonita Hispana en Norte America: 1932-1982**, Rafael Falcon. Herald Press, 1985. 208 pages. \$14.95.

Reviewed by Jose M. Ortiz

A confession: I began reading this book at mid-morning and by late afternoon I'd finished. It was like looking into a mirror for the first time with its different images, freshness, crisp language but also the wrinkles of historical themes.

The book is a turning point since it is the first historical work written by a Hispanic who emerged from the Mennonite mission program. Hispanics have now completed the circuit of being evangelized, entering church pulpits as ministers, participating in the denomination's institutional life and, with this book, entering the annals of history. Thus the written tradition for the Hispanics has been enhanced.

Three perspectives of the book must be evaluated. The first is missionary activity. Before the end of the World War I (1917), Mennonites sent missionaries to Argentina. Upon their return, they took a closer look at the spiritual needs of Hispanics within the continental U.S. They were assertive, determined and with their Spanish language skills and vision they secured the support to develop domestic missions for Latins, closer to home.

The book pays tribute to those missionary families who labored overseas and also in neighboring cities in the U.S. Once again returning missionaries influenced their sending churches and Hispanic Mennonites are now the growing edge of the Mennonite Church. Both are a fulfillment of the Biblical promise that in giving, we will receive.

A second perspective comes to life as we look at the Hispanic minister. The first Hispanic pastor, David Castillo, served in what is now Lawndale Mennonite Church. It took 40 years for another Hispanic to serve that congregation on a full-time basis. It is also ironic that pastor Castillo came to Goshen College for one month of Mennonite Biblical training and 33 years later Goshen College opened the door to receive the Hispanic Ministries Program.

In spite of the lack of formal training, our ministers succeeded in planting 70 congregations. Why success? They received a call to minister, left "the nest," preached charismatic messages, served a people in transition, who tend to be responsive to the gospel, and asked individuals to experience conversion without crossing cultural barriers.

A second miracle that must now happen

for the present Hispanic ministers to survive is coping with a second generation of Hispanics who prefer English to Spanish. By the close of this century, Hispanic pastors must know Spanish, perform services in English and also learn Greek or Hebrew since American Hispanics are demanding better-trained pastors. However, there is no rush to phase out the Spanish language, since by the year 2000 there will be 40 million Hispanics in the U.S., the second largest Spanish-speaking country of the world. We hope to do better than the Jews, who had to resurrect their language with the formation of modern Israel. Yes, language and generational gaps are present challenges — "time will tell," Falcon admits.

A third dimension emerging is that of Hispanics as managers. With a few exceptions, Hispanics have had the opportunity to serve in managing capacities in the five church agencies and their institutions, especially the colleges. Most of the programming has been done alongside the established service agencies involved in missions, publishing, education and others. Service programs' success has been less than desired. The two basic reasons are the lack of financial resources of Hispanic congregations and the fact that Anglo Mennonites are slow to share the decision-making power with others outside their own circles. At certain points this causes distress, but some are courageous enough to say, "The Hispanic ministers, the Anglo administrators."

I welcomed the book because it affirms the Hispanic personnel, recognizes the Mennonite missions program and challenges the present leadership to take a realistic look at the future of the Spanish churches who must take inventory of their past performance but also define a strategy to meet the 21st century in the spirit of *shalom*.

*Jose M. Ortiz, Goshen, Indiana, is on the faculty of Goshen College.*

**FQ price — \$13.46**  
(Regular price — \$14.95)

(Spanish edition. The English edition will be available after April 10, 1986.)

**Life Is Too Short . . . To Miss Today**, Margaret Foth. Zondervan, 1985. 138 pages. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Marlene Kropf

Inspired by a poem called "Life is too short . . ." written by Doris Janzen Longacre shortly before her death, Margaret Foth has written a collection of short six- or seven-page reflections on a variety of pertinent themes: prayer, forgiveness, simple living, marriage, parent-child relationships, sleep, friendship, stewardship, and housekeeping.

Written in the same warm, straightforward style as her radio talks on *Your Time*, **Life Is Too Short . . .** is simple yet profound. Margaret has a knack for getting at the heart of the matter. She writes about essentials.

I especially appreciated the realistic tone of the essays. Stories are told of busy women executives, of parents who get discouraged coping with three pre-schoolers, of middle-aged men who tire of meaningless work and find the courage to begin new vocations. Margaret is never didactic but always empathetic. A sense of humor lightens even the most serious discussion.

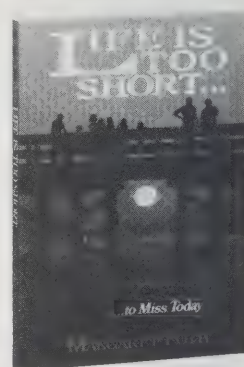
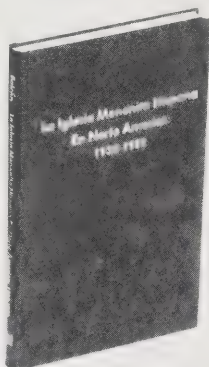
Occasional glimpses into her own struggle with time management create a bond of trust with readers. She reveals her own lack of enthusiasm for budgets and record-keeping, her imperfect practice of daily meditation and prayer, her tendency to run away from conflict rather than face it. Yet her biblical faith, her sound understanding of psychological principles, and her creativity provide her with a solid foundation for making life-giving choices.

Who would enjoy this book? Anyone who struggles to keep priorities clear — a busy pastor, parents, schoolteachers, clerks in a store, college students, maybe even Muppies. In short, the message of **Life Is Too Short . . .** is one all of us need to hear and heed.

I wonder if life is too short to stay indoors and write (or read) book reviews when the moon is shining on just-fallen snow and one's family is waiting at the door to go out for a late-night walk?

*Marlene Kropf is staff person for Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries, Elkhart, Indiana.*

**FQ price — \$4.76**  
(Regular price — \$5.95)



**The Mike King Story**, Mike King.  
Good Books, 1985. 176 pp. \$15.95.

Reviewed by Marie K. Wiens

It is difficult to write an objective review of the book by Mike King after seeing this big, brawny, beautiful young man wheel into our hometown last summer on his way from Alaska to Washington, D.C. — 5,600 miles! This was seven years after he injured his spinal cord in a motorcycle accident, leaving him a paraplegic.

This is a story of pain, of anger, of self-pity and rehabilitation. It is, however, more a story of inner healing and acceptance, a coming to terms with an irreversible condition. When Mike revisited the scene of his accident near Calgary, he began to believe that God had a purpose for him, and he would let God use him in the best way possible.

The book is not a high-powered literary piece. It was probably written in a hurry, which accounts for incomplete sentences and lapses in grammar. But it is a wholesome account of a young man's courage and willpower. It will no doubt bless and benefit the handicapped (in fact, a portion of the royalties go to organizations for the handicapped, including MCC), but will also sensitize those of us who are not handicapped.

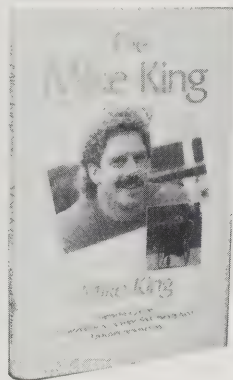
The book is a little like a conversation in which one talks about one aspect of the wheelchair trip, then stops to look at photographs before going on to another aspect of the journey. It is not a travelogue (fortunately) but a baring of Mike's feelings, and the joy he feels as he meets people along the way, literally a parade of well-wishers.

Frank about his faith, the author feels more secure and sure about that faith now, as he reached down deep inside of himself to find a source that would help him over mountains with his blistered hands. It's not why me anymore, but why not me, he says. "I do live in a wheelchair. But my spirit and mind are not confined by it," he states.

He also believes he will walk sometime in the future, that while medically impossible, with God it is possible.

*Marie K. Wiens, Hillsboro, Kansas, now retired, was director of Information Services for Mennonite Brethren Missions/Services and is presently a member of the MCC Executive Committee.*

**FQ price — \$12.76**  
(Regular price — \$15.95)



**The Mulberry Tree**, Anna Friesen and Victor Carl Friesen. Queenston House, 1985. 206 pages. \$9.95.

Reviewed by Edna Froese

Memories are worth preserving, especially when filled with warm winds, wildflowers and the scent of freshly baked buns, all experienced in an atmosphere of love.

Anna Friesen recalls her girlhood days on a homestead near Rosthern, Saskatchewan in this descriptive, episodic book that has a potentially wide range of appeal. To adults and even older children in search of information about the life of Mennonite pioneers it will be a source of fascinating details about anything from pig-butcher to primitive dentistry. For those who share a similar background it will be a moving re-experience of familiar things.

**The Mulberry Tree** is organized topically, with chapter titles such as "Our House," "Our Barnyard," "Customs," and "Spring," and even includes recipes for traditional Mennonite foods. The language, though simple, still conveys a multitude of sensory delights and occasionally, striking images, like that of the grimy harvesters, "white teeth in black faces — and black fingers holding white slices of bread."

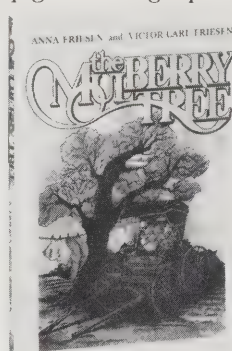
The strict adherence to a girl's point of view is frustrating at moments when adult problems and emotions are glimpsed but never developed. Anna's world seems so idyllic for the most part that at times the book skirts the edge of boredom, and the occasional grimmer scene is welcomed.

Yet there is another deeper level of meaning that may not be perceived at first. The underlying theme of a girl's emotional development (the narrator begins as a toddler and ends the book as a fourteen-year-old girl blossoming into adulthood) is subtle, but still poignant. Despite the usual understatement of emotions the alert reader will sense the fear and the love, the loneliness and the joy, the nostalgic longing of parents for things past and a girl's delight in the present.

In this book the short and simple annals of the poor have the warmth and immediacy of intimate family story-telling.

*Edna Froese is an English graduate and homemaker in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.*

**FQ price — \$7.96**  
(Regular price — \$9.95)



**Christian Peacemaking and International Conflict: A Realist Pacifist Perspective**, Duane K. Friesen. Herald Press, 1986. 320 pages. \$19.95.

Reviewed by James C. Juhnke

For decades Mennonites have had to put up with the argument from more worldly wise folk that pacifism may be nice for a few idealists, but it does not work in the real world. In the rough and tumble of power politics and international relations, we were told, freedom must be defended with military arms.

Today the old real world logic has lost some of its power. The armaments put in place by realists have run wildly out of control, and yesterday's realism is today's absurdity. The time is ripe for Mennonite leaders to show that pacifism may be the most realistic option after all.

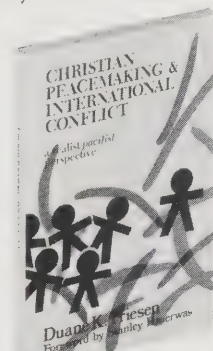
Duane Friesen, Bible and theology teacher at Bethel College, draws upon three traditions for his fresh restatement of a peace position for all Christians. First the author is rooted in the biblical pacifism of the historic peace churches and the movement for nonviolence. He also analyzes the tradition of the just war — vigorously critiquing its failings but also arguing that just war theories are useful when properly applied.

Finally, Friesen integrates learnings from the more recently developed discipline of peace research and conflict resolution studies. The result is a synthesis which is genuinely new. Friesen goes far to correct what he considers a weakness of pacifist literature, the "failure to connect a theological and ethical framework with an empirical understanding of the world of politics."

John Westerhoff of Duke University read Friesen's manuscript and said that this would be the most significant book on this topic in the 1980s. Whether or not it reaches the wider audience it deserves, this is a book for all who trust in God and hope for the world.

*Jim Juhnke teaches history at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.*

**FQ price — \$15.96**  
(Regular price — \$19.95)





**The Sources of Swiss Anabaptism,** Leland Harder, editor. Herald Press, 1985. 815 pages. \$69.00.

Reviewed by **Richard K. MacMaster**

This is a book that will delight scholars in Reformation history, but it should not be left for them alone to enjoy. Leland Harder sensed the drama in the Grebel letters and arranged them in five acts with a prologue and epilogue.

Conrad Grebel is the central figure. The book opens with an assessment of his potential as a budding scholar in 1517 and ends with a bitter reassessment of his obstinacy as an Anabaptist, written in 1540, fourteen years after his death. These documents and many of the letters are from the pen of Grebel's teacher and brother-in-law Joachim Von Watt, known as Vadian. Letters between them reflect the younger man's admiration for his learned master and their growing estrangement as Vadian sided with Zwingli.

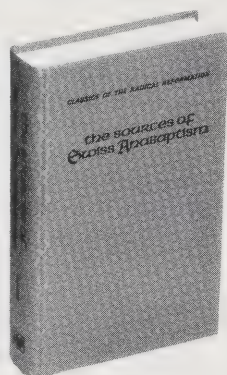
Nothing in the earlier letters prepares us for Grebel's sudden appearance as an advocate of the Gospel in 1522, much less for the profound vision of the believers' church outlined in letters to Thomas Munzer two years later. But his passion for the purity of the Gospel text mirrors his lifelong concern for establishing the true text of pagan Latin authors. Grebel is concerned for truth, for what is explicitly taught in the New Testament writings. He has no interest in preserving institutions or power structures.

It is astonishing how much of what we recognize as the Anabaptist vision came to this one man in a short time.

Leland Harder has completed a task begun in the 1920s by Harold Bender, Ernst Correll and Edward Yoder. Harder has provided 200 pages of footnotes, two excellent maps and a portfolio of photographs. Biographical essays on 106 individuals mentioned in the documents are complete enough for separate publication as a biographical encyclopedia of the Swiss Reformation. Scholars will find nothing to criticize in this publication; the rest of us will find it a fascinating drama of Anabaptist beginnings.

*Richard K. MacMaster, Bridgewater, Virginia, is a historian, professor, and author of Land, Piety, and Peoplehood.*

**FQ price — \$62.10**  
(Regular price — \$69.00)



**Biblical Criticism in the Life of the Church,** Paul Zehr. Herald Press, 1986. 112 pages. \$6.95.

Reviewed by **Perry Yoder**

This short (four chapters) work is clearly and understandably written. The positive presentation of higher criticism is slight, but helpful as a beginning step for those who have never heard of it before, or have heard and are wary.

The author himself seems wary of higher criticism and apparently expects his readers to share this fear. A constant motif in the book is that higher criticism can be dangerous, but the author also acknowledges its usefulness. It should, therefore, not be avoided entirely by the believing community, which is, after all, the rationale for the book.

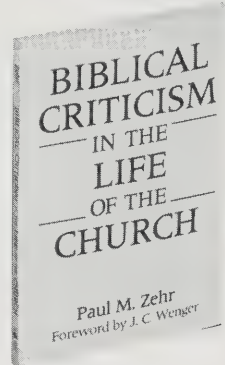
But how can or should this "dangerous" tool be used? The answer seems to be that higher criticism is all right, and an aid to faith, if practiced by someone of undoubted faith and piety. This will somehow neutralize the dangers that may adhere to it.

This makes me uncomfortable because it suggests that what is correct or right is judged according to who espouses it rather than by the truth of what is actually said or done. This seems to end in choosing sides as to who we will believe, rather than looking at the arguments to see which are stronger and based more firmly on the evidence of the biblical text.

Finally, I can appreciate the author's constant need to affirm his high view of Scripture, which I share. However, I cannot help wondering if this, in today's world, diverts us from our mission. When those holding strict views of inspiration are reported to support the South African government and to speak against black leadership, for example, one might wonder whether what we need is more debate about the Bible or a better understanding of it. In light of this, I wish the author would have written more positively, showing how the techniques of higher criticism can sponsor a better understanding and thereby strengthen the mission of the church in the world today.

*Perry Yoder teaches at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana. He is the author of Toward Understanding the Bible.*

**FQ price — \$5.56**  
(Regular price — \$6.95)



**Freedom Isn't Free: A Boat People Story,** Evelyn Friesen as told by Phu Sam. Kindred Press, 1985. 184 pages. \$6.85.

Reviewed by **Paul W. Nisly**

Many Mennonite churches and communities have been involved in the sponsorship of East Asian refugees following the collapse of South Vietnam. Few, perhaps, have been more heavily involved than the Jake and Mary Friesen family of Stratton, Ontario, who, with the help of their church, sponsored twenty refugees over several years. Their daughter Evelyn records the story of their first group of five Vietnamese young people, focusing particularly on Phu Sam (who for some reason is called Nam Tran in the story, even though he is clearly identified by name elsewhere).

The story begins with "Nam's" boyhood in Saigon: living with his parents, studying for the all-important exams, planning for a good future. But the future becomes uncertain as the Communist troops tighten the noose around the soft neck of the city.

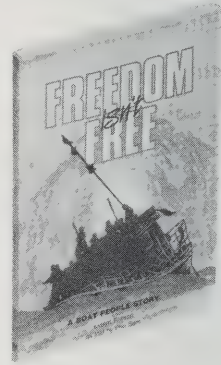
Unfortunately, although much of the content is related by Phu Sam, the book lacks immediacy, particularly in the early sections. Further, the narrative point of view shifts so that at some points the reader is primarily in "Nam's" mind and hears many of his thoughts; at others we are in someone else's mind; and occasionally there is an omniscient narrative voice. Too often, also, the dialogue has the sound of a textbook, not the strength of real people talking.

Not surprisingly, the strongest section of the book depicts the stresses which both the Friesen family and their new "children" experience. Particularly revealing are Nam's repeated lies about his being single, when he is in fact married and a father. When his step-brother kicks Nam's chair in disgust after learning the facts, one senses acutely the pain of disappointment.

Although **Freedom Isn't Free** is somewhat flawed in its execution, the story is worth reading.

*Paul W. Nisly teaches English at Messiah College in Grantham, Pennsylvania and is associate pastor of the Slate Hill Mennonite Church.*

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# Keeping Everybody Happy

by Jewel Showalter



"Mommy, can we play a game after supper?" one of the children asked as we cleared away the dishes.

"Sure," I answered, then qualified, "if we can find one we all agree on."

With children in different stages of growth and interest we've always had trouble agreeing to play a game we're not good at.

"I don't wanna play Boggle 'cause I can't spell as good as Chad," Rhoda protests.

"Not Dutch Blitz 'cause I can't flip the cards fast," Matthew objects.

"Not Uno. That's a baby game," Chad groans.

So sometimes we take turns — insisting everyone plays everyone else's favorite game. But more often than not we've found a common denominator in a homemade game appropriately named "Happy Family."

With construction or other stiff paper we made 104 squares about the size of Scrabble letters — four squares for each letter of the alphabet. Then starting with A we wrote A, A<sub>w</sub>, A<sub>s</sub>, A<sub>d</sub>, — plain A standing for Old Man A, A<sub>w</sub> for Old Man A's Wife, A<sub>s</sub> for Old Man A's Son, A<sub>d</sub> for Old Man A's Daughter — etc. for the whole alphabet.

The letters are then turned face down and scrambled. Each person draws nine squares which he hides behind elaborate homemade fortifications of books.

One person begins by asking another for a certain family member if he already has at least one member of the family. If he's unsuccessful he draws a square from the pile and the next person begins. As long as he's successful he may continue asking.

So the game proceeds until all families have been put together. Each person piles completed families by his place and the person with the largest number of families wins! You are not permitted to ask for a family member you already hold — so the game gets exciting as people reveal their holdings by their requests.

But most of life's evenings and vacations can't be solved by a simplistic round of "Happy Family."

This summer we decided to explore some of Turkey's rich archeological sites near our home, but the children groaned when they thought of "more Greek pillars!" or "Daddy's old wrecks."

One of eastern Turkey's most outstanding archeological sites is a place called Nimrod Mountain — about five hours drive northeast of our Gaziantep home. This expedition turned out so well the children are begging to go back. Somehow we found the proper balance of adult and child interests to keep everyone happy.

First we travelled with another family with

two children the age of two of ours. That made the long bus trip a fun time of conversation and sightseeing for all of us.

Once there we checked into a hotel for early bed time because the scheduled tour up the rough mountain roads began at 2:30 a.m. in order to be to the top for sunrise — a photographer's delight when the first rays strike the row of seven-foot high heads of Greek and Persian deities facing due east. Before toppling, the statues built ca. 63-50 B.C. stood 30 feet high.

As we adults leisurely climbed the last stretch in the pale hours just before dawn, the children ran on ahead, climbing not only the intended peak but a neighboring one as well.

After clambering about the ruins and eating a refreshing breakfast on the heights, we boarded our van for a tour of the remaining archeological sites in the region.

We stopped for cold drinks at a friendly little tea garden near an ancient Roman bridge. The hot sun made the water under the bridge more exciting to the children than the architectural wonder of antiquity, so we were soon all wading in up to our hips in the mountain-chilled water that swiftly carried Matthew's straw hat far downstream where it was retrieved by a friendly shepherd.

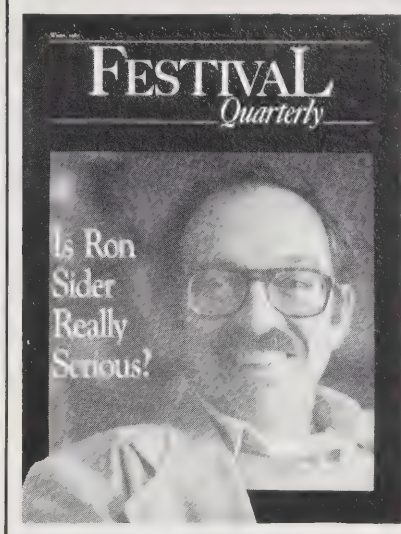
Other archeological finds included a deep underground reservoir and burial cave to explore as well as another peak to climb — across the valley — the burial site of the wife of the king who had the elaborate grave for himself erected on Nimrod Mountain.

During our summer travels I realized afresh how getting married and having children has doubled, tripled, quintupled the joy in my life. Knowing those I love are happy, and taking the extra effort to make them so, brings greater joy than any self-gratification ever could. Life is forever changed — my joy dependent on theirs. My life is eternally bound up in their words, emotions, experiences.

By risking marriage and parenthood we open ourselves to deeper joys and, conversely, keener sorrows. I think I'm beginning to understand the Apostle John: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children are walking in the truth." □

*Jewel Showalter, her husband Richard, and three children are currently studying and teaching in Turkey.*

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## Beyond Perfection

by David W. Augsburger

*continued from page 24*

teacher at Winnipeg Bible College, originally wrote the orchestration for "Glorious Kingdom" for his doctorate in music theory and composition.

- **A house built in 1918** by Mennonite settler John Reimer near Vanderhoof, British Columbia, will become part of a heritage village there. The Nechako Valley Historical Association is establishing the village. The **Reimer home** will be used exclusively as a Mennonite museum.

- **New Shelter's** "Total Home Contest" winner was the Newton, Kansas **home of Paul and Judy Classen**, which was featured in the magazine's September 1985 issue. They hired a Mennonite builder from Newton, Veron King, whose specialty is doing everything himself, from designing to rough framing to wiring, plumbing and finish carpentry, and also did a good deal of the work themselves.

- The **St. Clair O'Connor Mennonite Centre** in Toronto, Ontario, has launched a drive to raise money for the establishment of a resource library for the Centre. The project is seen as an important part of the Centre's fundamental conviction that if Anabaptist/Mennonite views on faith and community are to flourish in Toronto, they must be consciously nourished in all areas, including the arts, community service and scholarship.

- **Laurelville Mennonite Church Center**, Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, has planned another season of "Laurelville Lyceum," dinner concert lecture series, events. David Myslewski, a concert guitarist, performed January 13. Storyteller Mark Wagler, Madison, Wisconsin, will be featured on February 17, and John Yoder and the Casselman Valley Choral Society from Grantsville, Maryland, on March 24.

- "Prairie Harmonies," a monoprnt by Bethel College professor of art **Robert Regier**, was selected from 193 entries as the winner in the Kansas Artists Postcard Series VIII competition, sponsored by the Association of Community Arts Agencies of Kansas (ACAAG). Winning artwork is reproduced as postcards for marketing by ACAAG, local art agencies, and commercial outlets across the state.

- **A new film**, directed and produced by Victoria Larimore and Michael Taylor, a husband-wife team from Brooklyn, New York, documents the lives of the Amish in Holmes County, Ohio. *The Amish: Not to be Modern*, an hour long and unannarrated, shows about an 18-month period in the lives of this Amish community.

- **Goshen (Indiana) College** was listed in the Nov. 25, 1985 issue of *U.S. News & World Report* as one of "America's best colleges." The listing was based on a survey of presidents of 1,318 four-year colleges and universities. **Goshen** ranked among the top 11 Western/Midwestern institutions in this poll.

- **Bethel College's** (North Newton, Kansas) annual **Fall Fest**, held October 4, 5, and 6, attracted more than 11,000 people to a variety of weekend activities. Next year's festival has been set for October 3, 4, and 5, with the theme "Reaping Our Heritage." □

Mennonite wife to husband: "This could have been a perfect marriage if it hadn't been for you!"

Hidden within your average Anabaptist lies a strain of perfectionism, which, when uncovered, is not a strain but a strata. Although concealed, denied, and at times largely overcome, the urge to be inerrant seems irresistible. The dream of the perfect church, achieving "perfection in Christ," is rooted early and deep.

Perfection is not optional equipment in the believer's church tradition. We must do our work extremely well since we are our work, our working, our good works! Performance isn't everything, it's the only thing. Self esteem is performance esteem. Human dignity is in production and produce.

Among seminarians, perfectionism comes to light in core courses that symbolize central values. To earn only a "D" in Discipleship from Clarence Bauman raises serious questions on one's capacity to be Christian; a "C" in Devotional Life from J. C. Wenger raises doubts about the soul's salvation.

Obviously (even to Mennonites), anyone who thinks she or he is perfect has a real psychological and/or spiritual problem. But the same is true for any human who wants to be perfect. Perfection is not only an undesirable goal but a destructive and debilitating one as well. Perfection exists only in imagination, fantasy, ego ideals and strict consciences. It is not a part of the real world. Those who pursue it may see it everywhere, but it lies only in the mind's eye, not in the eye of the beholder. Once seen in reality it falls short. Every perfectionist resents his own feet of clay; each can recognize her work as feats of clay.

There are perfectionists and there are perfectionists, normal and abnormal. Those who find delight in taking painstaking care at their chosen work, yet feel free to be relaxed and imprecise in other situations have a healthful and manageable pursuit of excellence. Perfection is something that they can take or leave, pursue or ignore.

But neurotic perfectionism permits little or no pleasure in any task. No matter how well done the performance, it never seems good enough to warrant any feeling of satisfaction. The goal is always beyond reach, the demands greater than the person's capacity. The motivation springs less from the love of the good and the beautiful than from the fear of failure. Coupled with the fear is the measuring of self-worth by this demand for impossible performance. If one cannot fulfill the expectations, one is obviously inferior, unworthy, unacceptable. This no-win drama is composed of goals which are so unrealistic

that they cannot possibly be reached, needs so inflated that they are constantly frustrated by failure, judgments so harsh that they are repetitious and inescapable.

The most common pattern of thinking among perfectionists is "totalism." Something is either all desired or undesirable, all or nothing. This "saint-or-scum" thought pattern has no middle zone. One is either a saint or nothing but scum. The totalism arises from an internalized fantasy of awesome beauty, rightness or correctness (sainthood), and a fearful rejection of all that falls even a little short as embarrassing or evil (scumhood). A few drops of water on the sink

## Perfection is not a part of the real world.

make it a pigsty. A few faults in a man makes him unbearable; a moment of weakness in a woman and she is worthless. Either one must achieve everything or one is nothing. If a person falls short of being a saint, he or she is obviously evil.

The emphasis on ethics, the stress on responsible behavior, the premium placed on discipleship, accountability and mutual discipline in community all unite to invite perfectionism in believer's church groups. Failure is not expected, error is not tolerated, and weakness is frowned upon.

In a communitarian group, perfectionism may demand that one be all things, to all people, at all times, in all kinds of circumstances. Only by being loved, accepted and included is sainthood assured, and since this is never complete, total or unquestionably sincere, then one has failed, and a single act of failing makes one a failure.

Perfection is obviously a minimum requirement. Anything beyond that is evidence of your gratitude to God, to your parents, to your ideal self.

Even though it is so deeply desired, perfection is still undesirable. Not perfection, but completeness is the goal of life.

Even though it is so fervently pursued, perfection is still unattainable. Not perfection but wholeness is the end to be sought.

Mennonite bishop in sermon: "My wife can tell you that I'm not *always* perfect." □

*David W. Augsburger is a professor in counseling, conflict, and conciliation at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana.*

## The Barn by Sanford Eash



I was six years old when my dad built a new barn. The first thing we did as kids was play in it. It was a great place for neighborhood kids to get together and play hide-and-go-seek with lots of corners and nooks and places to climb up out of sight. Our old barn was small, the siding was bad and the roof leaked. It was older than my mother could remember and she had grown up on the farm.

Dad was a livestock man and the barn was important. There were stalls for the horses and cows. The young cattle moved around in the big straw shed that was attached to the barn. The total space was around 7000 square feet. It was changed many times through the

Putting up that hay into the mow was a summer's job that seemed to last till school began in September. It was hot and dusty on the hay wagon in front of the hay loader that belched up huge bunches of hay. We scattered that hay on the wagon or else got covered up. Then when we pulled it up with a rope and sling affair, we had to scatter it again, only the barn was hotter. There was little fresh air and more dust than out on the wagon.

But growing and making good hay was Dad's specialty. Later his method changed and the hay was baled for many years. These things I recalled about the barn all happened during the first 20 years of my life. I left the

I still feel like  
I lost a friend  
when the old barn burned.

years to meet changing needs.

Early one morning in January of '85 my brother Linus called. "The barn is burning! It caught fire around 3:00!" Orpha and I dressed quickly and drove the five miles to the old home where my brother lives. It was still a hot fire; the fire-fighters and a lot of other people were there. It had been a two-story barn with a barnhill to the top floor where the hay and the straw were stored. There were a couple hundred pigs below that perished in the fire.

I walked up that barnhill and just stood there, looking at the burning rubble. It was almost like losing an old friend, but of course it was different. With that barn went a lot of stored memories.

There had been the nine-cow stanchions where I learned to milk cows by hand. Later Dad put nine more stanchions on the opposite site. Then he bought a milking machine. Milking the cows with that milker was my regular chore. Then there had been that little wooden silo that I used to crawl up. I'd throw down the silage and carry it to the cows. That silo was long gone now — in its place was a blue silo. It had some severe dents from the heat.

I remembered leading the work horses to water in the wintertime. That was one of my first jobs, along with feeding calves and teaching them to drink milk out of buckets.

Another chore was to pry loose the well-packed dry hay up in the haymow and throw it down the "hay-hole" to the cattle below.

home farm with that barn when I got married and moved on another farm. I had to think how my brother Linus must feel. He had worked with that barn for a lot longer. He was born on the farm and lived there practically all his life.

But Linus snapped back. He soon had plans to rebuild. The new barn went up right next to the old barnhill. Linus had a lot of experience working with MDS and he got a lot of volunteer help to rebuild. He now has a nice, new red barn where the old barn stood.

As soon as the barn was finished, they had a hog roast in it for all the men who worked on it and their families. Later they had a big family reunion in it. Then the feeder pigs were put into the bottom floor.

But I still feel like I lost an old friend when the old barn burned. All that's left are the memories. □

*Sanford Eash is a retired farmer from Goshen, Indiana. He writes regularly, with the help of his wife, Orpha. They also do a lot of traveling.*

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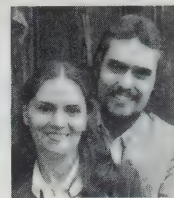
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# "What Impacted You Most in America?"

by James and Jeanette Krabill



Some people think of the English language as an enormous corpus of fixed words and meanings lumbering down through history with its head in the air, unaltered as it goes by time and place. Nothing could, of course, be further from the truth. For the English language is a *living* language and as such is constantly growing and adapting itself to new surroundings.

We know, for example, that dictionaries of Old English, dating from around 1000 A.D., contain only about 40,000 entries, while those of Middle English some 500 years later are enlarged to include over 70,000 words. By the time we come to Shakespeare and the Early

poor guy has bad teeth and spent his whole furlough in the dentist's chair." We soon discovered, of course, that teeth were not the issue at all but that certain experiences had made a great impact on our friend. "I learned," he later told us, "that many American students are really *questing* these days and that God has been *burdening* His people to begin *missioning* to them in a new way."

What we initially imagined to be a "bad habit" with our friend, we now know to be a national malady of epidemic proportions. "The Scriptures admonish us to *joy* with those who *joy*," a radio preacher informed us recently. "And God will *gift* you with that joy

## What we initially imagined to be a "bad habit" with our friend, we now know to be a national malady of epidemic proportions.

Middle English period, a dictionary would exceed 140,000 entries and if we continue on to the unabridged English dictionaries of today we must speak of collections approaching half a million words.

Many of us would be amazed to discover what new words have been added to the English language in this century alone. A quick glance at *Webster's International Dictionary* would suggest that sometime between the first (1909) and third (1961) editions of that work, Americans learned, among other things, to *bug off*, *cop-out*, *crack up*, *drop-in*, *goof off* and *cool it*, as well as to practice *arm-twisting*, to exchange titles like *hit man*, *hippie*, *hispanic*, *house sitter*, *honcho* and *honky* (to mention only the "h's"), to buy *compactible* and *disposable* items, to sing *country and western*, *folk-rock* and *gospel* music, to eat *pizza* and *hamburgers*, and . . . to *barf*. (The latter is listed under the category "origin unknown," although this designation may simply indicate the editor's having never ridden in the back seat of a car with small children through the mountains of western Pennsylvania.)

One intriguing aspect of overseas living is that of observing what treatments the English language has undergone since the last time you were home. Some years ago a missionary friend, returning to West Africa from a nine-month furlough, informed us that he had been "deeply impacted" during his time in the States. "What a pity!" we thought. "The

if you *resource* yourself in His Word."

Sure. Why not? The game is so easy. And anyone can play. Just pick your favorite noun, one you've particularly admired over the years, and . . . *verb* it! Authors have in recent times begun *authoring* books. How about painters? "Michelangelo *paintered* the Sistine Chapel in the 16th century." Not bad! And if parents can be known for their *parenting*, what keeps a child from . . . *childing*? "Our son Matthew, having *childed* at home for five years, is attending kindergarten this fall."

The French have a special academy of scholars who devote considerable time and effort to monitoring the evolution of their language and warning the public against possible abuses. It would be ridiculous, however, to think that we Americans might ever submit ourselves to such rigid controls; for it was precisely from that type of European authoritarianism that we were freed (one or two m's?) two centuries ago. So, nouns . . . look out! You have until we come furloughing home again three years hence to avoid getting transitioned. If present trends persist, however, you might best count on a high casualty rate, for only the most hardy among you, we fear, will have survived. □

*James and Jeanette Krabill live inland in Yocoboue, Ivory Coast, where they are available to independent African churches.*



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**After Hours** — A giddy nightmare for Paul Hackett who simply meant to have a nice date. Black comedy by Martin Scorsese. (6)

**Brazil** — An offbeat experimental film which explodes before the viewer like an endless kaleidoscope. Innovative, but exhausting. (5)

**A Chorus Line** — Less than successful attempt to make cinematic the experience of some dancers auditioning for the chorus of a Broadway show; lacks magic. (6)

**Clue** — Based on the popular board game, this whodunit leaves its audience gamely

bored. (2)

**The Color Purple** — A monumental achievement. Forget that it's based on a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, and forget that Steven Spielberg directed it — and you see a film turgid with feelings and images of a black woman's torturous yearnings at the turn of the century. A spiritual search in a brutal world. (9)

**Eleni** — A disappointing though worthwhile film about a simple Greek woman who was executed by the communists in 1948. Her son

hunts her executioner years later. Split double story undercuts movement; character fails to transcend story. (7)

**Enemy Mine** — Could have been great as a comedy. Too obvious as a parable. An earthling meets a lizard-skinned enemy on a deserted planet. (4)

**Fool for Love** — Vintage Altman, this impressionistic film of a Sam Shepard play probes deeply into the relationship of a rodeo drifter and his lover. Brilliant directing and acting. (7)

*continued on page 39*

## One Woman's Life in Another Land



The uncanny thing about Sydney Pollack's new film, *Out of Africa*, lies in the stop-start of emotions. One is caught up by the restraint of the pace, racing on ahead to anticipate where Pollack is taking us, only to turn back and see he's gone another route.

*Out of Africa* is a story, first and last. There are many points the movie may have been forced to make, but Pollack refuses. And in the end, helped magnificently by David Watkin's inspired cinematography and superb performances by the three leads, the story is simply just that: a story of one Danish gentlewoman's experiences in Africa from 1913 to 1931. This reviewer applauds the director's discipline and triumph.

Meryl Streep demonstrates once again her incredible talent for becoming a character. She portrays Karen Blixen, a woman who has married a friend as a matter of convenience (she got his title, he got her money). Her husband neglects her, she learns to survive, takes charge of their coffee farm, contracts syphilis from her husband, goes home to Denmark very ill, later returns, divorces, develops a comradeship with some of the Africans, and falls into friendship with a free spirit played by Robert Redford.

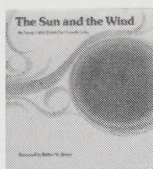
Is this a story about the soul of Africa? No. Is this a story of a liberated woman in a difficult world? Not really. Is this a love story? Sorta.

So what is it? *Out of Africa* could have happened anywhere in the world. It's about the unpredictable menu life dishes up to many humans, partly out of control, pain mixed with the adventure, joy mixed with boredom. Large stupidities, small miracles. That's life. Richly spun, slowly told, colors sharp and mute, hesitant eyes, sad yet glad. One woman's life in another land.

—MG



# BARGAINS!

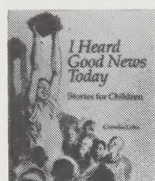


## The Sun and the Wind

by Cornelia Lehn

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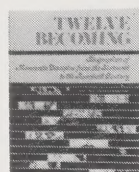


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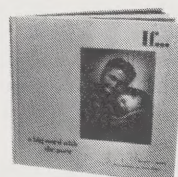


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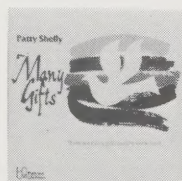


## Sara's Trek

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# BEST-SELLING BOOKS

**Lake Wobegon Days**, Garrison Keillor. Viking Penguin, 1985. 337 pages. \$17.95.

Garrison Keillor, host of the popular "Prairie Home Companion" aired weekly on public radio, says that when he prepares his renowned Lake Wobegon monologues, he might make notes but he never writes a script. Now, however, he has essentially done that — set down a 337-page script relating "the news from Lake Wobegon," "the little town that time forgot and the decades cannot improve."

The book makes a slow start, which may discourage some fans of Keillor and his fictional Minnesota hometown. But die-hard listeners, especially, will find the exhaustive history of the town fascinating background.

The bulk of the narrative evokes Keillor's rolling voice, smooth as spiced cider. This, in fact, may be both the major charm and flaw in **Lake Wobegon Days**. Those unfamiliar with its radio protagonist may have trouble appreciating Keillor's often wandering, apparently plotless, stream-of-consciousness style.

Yet parts will resonate — the description of the Sanctified Brethren, for example, to which the narrator and his family belong, "a sect so tiny that nobody but us and God knew about it," should sound familiar to Mennonites in particular. For those with rural (Mid-western) roots, so, too, will the portrayal of life in small town society, simultaneously comforting and stifling, which its young long to leave and when they do find they can never completely escape.

—MAZ

**Under the Banyan Tree and Other Stories**, R. K. Narayan. Viking, 1985. 192 pages. \$16.95.

R. K. Narayan is one of the most deeply profound voices in world literature today. His gentleness creeps up on the reader, couched, full of surprise, unpretentious.

Narayan brings East and West together. His fictional city of Malgudi has introduced readers around the world to the pulses and impulses of his native India. But the legacy of tyranny and "civilization" from the British flashes in and out of his fiction, too. (One of Narayan's parents was Indian, one was English.)

This current collection of short stories is a delight. Full of irony, wit, understatement, and interesting conflicts, Narayan paints the human situation with daring compassion and muted sensuality. Anyone who enjoys good literature should read Narayan.

—MG

**Love Medicine**, Louise Erdrich. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1984. 272 pages. \$13.95.

A good storyteller wields mighty power. Here, in a poetically crafted series of vignettes, Louise Erdrich peels back the layers of Native American life among several intertwined families in the Midwest. What the reader experiences is the fiber of these people — ravaged by alcohol, unemployment, and the undoing of traditional authority.

But this is not a cause piece. Nor is it sociology. Instead it is a warm, raw, religious treatment of human cruelty and affection, bared to the truth.

The Native American communities have gone askew, but at least in this particular North Dakota reservation, the glue still sticks, although in more erratic, less sure ways than before.

The Kashpaws and Lamartines are not all clear about their genetic rootings and inter-relationships, but they are drawn to each other when they find themselves wandering in the larger world.

**Love Medicine** is not full of blame or myths. It is, instead, about identity and loyalty when the old underpinnings crumble.

—PPG



*"Confiding in Others Improves Health,"*  
continued from page 20

their feelings to themselves. According to David McClelland, a psychologist who was one of those conducting the research, such people when under stress have been found to release hormones that tend to lower their immune system's resistance to disease.

However, McClelland noted, their poor immune levels may be due to other aspects of their personality rather than specifically to the failure to confide.

To better understand the specific effects of the act of confiding, Pennebaker had volunteers tell an experimenter, who was hidden by a curtain, about a traumatic event in their lives, a situation much like a confessional.

One group of volunteers had been prepared to talk about important upsetting events that had been preying on their minds. As part of the experiment they were first asked to describe a trivial event. During the description of the insignificant event, physiological measures revealed, their bodies were tense and agitated.

"They were in the position of someone who is preoccupied by troubling thoughts he doesn't divulge," Pennebaker said in an interview.

When the volunteers talked about their genuine turmoil, though, their bodies showed a marked relaxation, even though many were visibly upset as they spoke, some crying, others speaking in quaking voices. The more powerful the confession, the more relaxed the person's body.

According to Pennebaker, professional polygraphers who administer lie detection tests to criminal suspects have reported a similar phenomenon: when a suspect originally denies and then admits his guilt, his body relaxes dramatically after the confession.

Confiding can be effective, it seems, even when it is not done directly to another person. When Pennebaker had volunteers merely write about personal traumas for four 15-minute periods over consecutive nights, he found that they made fewer visits to physicians for the next six months than did

volunteers who wrote only about trivial matters.

Many of the volunteers took the opportunity to unburden themselves of major concerns.

One woman told of her longstanding remorse about leaving a toy where her grandmother tripped over it, breaking her hip; the grandmother died of complications during the surgery for the break. One man recounted the moment in his childhood when his father, while divorcing his mother, said it was the boy's birth that had ruined the marriage. Another woman confessed her turmoil about having recently become a lesbian.

Many volunteers seem to have found the experiment a cathartic experience. In a follow-up interview, one said: "Although I have not talked with anyone about what I wrote, I was finally able to deal with it, work through the pain instead of trying to block it out. Now it doesn't hurt to think about it."

Many researchers have reported that people who are socially isolated have higher disease and death rates than do people who have easy access to spouses, friends and relatives. One reason for this, Pennebaker suggested, is that socially isolated people have little opportunity to talk over their troubles.

For the same reason, talking over one's psychological troubles with a therapist may be physically beneficial. Studies of several thousand patients in national health plans in Europe and of users of Blue Cross in the United States have found that people in psychotherapy tend to consult physicians for medical problems less often than those not in therapy.

Pennebaker said these beneficial effects may extend to any act of confiding, including religious confession, talking to friends or even keeping a diary. For creative artists, he said, the act of writing or painting may sometimes serve the same function, allowing the artist, when depressed or upset, to express what troubles him. □

*This article first appeared in The New York Times, September 18, 1984. ©1984 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.*

continued from page 37

**Head Office** — A so-so comedy about the cut-throat craziness of powerful corporations. (4)

**The Jewel of the Nile** — Hardly a gem. Mindless adventure in the Middle East. (1)

**Joshua Then and Now** — Zany look at the life of a Jewish writer. Alan Arkin is delightful. (6)

**Murphy's Romance** — An old-fashioned widower (James Garner) meets a modern-day divorcee (Sally Field) in this charming romance. (7)

**The Official Story** — A remarkable film about an Argentinean school teacher who begins to suspect that her adopted daughter is the victim of the military regime. Superb writing and acting. Deeply moving. (9)

**Out of Africa** — Reviewed below. (9)

**Ran** — A must for anyone interested in film and story. A Kurosawa masterpiece along the lines of *King Lear*, set in 16th-century Japan. The raging, aging warlord, the terrible beauty of battle, the wrath of seduction and power; stunning. (9)

**Runaway Train** — A hardboiled but compelling saga about escaped convicts on a train out of control. Jon Voight's outstanding. (6)

**Sweet Dreams** — Jessica Lange stars in the life and times of country singer Patsy Cline. Has its moments. (5)

**Target** — A mediocre thriller about what a son learns about his father's mysterious past when they go to Europe to find his mother. (4)

**Twice in a Lifetime** — Gene Hackman, Ellen Burstyn, and Ann-Margret shine. A husband leaves his wife when their children are grown. Mature, frank approach, but seems somehow hollow. (7)

**White Nights** — Superb dancing, so-so story, and international intrigue. A plane carrying a Russian dancer who defected to the U.S. is forced to land in Soviet territory. (6)

**A Year of the Quiet Sun** — A wonderfully muted study of the relationship of a Polish refugee (just after World War II) with a quiet, gentle American soldier. (8)

**Young Sherlock Holmes** — Clever, too clever, but sorta fun. Spielberg's version of Sherlock Holmes meeting Watson as youngsters. (5) □

*Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity and technique.*



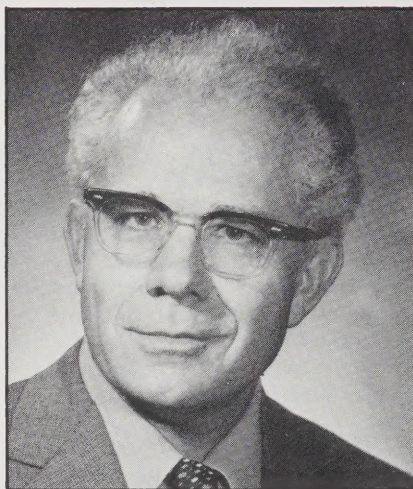
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# Annual Writers' Conference



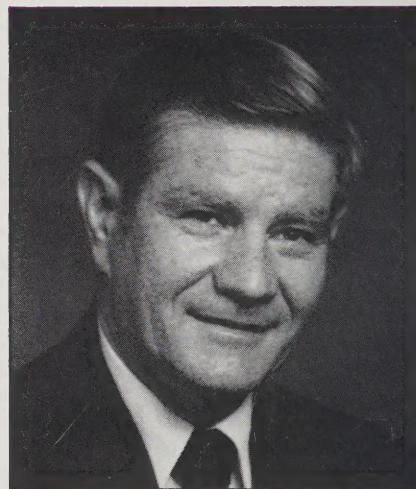
**Katie Funk Wiebe, Hillsboro, KS,**  
author, columnist, professor

- "Stories I've Never Published" (presentation)
- "How to Write the Short Personal Essay" (workshop)



**Hubert Pellman, Harrisonburg, VA,**  
English professor from EMC

- "Observations About Literature and Religion" (presentation)
- "Why I Appreciate Shakespeare" (workshop)



**David E. Hostetler, Scottsdale, PA,**  
editor of *Christian Living*

- "Through an Editor's Eyes" (presentation)
- "How to Sell What You Write" (workshop)

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